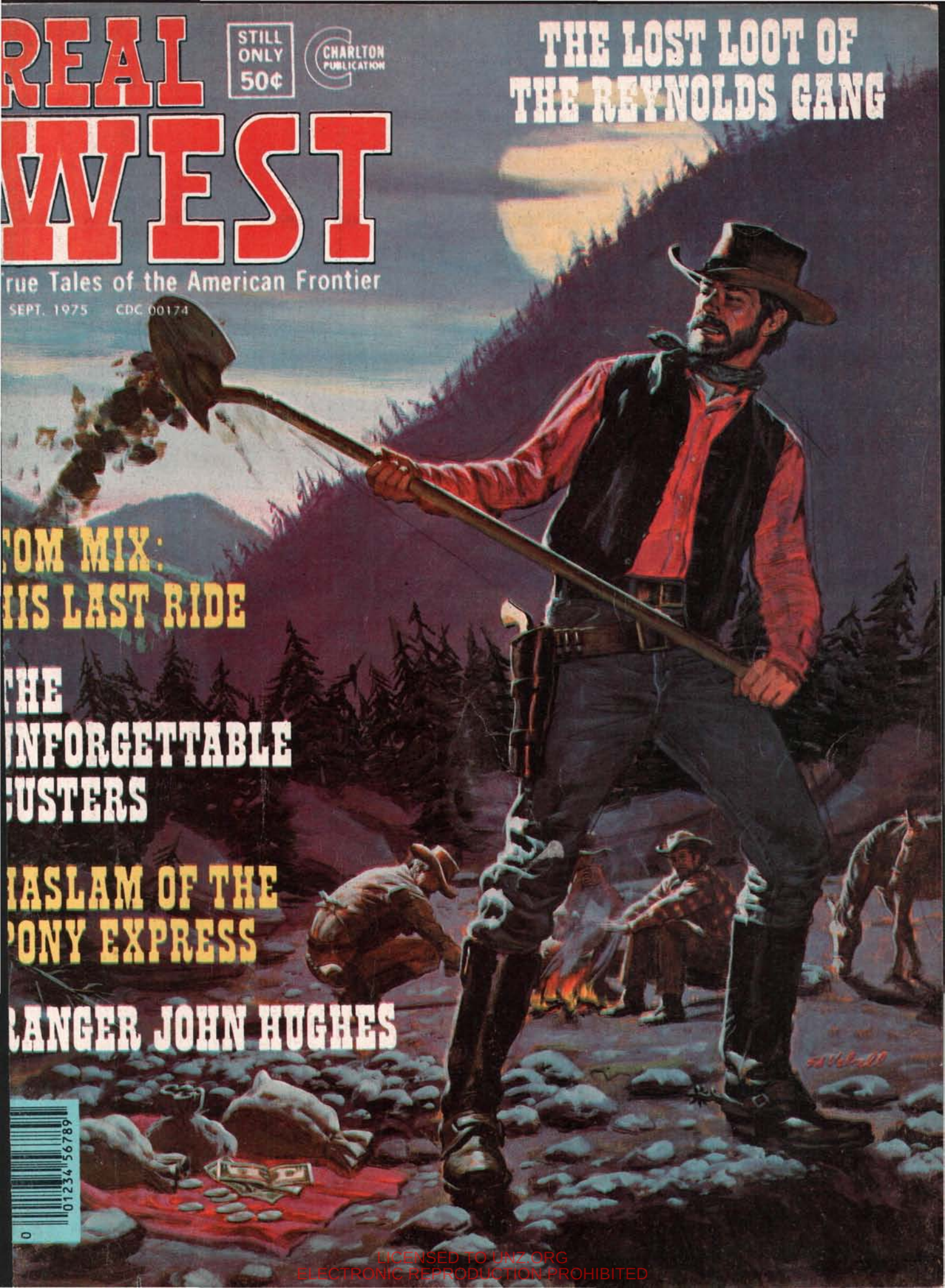

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Is it true the amazing secret of TELECULT POWER

AUTOMATICALLY BRINGS YOU ANYTHING YOU DESIRE...

And in 10 seconds starts to draw Riches, Love, Fine Possessions, Friends, Power, Secret Knowledge, and much more into your life? See for yourself!

Yes, a staggering miracle has happened; A brilliant psychic researcher has discovered a secret—so powerful that it is said to bring your desires to you, from the invisible world, like a blazing streak of lightning!

Yes, how would you like to be able to sit in your living room, give the command for love, and instantly have your loved one appear at your side? Or give the command for money, and suddenly find a big, thick roll of dollars in your hand?•

Now, a daring new book called TELECULT POWER lays bare this magic secret, and shows how it can bring fortune, love, and happiness. And Reese P. Dubin — the man who discovered it — makes this shocking claim . . .

"Great Wealth And Power Can Be Yours!"

Admittedly, the concept this book proposes is completely opposed and contrary to normal human knowledge and experience. "But at this very moment," says Mr. Dubin, "I have startling proof that I want you to see with your own eyes! I want to show you . . .

- "How diamonds and jewels have appeared, seemingly out of nothingness, shortly after the use of this strange secret!"
- "How a man used this method for a pocketful of money!"
- "How a woman used it to fill an empty purse!"
- "How a farmer received a pot full of gold!"
- "How another user Teleported a gold jewel box to her, seemingly out of thin air!"
- "How a woman used this method to regain her lost youth!"
- "How a man, growing bald, claims he renewed the growth of his hair with this secret!"
- "How a woman used it to bring her mate to her, without asking!"
- "How another woman summoned a man to her —out of thin air!"
- "How a man heard the unspoken thoughts of others, with this secret!"
- "How a woman saw behind walls and over great distances, with it!"
- "How a man broadcast silent commands that others had to obey!"

Let us now clearly demonstrate to you the scientific basis behind the new wonderworking, Miracle of TELECULT POWER!

"How Telecult Power Brings Any Desire Easily And Automatically!"

For many years, Reese P. Dubin dreamed of a way to call upon the invisible forces at work all around us. He spent a lifetime digging and searching for the secret. These investigations brought him knowledge that goes back to the dim recesses of the past.

One day, to his astonishment, he discovered that he could actually broadcast silent commands, which others instantly obeyed. Using the secret he tells you about in this book, he tried it time after time — commanding others to sleep, get up and come to him, talk or not talk — and act according to his silent wishes. It worked every time!

Working relentlessly from this evidence, Reese P. Dubin succeeded in perfecting a new kind of instrument — called a Tele-Photo Transmitter — that concentrates your thoughts, and sends them like a streaking bullet to their destination!

OTHERS OBEY SILENT COMMANDS! Writing of the success of this method, one user reports the following experience:

"I willed her to pick up and eat a biscuit from a plate in a corner of the room. She did so. I willed her to shake hands with her mother. She rushed to her mother and stroked her hands . . .

"I willed her to nod. She stood still and bent her head, I willed her to clap her hands, play a note on the piano, write her name, all of which she did."

"No one can escape the power of this method," says Mr. Dubin. "Everybody — high or low, ignorant or wise — all are subject to its spell! And unless the person is told what's being done, he will think the thoughts are his own!"

HEARS THE THOUGHTS OF OTHERS! Experimenting further with the Tele-Photo Transmitter, Reese P. Dubin soon found that he could "tune in" and HEAR the unspoken thoughts of others. He says, "At first, these hearing impressions startled me, and I took them for actual speech, until I realized that people don't usually say such things aloud! And their lips remained closed."

SEES BEYOND WALLS, AND OVER GREAT DISTANCES! Then he discovered he could pick up actual sights, from behind walls and over great distances! And when he "tuned in" he could see actual living scenes before him—as clear as the picture on a television screen!

MAKES WOMAN APPEAR — SEEMINGLY OUT OF THIN AIR! With mounting excitement, Reese P. Dubin launched one of the most exciting experiments in the history of psychic research. He wanted to see if the Tele-Photo Transmitter could bring him an actual material object! He chose, for this experiment, the seemingly impossible: an actual living person!

He simply focused the Tele-Photo Transmitter, by dialing the object of his desire. In a flash the door burst open, and there — standing before him, as real as life — was his long-lost cousin!

He stared and rubbed his eyes, and looked again! There — smiling, with arms outstretched in greeting— stood living proof of the most astounding discovery of the Century!

Dial Any Treasure!

You'll see how to use the Tele-Photo Transmitter, to summon your desires. This special instrument — your mental equipment — requires no wires, and no electricity. "Yet," says Mr. Dubin, "it can teleport desires, swiftly from the invisible world."

When you dial your desire—whether for riches, love, or secret knowledge—you capture its invisible, photoplasmic form, at which point "it starts to materialize!" says Dr. Dubin.

"Telecult Power can work seeming miracles in your life," says Mr. Dubin. "With it, it is possible to dial any desire — called a Photo-Form — then sit back, relax, and watch this powerful secret go to work!"

"Instantly Your Life Is Changed!"

With this secret, the mightiest force in the Universe is at your command! "Simply ask for anything you want," says Mr. Dubin, "whether it be riches, love, fine possessions, power, friends, or secret knowledge!"

Suppose you had dialed Photo-Form #2 for Jewels, for example. That's what Margaret C. did, in an actual example Mr. Dubin tells you about. Rich, glittering diamonds and jewels literally appeared at her feet: a pair of gold earrings, which she found that morning . . . a surprise gift of a pearl necklace, and matching silver bracelets . . . a beautiful platinum ring set with emeralds and diamonds, dropped on her front lawn!

"Almost overnight," says Mr. Dubin, "it can start to multiply riches, bring romance and love . . . draw favors, gifts, new friends . . . or anything else asked for! It isn't necessary for you to understand why. What is important is that it has already worked for many others . . . men and women in all walks of life . . . worked every time . . . and it will work for you, too!"

Brings A Pocket Full Of Money!

You'll see how Jerry D. used this method. He was broke a week before payday. All he did, he says, was to dial Photo-Form #1. Suddenly he felt a bulge in his pocket. Lo and behold! He took out a roll of money . . . fives, tens, twenties . . . and more! Obviously, it had been placed there—but when? And by whom?

A Brand New Car Comes!

Marty C., a taxi driver, reports that he just dialed Photo-Form #4, sat back, relaxed, and waited for things to happen. In a short time, great excitement filled the house. His wife came hurrying in, saying, "We won it! We won a car and a cash prize! They just delivered it!" He got up and went to the window. There, big and beautiful,

standing in the driveway, was a brand new Cadillac!

Brings Mate Without Asking!

Mrs. Conrad B. reports that she was tired of "pursuing" her husband, as she called it. She wanted him to voluntarily do the things she longed for, take her places, show affection. But he hadn't looked at her in years. He would fall asleep immediately after supper, or watched the ball games, or read the papers. Secretly Mrs. B. decided to try this method. She dialed Photo-Form #9 for Love! Instantly, her husband's attitude changed from boredom to interest and enthusiasm. And from that day forward, he showered her with kindness and affection! It was like a miracle come true!

The Power Of This Method!

There are so many personal experiences which I could recount, stories of healing, wealth, and happiness with this secret, that I find myself wanting to tell all of them at once. Here are just a few . . .

- **REGAINS HAIR GROWTH!** Walter C. had a shiny bald head with just a fringe of white hair showing around the edges. He tried this method, and soon his hair began to regrow. The new hair came in thick, dark, and luxurious!
- **ROLLS DICE 50 TIMES WITHOUT MISSING ONCE!** You'll see how this secret gave Albert J. the power to roll the dice 50 times, without missing once, and—for the first time in the history of Las Vegas—walk away with $500,000!
- **DISSOLVES ALL EVIL!** You'll see how this amazing secret revealed to Lawrence M. the people who were trying to make him look silly at work—actually revealed their secret thoughts—made them confess and apologize!

If TELECULT POWER can do all this for others, what riches, what rewards, what amazing results can it also bring to you?

MAIL NO RISK COUPON TODAY!

S.A. & L. Enterprises, Inc., Dept. E-14869
50 Bond Street, Westbury, N.Y. 11590

Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of TELECULT POWER by Reese P. Dubin! I understand the book is mine for only $7.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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YOUR NERVES CAN CURE THEMSELVES

once you learn how to de-sensitize them, this doctor's ingenious new way...

If You Suffer From A Single One Of These Torturous Symptoms Of Nerves, Tension Or Chronic Anxiety, THEN THE FACTS BELOW MAY BE THE MOST IMPORTANT YOU HAVE EVER READ IN YOUR LIFE!

Because they reveal, for the first time, *how your nerves have tricked you* into the following mental symptoms:

constant nervousness and over-irritation... indecision... depression... loss of confidence in yourself and others... feelings of unreality... overwhelming obsession with one or two horrible thoughts...

a hopeless feeling that your entire personality is coming apart... that your identity is dissolving... or that you may be helplessly drifting into a nervous breakdown!

And—equally as bad—*how your nerves have tricked you* into the following physical symptoms:

chronic fatigue, that starts in the morning, and grows worse as the day goes on...

"missed" heartbeats—"racing" heart—palpitations—or sudden sharp pains under the heart...

sweating hands—or "pins and needles" in either your hands or your legs...

"churning" stomach... nausea... choking feeling in the throat... inability to take a deep breath... tight band of pain around the head..."ready to jump out of your skin"... strange tricks of vision ...weak spells... insomnia, that goes on night after night after night...

hand shaking... panic spasms... knots in your chest... dizziness... difficulty in swallowing... vomiting... *and all the other physical tortures that turn your life into one continuous hell!*

And Every One Of These Nervous Symptoms Can Be Controlled... And Then Diminished ...And Then Eliminated—OFTEN BY AS LITTLE AS THIS ONE SINGLE INSIGHT INTO THEIR HIDDEN CAUSE!

And that insight is this:

If you suffer from any of the nervous symptoms listed above, then you must understand at once that your nerves are not ill... they have not deteriorated... *they have not lost their true physical health in any way!* What has happened to them instead is that they have simply become OVER-SENSITIZED..."rubbed raw" by too much outside irritation... *and are now ready to discharge the emotional and physical symptoms of panic at even the slightest thing that goes wrong!*

Thus, the depression... indecision... loss of confidence and all the other emotional symptoms you feel are all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves! And the churning stomach... palpitating heart... never-ending headaches and all the other physical nervous-symptoms you feel are—again—all caused by OVER-SENSITIZED nerves!

And therefore the way to treat ALL these symptoms is NOT with drugs... NOT with shock ...NOT with medical formulations or hospitalizations at all! *The way to treat these nerves is to change the poisonous-thoughts that are rubbing them raw!*

And this is done (as proven by this internationally-famed physician on thousands of patients) in four simple steps! The first of which *stops nervous symptoms (both physical and emotional) from multiplying from that moment on!* The second of which *serves to tranquilize and quiet down those over-sensitized nerves far more powerfully (and permanently) than any drug a pharmacist could ever give you!*

The third of which lets you stop fighting those symptoms (which only intensifies them in an ever-increasing spiral of sheer torment), and—instead *—leave them alone in an ingenious way that lets them start healing themselves!*

And the fourth of which—the great reward—*brings you slowly-but-surely back to the person you used to be! With a new, enduring feeling of control and confidence that nothing can destroy!* So much so that this doctor actually comes right out and states bluntly: *"The advice given here will definitely cure you, if you only follow it"!*

In Fact, Case History After Case History Proves That Cure May Be So Dramatically Quick That Your Friends And Family Will Beg You To Tell Them Your Secret!

Once again, it doesn't matter what physical or emotional symptoms you are now suffering from ...how "deeply entrenched" they are... how long you have been plagued by them... how "old" or "weak" or "out-of-control" you may feel today! *Here is specific, step-by-immediate-step advice that will* (again to quote directly from the doctor) *"banish every unwelcome sensation and regain peace of mind and body"!*

For example:

The two-minute self-treatment (you perform one ingenious little action with your chest) *that ends sudden panic seizures on the spot*—including all their side effects such as dizziness, pins and needles, involuntary stiffening of the joints, inability to breathe, and all the rest.

That "lump in the throat that won't go away"—

how to banish it in minutes... and enjoy eating any food you wish to once again!

Physical weakness—perhaps the most dreaded of all symptoms—and (surprisingly) perhaps *the fastest of all to banish!*

How to deal with the twin monsters of fatigue and guilt! And leave behind emotional exhaustion ...morning depression... thoughts that once raced around and around in your mind without cessation! (And leave them all behind—*for good!*)

Why so many patients who tried these simple techniques *actually came out of their nervous sicknesses as far finer and stronger people than they ever were before!*

How to recover from chronic tension caused by an insoluble problem! The only sane way to overcome it! How to avoid unnecessary suffering, for both yourself and others! And, perhaps, *actually turn your worst defeat into crowning success!*

The surest and most permanent way to cure obsessions!

How to tap the forces of Nature, every morning, *that are just waiting to cure you!*

How to bring happiness back into your everyday life! Not by waiting for some great event or reward... *but simply by developing the eyes to see joy in the little things all around you!*

How to beat insomnia! Again, specific, proven step-by-step instructions! Ten different aids that may have you waking up tomorrow morning as fresh as a baby, with eight full hours of blissful sleep replenishing every cell in your body!

And—the final goal: How to develop the kind of nervous control that automatically turns panic off the instant it starts! That frees you forever from "nerve-crutches" such as drugs or alcohol! That lets you pick up your life again from the point where over-sensitized nerves forced you to abandon it, with absolute confidence that you now have the poise and self-possession to accomplish the goals you have always wanted!

No Wonder This Great Self-Help Volume Is Already A Best-Seller In Nine Foreign Nations, As Well As The United States!

The choice is yours. This is a book for people who mean business. It costs you nothing! We take all the risk! Fair enough! Why not send in the coupon—TODAY!

WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"...helped me so much and released me from the particular hell I have been living in since my breakdown six years ago."

"I think of Dr. Weekes with admiration and deep gratitude, as I am sure thousands of other people are doing."

"Looking back now I am amazed at the progress I have made in such a comparatively short time."

"It would be no exaggeration to add that your book saved my life."

"The method you give for cure of nervous conditions is so effective—and so simple—I cannot think why, out of all the professional people I have seen and all the books I have read in an effort to find a cure, nothing remotely like your system has been suggested to me.

"The great reassurance you give about the distressing physical symptoms of a disturbed nervous system is one of the greatest benefits to be derived from your book."

"You cannot possibly imagine what a relief it is to be able to view life normally again, instead of fear-panic all the while."

"I cannot describe the emotion I felt to find, at last, someone who really understood the problem, and to hear her say the condition can be cured.... If only this understanding person had the time to take all sufferers under her wing."

"I would like you to know that my nervous condition has so greatly improved through the advice gleaned from your most precious and invaluable book... that all symptoms have now disappeared and I rarely need Librium or sleeping capsules."

"My physician is amazed at my progress and of course I showed him your book which he borrowed and read thoroughly and is now recommending to other patients in like circumstances."

"My wife has made a vast improvement since using your book and now feels for the first time like getting away from the hospital altogether. I'm sure if she had had your treatment in earlier years she would never have had to go into the hospital at all."

WHAT THE PUBLISHER SAYS:

HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES *has sold over 250,000 copies and has been endorsed by medical and mental-health associations throughout the world. Millions of Americans have heard Dr. Weekes on television and radio shows and have read excerpts from the book which recently appeared in* Reader's Digest. *If you are one of the many whose nerves are on edge and who sometimes feel panic and don't know why, this remarkable book was written for you. The reader discovers the simple treatment the author recommends for the dreaded and mystifying experiences known as "nerves"—indecision, suggestibility, feeling of panic, sleeplessness, loss of confidence, unreality, depression, and countless other recognized feelings of ill health.*

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

DR. CLAIRE WEEKES became interested in the problems of nervous illness when she observed in her medical practice that those who suffered most suffered "nervously." Dr. Weekes is Consulting Physician to the Rachel Forster Hospital in Sydney, Australia. She has written articles for popular magazines in England and has appeared widely on English television.

Dr. Weekes has appeared with Mike Douglas, Arlene Francis, Barry Farber and many other U.S. radio and TV shows.

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Gentlemen: Please rush me a copy of HOPE AND HELP FOR YOUR NERVES, #80035, by Claire Weekes, M.D.! I understand the book is mine for only $6.98 complete. I may examine it a full 30 days at your risk or money back.

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How to make others secretly DO YOUR BIDDING with the astonishing power of AUTOMATIC MIND COMMAND!

Here's how to get started in just 3 minutes . . .

Dear Friend:

New power is about to leap into your life . . . an astonishing way to control the thoughts and actions of others without their knowing it . . . no matter how much they may *not* want to follow your instructions, they carry them out to a "T" every time!

With "Automatic Mind-Command" you'll be running the show. Make a wish, turn on The Power, and watch those around you drop everything and do what they're told.

And nobody will even have the faintest idea that you're behind it all. That's the beauty of "Automatic Mind-Command"—you are the only one who knows what's going on—*you* alone decide when things should start . . . stop . . . change around.

CONTROL YOUR FRIENDS OR STRANGERS!

You can use it to control your friends or strangers, one at a time or in large numbers, at any time, and ANY WAY YOU LIKE.

For example: You go into a bank for a loan. The credit man smiles but says "Sorry. You don't qualify for a loan right now: however, if there's anything else I can do for you, I'd be glad to . . ." Then in a flash, his tune changes when you let loose your "Automatic Mind-Command." He continues, "In fact, we'll be glad to give you $1,000 more than you asked for. And any time you want more, just see me personally! Thank you so much for coming by!"

Impossible? You'll be doing things like that every day without even thinking about it. As soon as you need something done, *it's done!* The people who do these things for you will remember what they did, but not *why!*

FUN POWER—TOO!

You can have a lot of fun with this power, too. Look how Evelyn C. used it at work . . . One day, while sorting papers, her boss angrily inquired why she had to make so much noise—and scolded her in front of everybody. Evelyn said nothing, but smiled to herself—for she had just turned on the "Automatic Mind-Command . . ." Suddenly the boss apologized for being a scoundrel. "Please . . . I'm sorry," he said, in front of everybody. "I'd like to make it up to you!" And he told her what a wonderful person she was! When Evelyn turned the power off, the boss just stood there with an open mouth, wondering what made him say all those things.

Think what this power can mean in your life. You need money . . . and it's there! You want some affection . . . you'll be smothered! You want peace and quiet . . . the world stands still!

NO MORE SECRETS WILL BE KEPT FROM YOU!

People who think they can hold back the facts will meet their master in you! You just fire a little "Automatic Mind-Command" at them, and they'll sing like meadowlarks . . . Nona J. was at her wits' end when she tried to find the money she'd put aside to pay the rent—it was gone. A frantic search through the house turned up nothing. There was only one possibility left . . . she asked Billy. A look of surprise crossed his face. No—he hadn't seen any money. But Nona didn't believe him, and started using "Automatic Mind-Command" to find out if he was telling the truth. Suddenly Billy reached into his pocket and took out a roll of money. After giving her the money, he acted as if nothing had happened!

Think how many secrets must be hidden all around you! Things your spouse won't tell . . . your neighbors won't say . . . your boss keeps quiet about . . . ALL BROUGHT INTO THE OPEN JUST FOR YOU!! They'll tell you all their secrets, but they won't know why.

Hold on now, because I haven't told you yet about the best part of "Automatic Mind-Command."

You may have to bolt your door to keep people from overwhelming you with love, gifts, favors, rewards! Perfect strangers will be walking up to you and asking, "How are you? Can I do anything for you?" They will never suspect that "Automatic Mind-Command" is impelling them to like you, please you . . . and automatically want to help you.

INSTANTLY YOUR LIFE IS CHANGED!

At first, I couldn't believe it. And yet I know this to be true from my own personal experience . . . time after time. For example . . .

A STRANGER HANDS HIM $500—Harry G., a low-paid factory worker, wanted to start a business of his own. All he needed was cash to get started, but no one would give him the money. Finally someone told him how to use "Automatic Mind-Command"—and Harry laughingly tried it. A short time later, a perfect stranger handed him $500—saying he'd heard about Harry's plan, and was eager to help him get started!

Unusual? Not at all . . . things happen every day with "Automatic Mind-Command."

RECEIVES NEEDED CASH QUICKLY!—Mrs. Thelma J. reports, "I needed money badly." Her husband hadn't worked in months, and their savings were running out. Then she discovered "Automatic Mind-Command"—and turned on the power immediately! The next morning she received a package containing several hundred dollars from friends and well-wishers she never knew existed!

In all history, few indeed are the ones who have recognized "Automatic Mind-Command." The rest, who do not use it, pay the penalty in suffering, wishing, hoping, dreaming . . . Now I say to you: Wish no more!

HOW TO GET STARTED IN JUST 3 MINUTES!

Minute #1—Fill out the No-Risk Coupon and mail it to us.

Minute #2—When you receive a package in the mail from us, open it.

Minute #3—Lift the front cover, and let the secret feed itself in to your mind automatically.

After that, sit back, relax—and see how this power can work for you. It's as simple as that! It won't cost you one penny unless it works!

IN THAT INSTANT, YOU WILL ALREADY BE ABLE TO USE "AUTOMATIC MIND-COMMAND" FOR THE FIRST TIME . . . for money, love, healing, protection, and much more!

Imagine the thrill—after a lifetime of "scrimping" and "penny-pinching"—to see a tidal wave of riches rolling into your life from every direction—pay raises, bonuses, gifts, legacies . . . a rising tide of good fortune!

MORE AMAZING CASE HISTORIES!

And it's all just *minutes* away!

Larry S. wanted to see his girlfriend—although he had no idea where she was—and no way of contacting her by letter or phone. From far away . . . he began using "Automatic Mind-Command!" In that instant, his girlfriend knew what she had to do. She dropped what she was doing, excused herself and hurried to visit him. Arriving in record time—she hugged and kissed him, explaining that "something" told her he wanted and needed her, and what could she do for him!

Now here's a most fantastic use of "Automatic Mind-Command"—one I'm sure you'll agree proves that here is a power which staggers the imagination!

For example, cases of health-symptoms relieved with "Automatic Mind-Command!" John C. reports that his hearing now seems normal again! Warren W.'s blurred eyesight cleared, sharpened, and now seems normal! Lydia E. says her arthritic symptoms of soreness and stiffness in the fingers were relieved when nothing else seemed to help, and Mrs. M. S. was surprised when her leg pain disappeared. Bella S., who complained of "ulcerative colitis" with stomach cramps and diarrhea, obtained fast relief . . . And others report relief from complaints of high blood pressure, heart symptoms, "migraine" headaches, weakness, dizziness, fatigue, and more.

It's simple, easy, and automatic to apply!

YOURS TO PROVE—AT OUR RISK!

So you see, life can be beautiful with "Automatic Mind-Command." To discover its amazing power let it put you on the road to a NEW LIFE . . . filled to the brim with riches, love, pleasure and all the wonderful luxuries of the world . . . and more! You owe it to yourself to try it! Why not send in the No-Risk Coupon—TODAY!

Sincerely yours,

Scott Reed

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Scott Reed is one of the nation's leading mind-power experts. Presently engaged as a writer on developments in the behavioral sciences, his revelations about the unseen world of the mind have been read by millions. A graduate of the City University of New York, his own life is living proof of "Automatic Mind-Command."

A Master Researcher, Metaphysician, and Psychic Advisor, he has helped countless men and women find true happiness. He has the rare ability of writing clearly and simply so that even the most profound Truths can be plainly understood by anyone.

SOME OUTSTANDING FEATURES THAT CAN CHANGE YOUR LIFE!

- The amazing power you now possess
- How to get something for nothing
- Why this method must work for you
- Your "instant" fortune maker
- You can get rich quickly and easily
- "Instant" money can be yours
- A magic spell that works living miracles
- How this secret can bring you anything you desire
- Help from the invisible world
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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

SKULLS AND BONES AND BARRELS

Dear Editor,

In your December issue (vol. XVII, '74) you ran an article about "Big Nose" George Parrott. Myself being a great fan for Western history, I found this story to be of great interest, as well as all your articles in REAL WEST magazine. Then yesterday, while reading the April '75 issue (vol. 5 no 2) of *Frontier West*, I became very puzzled due to a photo they had used in their article on page 42 about an old railroad town called Bear River City, and the brutal slaying of a colored man. The photo of the barrel with the bones and skull in it is that same picture as the one in your article of "Big Nose" George Parrott. I do find your story more convincing, but I still am puzzled to find how one photo is to take credit for two men in our western history. If possible, could you explain?

Thank you,
W.L. Trump
Rt. 1 Box 81
Enterprise, Oregon 97828

Dear Editor,

In your December 1974 issue of REAL WEST, I found and read the article on Big Nose Parrott, written by Carl W. Breihan. It showed a barrel of bones that were Parrott's remains, and the handcuffs used to bring him in. But in one of the issues of *Westerner*, another western magazine, was a story on Alfred Packer, a cannibal. It also showed the same barrel of bones and the same handcuffs, in the same exact positions! Now one of you had to be right and both articles are so interesting, I'd like to know. Please send back, clipping included. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Lawren Nelson

MR. BREIHAN RESPONDS:

Dear Editor,

My article dealt with Big Nose George Parrott (Lathrope) who was hanged at Rawlins, Wyoming and whose body was buried in a barrel. This barrel was leter discovered when a section of the city was being built or rebuilt in 1943. The photo used in my article shows this barrel, part of the lid missing and bones in plain view. The skull is only half, the top of which was given to Lillian Heath, who later gave it to the Union Pacific Museum.

Unfortunately, this same photo was used in the Cannibal Alfred Packer article and does not represent the facts as stated in the caption on that photo. Of course, the same applies to the photo of Big Nose's leg irons.

I have seen these articles and photos in the museum of the Rock Island railroad and assume they are still there. Also, I have studied Packer somewhat and have visited "cannibal Plateau" and saw the plaque bearing the names of the men killed: Israel Swan, George Noon, Frank Miller, James Humphreys, and Wilson Bell.

The item is inaccurate in stating Packer was sentenced to life imprisonment at Canon City, Colo.; he was sentenced to forty years, and served almost fifteen of those years. He was prisoner #1389, and on Jan. 7, 1901, Gove. Charles S. Thomas pardoned Alfred Packer, just one day before he resigned as governor on Jan. 8, 1901. He died Arpil 23, 1907, and was buried April 24, 1907, at Littleton, Colo. ten miles south of Denver. When I last saw the marker it read: "Alfred Packer, Co. F, 16 U.S. Inf."

I might also add that all the remains of the murdered men were buried at the sight of the marker. I trust this clears up the erroneous use of this Union Pacific photo.

Thanks much.

Sincerely,
Carl W. Breihan

ORIGIN OF "TEXAS"

Dear Editor,

I am writing to you about the letter in your May 1975 REAL WEST. W. Hutchens, Chula Vista, CA is wrong when he stated that Texas got its name from a Spanish family (Tejas). Texas got its name from an Indian word used by the Caddo and other Indians. It means "friends." It is also written Texias, Tejas, Teysas. Also it is where Texas got its state motto, "Friendship." It is in all of the Texas history books, and all Texas school children learn this.

I am from Lubbock, Texas, and I learned it in school. I'm now in the Navy, stationed at Naval Air Station, North Island, San Diego CA.

Thank you,
Robert Parrish
2541 Line NASNI
San Diego, CA 92135

BRAZEL, CARTER AND BREIHAN

Dear Editor,

I read Breihan's story on Pat Garrett in the April issue of REAL WEST.

I found mistakes.

I knew Wayne Brazel, Olive Boyd, Wayne's wife, and Wayne's brother Rothmer, whom I haven't talked to for about two years. One of my brothers punched cows for Wayne in 1909.

I have read many articles on Garrett's death, but no writer has ever mentioned Garrett suing to break the lease. The trial was held in Organ, New Mexico. When Garrett lost, he jumped up, started cussing, and told Wayne he knew a way to get him off. Judge Anthony fined Pat $15 for contempt of court.

One night in 1909 at our house, my brother asked Wayne if he had taken the rap for killing Garrett. He said, "No. I killed him, though." He went on to say: "I was living at Gold Camp with Print Rhode. Garrett lived close by. One day he sent word that he had a buyer for our goats, and to meet them in Las Cruces the next day. It was cold the next morning when I saddled Oso, Rothmer's horse, put my .30-.30 in the saddle scabbard, and shoved my .45 down between pants and underwear, with the handle above my waistband. I knew Garrett was tricky.

"I rode up the east side of the San Andres Mountain and met Rothmer coming in to Organ with a wagon load of beef from the Cox Ranch for Charlie Nickols' meat market. We talked for a few minutes and I started down to Las Cruces, letting Oso walk. A few miles east of town I heard a rig coming in a trot, and I pulled out to let it pass. It was Garrett and Adamson, the men who were to buy our goats. They stopped and I unbuttoned the lower part of my sheep - lined mackinaw. They got out of the buckboard, and Adamson went to the front of the rig to relieve himself.

(continued on page 62)

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A Doctor of OSTEOPATHY Claims He Has Perfected

A PROVEN NEW HOME CURE FOR ARTHRITIS!

EXPECT A MIRACLE OF FREEDOM FROM PAIN . . . NEW FREEDOM OF MOTION . . . IMMEDIATE . . . COMPLETE AND PERMANENT CURE POSSIBLE . . . BONE DAMAGE HEALED . . . ALL THIS CAN BE EXPECTED

— says *Giraud W. Campbell, D.O.*

Here's thrilling news about a Doctor's Proven New Home CURE FOR ARTHRITIS! Based on the result of hundreds of successfully treated cases, this cure is now available for the first time in a new book!

Yes! Dr. Giraud Campbell states flatly that YOU CAN BE CURED of this previously incurable disease at home, right "in your own home at no expense."

Expect a miracle, he says, because Arthritis can be cured! All types of arthritis. Complete and permanent cure is possible! With this method, he says, pain and swelling disappear — almost overnight! Even bone structure can be returned to normal. It's safe, easy, and effective!

Expect A Miracle Of Freedom From Pain

What has this method done for Dr. Campbell's patients? He reports:

- "It has not mattered whether these patients were old or young."
- "It has not mattered in what part of the body they had arthritis."
- "It has not mattered whether the doctor who referred them to me said it was caused by an infection, or what type of arthritis they had."
- It has not mattered whether they were still getting around or whether they were bedridden."
- "It has not mattered for how long they had arthritis."

"Their arthritis was cured," he states flatly, "and yours can be, too!" There is just one exception. "I confess right here and now that I cannot help those who have had extensive gold treatments, and who have undergone blood changes because of extended drug or chemical treatment," he says.

However, while no one can guarantee relief or cure in such cases, Dr. Campbell's files are filled with case histories of people who **have** obtained relief even after drug therapy. In addition, he says he has achieved rapid relief and repair of spinal arthritis if caught within the first five years — after which he can offer only relief of pain and no further damage. Still a spectacular hope for any sufferer! Even the agony of weather changes can be a thing of the past!

In all other cases — for arthritis of the fingers, shoulders, hips, or knees, for osteoarthritis, rheumatoid arthritis, or any other kind of arthritis . . .

"Its Like Being Born Again"

"To me the case histories of cures follow the same definite pattern," says Dr. Campbell. "A 75-year-old man suffers the pain of acute rheumatoid arthritis in all joints. He is bedridden. In one week the pain is gone. In two weeks he is ambulatory. (That is, he can walk.) In three weeks his deformed fingers straighten enough to hold the steering wheel and drive the car."

Never before has a CURE been offered. Doctors could only offer partial relief. Dr. Campbell says his method offers—not only relief—but an end to the condition: Age is no barrier . . . legs . . . backs . . . hips . . . fingers . . . knees . . . are healed.

"It's like being born again," said a 62-year-old woman patient, "I feel like I am starting a new life." It happens to him . . . It happens to her . . . It can happen to you . . . whatever your age," says Dr. Campbell.

"The Seven-Day Program To End Pain And Regain Normal Use Of Joints"

"My files are filled with cases that read like miracles," says Dr. Campbell. "A mother, bedridden for months due to arthritis, does housework again. An engineer, on crutches for a year tosses them aside . . . A grandmother, previously crippled by arthritis, discards use of her wheelchair . . .

"To me as a doctor it's a trite ending. I see it every day," says Dr. Campbell. "To others it's a miracle." That miracle is the 3-part Home Cure he has perfected.

"It's fast, safe, and effective. "The home arthritis cure," says Dr. Campbell, "begins to show benefits immediately."

- You need not wait two or three months . . . two weeks . . . two days to begin to feel the improvement, says Dr. Campbell . . .

The results are immediate and magnificent, he states. The first step is Dr. Campbell's special Arthritis-Cure Diet. "This diet is the main factor in the cure of arthritis." In fact, he says, "You might expect a cure without doing another blessed thing!"

Easy To Use!

Best of all, the one outstanding feature of this method is: NO PREPARATION IS NEEDED! It's "No-Cook Cooking" all the way! All you really need is a refrigerator, knife, or blender in most cases. All foods on the Arthritis-Cure Diet can be easily obtained, at no extra expense.

You can still eat many of your favorite foods (by actual count, there are 160 items that you can still eat . . . and you can mix nearly endless varieties) . . . you can still enjoy black eye peas, green peppers, lima beans, corn, rice, turkey, duck, fish, apples, bananas, pears, figs, prunes, plums, nectarines, peaches, cherries, grapes, melons, nuts, soups, eggs, cheeses, and more . . . But there are certain foods you must never touch again, if you wish a permanent cure, he says.

Complete daily menus for breakfast, lunch and supper are given for the first 7 days, with 50 more mouth watering gourmet recipes!

Is That All There Is To It?

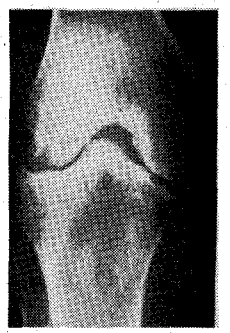
Just about. As for steps 2 and 3 — you may not need them. But if you do, they are simply aids to elimination (for purification and internal cleansing), and a very few other simple steps.

No gadgets or hocus pocus, no bigger and better pills, no expensive diathermy, whirlpool, or harsh exercises of any kind.

See For Yourself . . . At Our Risk

See for yourself. You can enjoy absolutely pain-free living, and an arthritis-free tomorrow, says Dr. Campbell. Now, for the first time, you can be free of heat, pain, swelling and deformity — no matter what your age, he says, because arthritis CAN and IS being CURED. **"There is no need for anyone," he says, "to ever get an arthritis attack again."**

Lack of joint space around knee. Bones rub. Normal motion impossible.



Greater joint space provides pain-free motion, normal walking.

X-RAYS SHOW POSITIVE PROOF!

. . . says Dr. Campbell: Look at the before-and-after X-rays shown above, and know that now, for the first time perhaps, you can enjoy an absolutely pain-free, arthritis-free tomorrow.

- **"Expect a 'miracle'," says Dr. Campbell.**
- **"Expect your pain to start diminishing from the start."**
- **"Expect no need for aspirin or other pain relievers in a week to ten days."**
- **"Expect a continuing improvement in your joint mobility . . . X-rays will reveal progress in the restoration of damaged bone structure in three to six months."**
- **"Expect a normal life without arthritic pain . . ."**

MEET DR. CAMPBELL

Dr. Giraud W. Campbell is a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Osteopathic Medicine, Class of 1931. Since then he has practiced for over 40 years in New York State. After World War II, Dr. Campbell commenced his nutritional and laboratory research in arthritis. "For the past 15 years," he says, "I have been curing arthritis. Those that are bedridden . . . in the acute inflammatory state . . . show the most dramatic response. In from 3 to 10 days their pains cease, and repair sets in. I have over 1,000 successfully treated cases in my files." He was one of the founders of the Long Island Osteopathic Society and is a member of several leading professional groups.

ASTOUNDING LETTERS FROM EX-ARTHRITIS VICTIMS RAISES ARMS IN PRAISE!

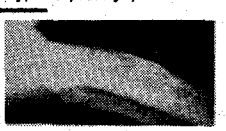
I had been in an auto accident which affected my spine and caused chronic arthritis. I couldn't raise my arms without severe pain; combing my hair was almost impossible. Doctors gave me up to 24 aspirins per day, traction, hydrotherapy, sonic ray therapy and physiotherapy. It was at this time that I began treatment with Dr. Campbell . . . After treatment started, I felt a tremendous improvement in seven days. Within two weeks the brace was off and I felt better. I was able to raise my arms upward. It was like a miracle.—H.G.

SPINE HEALED!

I was discharged from the Army in 1945. Shortly thereafter, I began to experience pains in my lower back and the disease became steadily worse. I became more crippled. My spine, at this time, had practically fused solid. Pain . . . by now . . . was continuous, day and night, with no relief. At this point I heard of Dr. Giraud Campbell. To my amazement within two weeks, the pain decreased at least 50%. I was able to walk better. I only wish I had come under Dr. Campbell's care . . . when the disease first started.

Yours truly, F.S., Roslyn, New York

Dark portions or spots of this X-ray show softening of shinbone, which actually bends —in an advanced case of Paget's disease, deemed incurable.



Six months later—with Dr. Campbell's method —X-ray shows thickening of bone (white area). Bone is now stronger and no longer bends.

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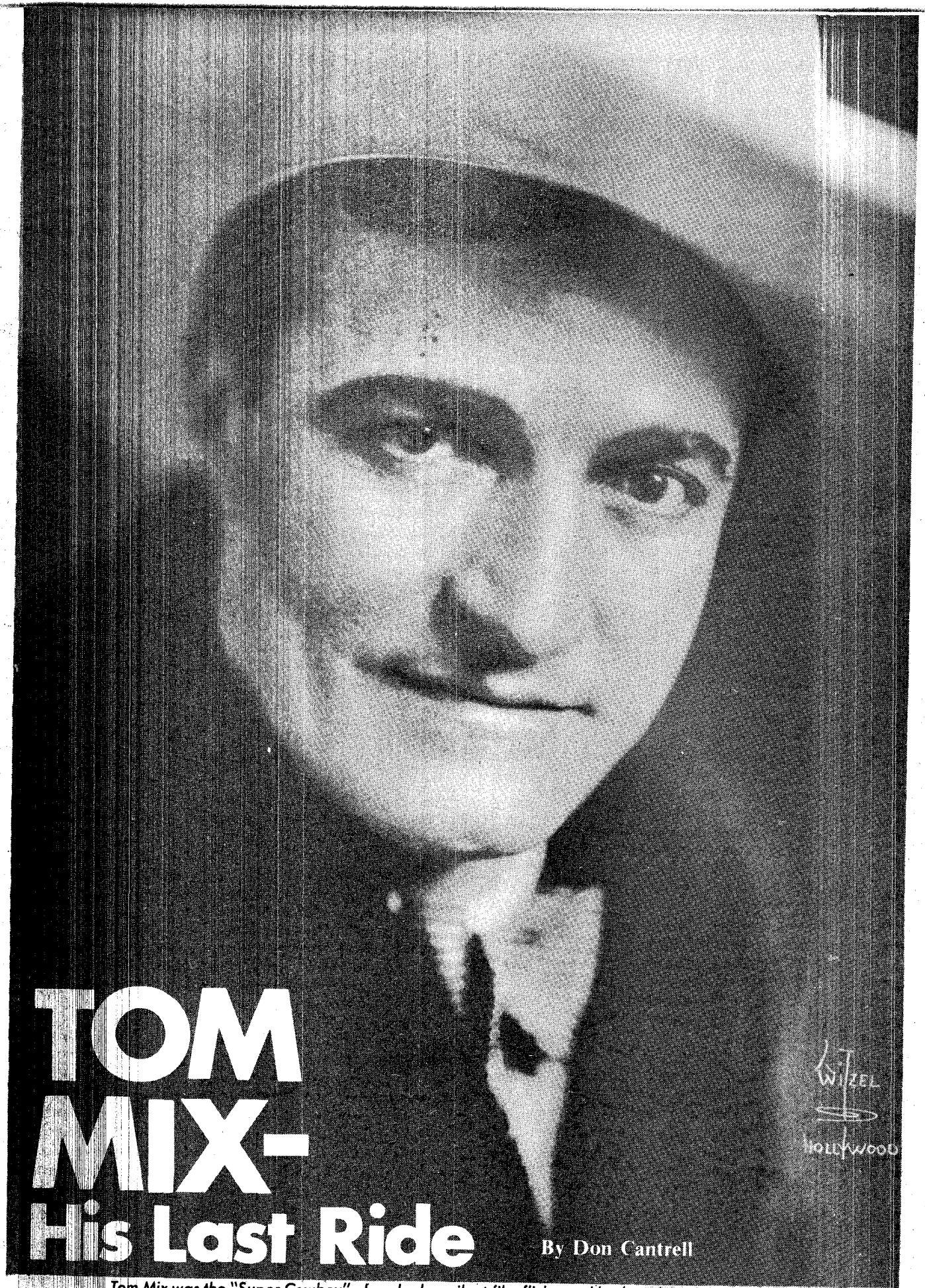

TOM MIX- His Last Ride

By Don Cantrell

Tom Mix was the "Super Cowboy" of early-day, silent film flicks, and had made more than 370 moving pictures. Mix said he never used a double or a stand-in for the staggering number of dangerous stunts he demanded of himself to perform. In all, he could finally count 150 stitches along with 23 broken bones and cracked ribs. He once quipped, "I never claimed to be an actor."

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While making 370 Western movies, Tom Mix never drank or smoked or gambled on screen because he didn't want to set a bad example for the kids. This was one cowboy star who was as great in real life as on the screen, and the kids knew it!

POW!
SMASH!
KEErash!

Two granite - hard fists, pumping like hot pistons. The crack of a wooden chair splitting. And the dark - faced villain finally crumples in the corner like a soggy blanket.

Flashing a Grand Canyon - sized grin at his sturdy companion, Super Cowboy brushes off his long - sleeved shirt, picks up his tall white Stetson and acclaims his magnificent triumph in a familiarly modest fashion.

"How come you never use your shootin' 'arn, Super Cowboy?" the grizzly - faced buddy pleads. "Why he could have killed you plumb dead if you hadn't ..."

CUT.

Mustachioed director gnashes on a blimp - like stogie. Swift, beady eyes absorb it all. Superb. Superb. Thin - lipped mouth bellows through the megaphone: All right, folks, on to the next scene.

LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION!

Shots ring out, and cold, shadowed villain romps off from the bummer scene. Hear, hear, look at this poor distressed damsel in gingham, comforting the wounded sheriff. Super Cowboy rounds the corner.

Intensity building.

"Hurry," she cried, "he went that - a - way!"

Faster than a speeding bullet. Super White Horse sprints over hill and dale with Super Cowboy winding up a long strand of rope.

BANG! KAPOW! BAM-BAM! Dark villain on Super Dark Horse, smoking a sizzling six-gun over the shoulder.

Super Cowboy angles closer, closer, then it's time. WHOOSH! AAARRGH! KERPLUNK! Dark villain jerked to the ground, squirming. Stout lasso hangs tight. It's all over but the shouting.

"How come you never use your shootin' 'arn, Super Cowboy?" comes the demanding response of his bewhiskered partner. "Why he could have killed you plumb dead if you hadn't ..."

CUT.

Hear, hear. Next scene. Right on, man. Rowdy tavern and piano tinkling. Grateful sheriff buys a round on the house. GULP! UUUHHHMMM! WOW! He shoves a bottle of Redeye towards Super Cowboy. Stern eyes, but a slight smile is telling. No thanks, ol' podnuh. And a giant hand pushes it back gently.

"Hey, how come you never ..."

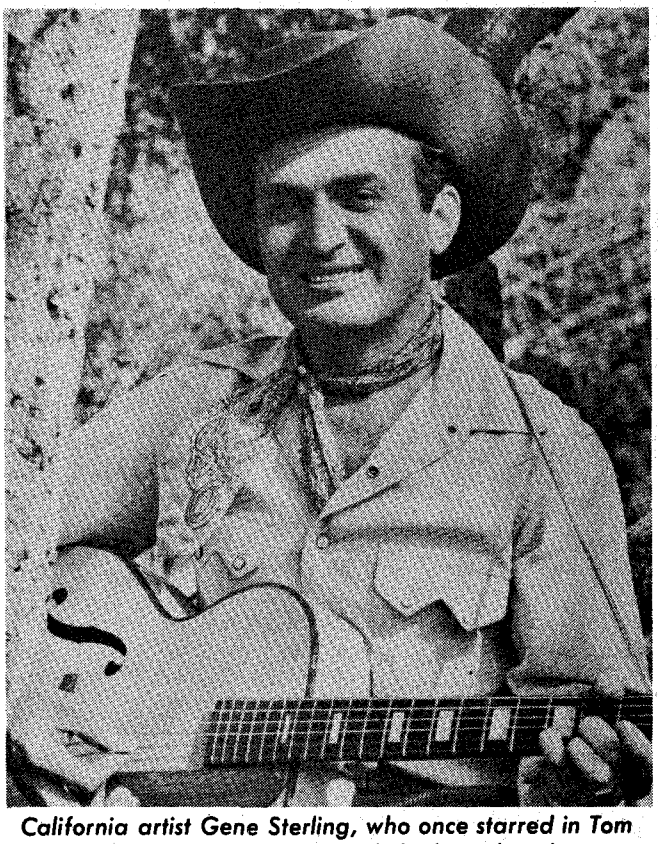
CUT.

One more time, baby, but take it slow. Tranquility again. You can almost imagine the sounds of quail in the brush. And, yes, a time for sweet thanks. Now it's time to ponder a little kiss from the affectionate damsel. Super Cowboy hangs in a bit closer. Saturday matinee kids are frozen on the edge of their seats. He isn't going to ...!!! Nope. Super Hand reaches out to shake damsel's delicate hand. Rightly done. Twarn't nothin', Ma'am. Then Super Compadre and Hero evaporate into the sunset.

Hey, how come ..."

CUT.

Super Cowboy, better known as Tom Mix, was pre - talkie movie menu. He was the food that fed a thousand images across 370 western flicks during the silent - screen era. His productions clicked to the tune of $5 million at the box office. And there was hardly a raw - skin slicked dude west of the Pecos or east of Sunset & Vine in Hollywood who could touch his thunder.



California artist Gene Sterling, who once starred in Tom Mix movies, remembers being with the famed cowboy star two days before his death, when he experienced his "first taste of high speed" in the actor's sleek yellow Cord in Las Cruces, N.M.

Although his name tended to fade with the passing of time, it started emerging again in recent years with the Pop Art generations capitalizing, money - wise or something akin to "Nostaliga U.S.A.," via posters of old movie stars, the revival of once - defunct magazines and relics of yesteryear. Super Cowboy even appeared on the cover of The Beatles' revolutionary album *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.*

While the earlier flow of dialogue represented the essence of Super Cowboy on celluloid, his private life was a different story. For the young generation he may be merely Pop Art fad and fancy with no emotional attachment. And for those whose select fare is contemporary blood - curdling shoot - 'em - ups and sex - spiced dandies, then he may seem like a flake. But if you're talking to old - time Arizonans, ranging from Willcox to Tucson and Florence or from Wickenburg to Prescott and Flagstaff, and even hint that he wasn't up to snuff, by crackies you best prepare to bite the dust or suffer a pair of red ears.

In fact, one printshop foreman of a paper in Pinal County recalls the day a yarn that failed to do justice to Super Cowboy appeared and exclaimed, "Boy, I thought that phone would never stop ringing off the hook. I wouldn't have wanted to tangle with some of those people."

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To many old - timers he was "Arizona." Some called him "Mr. Arizona." Many more believed he was the greatest thing since sliced bread. Essentially, this is because they knew both sides of Super Cowboy — his film role and his private - life role. And, perhaps more importantly, he represented the image of their brand of moral conduct and western sophistication, which hardly could be reconciled with the complex and varied lifestyles of a so - called modern society.

But if you had known him, as they did, and had been around one serene autumn afternoon on Oct. 12, 1940, as a road crew pursued repair work about 13 miles south of Florence on Highway 89, your heart would have felt an agonizing vacuum before the sun melted below the horizon.

It was just another calm day for the workmen while laboring on a common road job, and there was no reason to expect anything unusual. No reason at all.

In fact, they had even assumed the routine task of setting up a barrier with a detour sign some distance beyond the dry wash area where they were making repairs.

There was, however, some apprehension in mid - afternoon as one of the crewmen, John Adams, observed a trail of dust to the south. It was a northbound automobile zooming their way at an astonishing high rate of speed.

The apprehension among the workmen rose into mixed states of alarm and anxiety, because there was no indication that the driver had inclinations of slowing down. And what's more, they realized, the fast - approaching car — based on the incredible speed — was not a common automobile seen on Arizona highways, or anywhere else for that matter.

When it became increasingly evident that the flashy - looking yellow Cord convertible wasn't reducing its speed, Adams sprinted down the road and frantically attempted to flag the speeding driver to a halt.

Adams, numbed and bewildered at what was happening, could only stare in horror as the silent screen's greatest cowboy hero smashed through the barrier at 80 miles an hour while the car flipped over like a fragile toy into the dry wash.

In view of his physical strength and the punishment his body had taken in so many film productions, some surmise he could have survived the crash alone. But a locker trunk dislodged from the rear seat, hurtled forward and struck Mix on the back of the head. It broke his neck and he died instantly.

It wasn't long before one of the last five men to see the cowboy idol alive, Tucson police patrolman Dick Lease, was stopping another speedster on a road leading into the city from the north side.

"He went by me like a house afire," Lease said, who gave pursuit, pulled the driver over — fully prepared to ask, and not in a very pleasing tone — to inquire where (in hell) he was going and why.

But the young patrolman was cut short by the panic - stricken speeder who declared, "I've been looking for an officer. There's been an accident back there (pointing towards Florence) and it looks bad. It's a guy in a yellow Cord."

Stunned by one fact, Lease, an old friend of the screen star, recalled his reaction: "I knew it was Tom Mix. No one else I had ever known had a yellow Cord."

Lease, judging from all the evidence sifted from extensive research, was the last man to see Mix alive. He had chatted briefly with the cowboy as the star was leaving the old Santa Rita Hotel where he had been staying in Tucson. He was on his way to Florence. And that transpired only a couple of hours before.

The young patrolman's car, the first Tucson police vehicle to feature a radio, became the immediate object of Lease's next move: racing to the radio to relay the communique.

It wasn't long before another one of the last five men to see the idol alive, Sheriff Ed Echols of Pima County, was rushing to the scene with a coroner and an ambulance blazing behind him.

The next to last man to see him alive was another old friend, Nick Hall, the jovial manager of the Santa Rita Hotel. They had conversed briefly before the cowboy bumped into Lease on his way out of the hotel.

Noted Western writer Walt Coburn had entertained his compadres, Mix and Echols, the previous evening at his 16-acre spread near the Santa Catalina Mountains. In fact, they had agreed to a repeat get-together for lunch, along with Hall, the following day at Coburn's ranch.

But Mix changed plans the next morning and decided he'd go visit his former son-in-law, Harry Knight, who was cattle ranching in Florence with Twain and Bill Clemens, descendants of Mark Twain, before driving on to Hollywood.

Mix had requested the hotel's day clerk to call Coburn and cancel the luncheon engagement, but the clerk forgot.

It wasn't until about 3 p.m. that Hall phoned Coburn to inform him of the abrupt change in the cowboy star's plans.

Though disappointed, Coburn, writing from his recollections before he died in late May of 1971, had decided to saddle up for a short ride into the hills, but the phone demanded his attention before he could get past the door.

It was Hall again. Only this time the news was a simple, tragic message: Tom Mix was dead.

The last of five friends to see Mix alive was California artist Gene Sterling, who had starred in Tom Mix movies as a young boy. He could only gasp as he heard the startling news over the radio that evening in El Paso, Tex. where he was working at a Hilton-owned dude ranch.

Sterling had been with Mix the morning before, where the cowboy idol "gave me my first taste of high speed" in the Cord speedster. "Tom Mix was such a driver," he added.

The California painter, who finally gave up movie acting for an artist's palette, said, "It was hard for me to comprehend that earlier we had shaken hands and said goodbye. Tom was an easygoing person, but drank extensively and drove quite fast."

After Hall had buzzed Coburn, he was back at the hotel switchboard, making long-distance phone calls in attempting to notify Mix's daughter and studio officials of his death.

Daily newspaper editorial rooms across the nation were in a frenzy trying to obtain all the details. And the news from desolate desert areas was slow in coming during those days.

Heartsick, Coburn recalled he had poured himself a shot of Irish whiskey and wandered out to the long hitchrack on his ranch, reflecting on his thoughts "of yesterday when Tom Mix was alive. So very much alive."

Coburn had penned, "There was a strange magnetism about Tom, hero of countless western movies, which had endeared him to youths throughout the nation. Knowing him as I did in real life, I'd been proud to claim his friendship. Now there was an aching lump in my throat that no amount of good whiskey could dissolve."

Sterling, a native of Mission, Tex., first came to know Mix in Las Vegas, N.M., where the cowboy actor was trying to produce pictures

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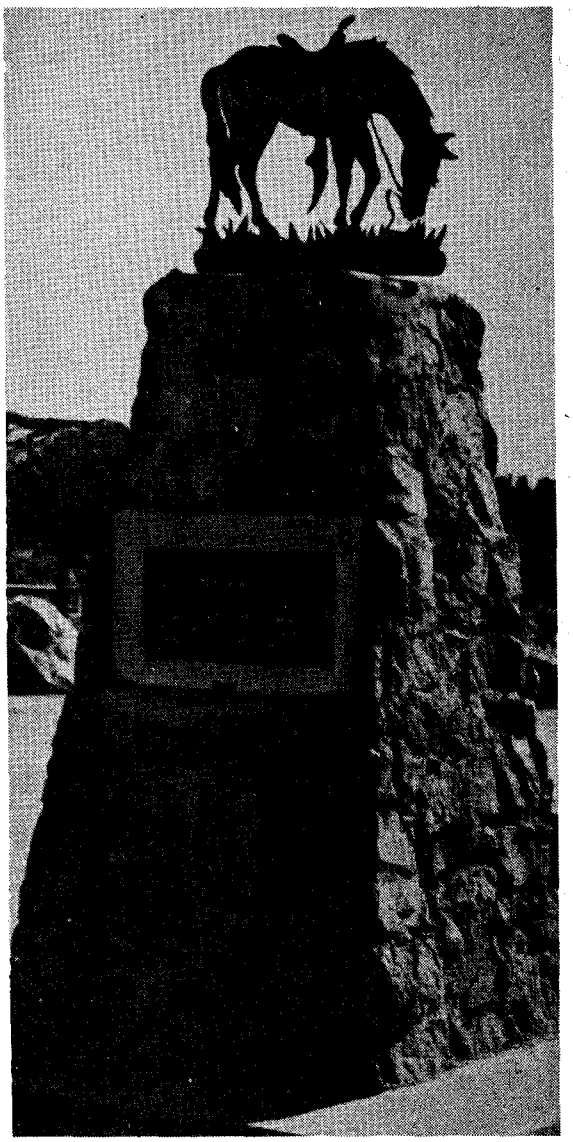

Arizona officials honored the memory of Tom Mix by constructing a rock memorial near the fatal crash site, 13 miles south of Florence. It features a riderless horse above and a plaque below.

independently, and he worked in two of Tom's films on location near Montezuma, N.M. He joined Mix in a third film in Hollywood before his subsequent return to El Paso, where his mother owned the old Grand Hotel "way back in 1929."

Sterling said, "The last time I saw Tom he had parted from Hollywood and had completed his third successful year with his wild animal show. In fact, he had made 220 stands across the country in less than a year. Although he wanted to keep building his animal show, he said he was returning to make movies in Hollywood."

After receiving word of his death, Sterling, along with Slim Harris, Mix's animal trainer, went out to Newman, Tex. to take care of his animals until his daughter could make other arrangements.

Mix was not without his critics, but even if they could prove their allegations, whatever they might have been, nothing could erase the immense regard youngsters had for the cowboy idol. Sterling was an example, recalling, "I remember when I was a young lad watching a Mix film being produced on location in New Mexico when he rode up and said, "Hey, little boy, you're just the one we're looking for. How would you like to be in the movies?"

Lease, now engrossed with teaching police science at New Mexico State University, harked back to Arizona law enforcement days and declared, "Little did people know about all the good things Tom Mix did. He was a good friend to Arizona law enforcement officers and always gave of himself to kids. He used to make appearances at all kinds of charity events like the sheriff's rodeo fund drive programs, and always for nothing."

While Mix's brand of magnetism was rare in the heyday of silent films, he possessed other qualities that set him apart from aspiring actors during the period. Many of these qualities, as well as intriguing facts, were apparent from a small paperbound book he once wrote called *Ropin' a Million.*

Mix said he never used a double or a stand-in for the staggering number of dangerous stunts he demanded of himself to perform. In all, he could finally tabulate 150 stitches along with 23 broken bones and cracked ribs.

"I never claimed to be an actor," he once remarked.

But he also established anothe rule for himself early in the game, and that was "never to smoke, drink or gamble in any picture I ever made." He figured the majority of his audience was comprised of youngsters "and I aimed to set a good example for them."

In addition, Mix said, "Instead of using a six-shooter and doing a lot of shooting, I used my fists or a ketch rope, and I kept my pictures clean."

Commentaries from his book related why he faded away from Hollywood. He had grown weary of "ridiculous" movie scripts by "dude writers" and was painfully annoyed by the pretentiousness which accompanied the conferences in which discussions over the possible value of such scripts would finally put him to sleep.

It's highly doubtful Mix ever talked about or contemplated taking his life, but even those who knew him would have to admit that his restless pattern of living had become an invitation to bad tidings or even or even death — the bitterness, the drinking, high-speed driving, badgered by attorneys and possible despair over failures in love and marriage. It seemed enough to torment any man's soul, despite the memories of marquees flickering past triumphs and glamour.

"He had made millions before talking pictures forced him away from the scene — and it hurt him," Sterling said.

Not only had the cowboy ace spent his money in a carefree fashion, but his final years found him involvedin expensive lawsuits over alimony and one breach of contract suit, Sterling explained.

The California artist said, "He died at a place far more in keeping with his nature than, say, the concrete canyons of a massive California city or the stark, bleached room of an old folk's sanitorium."

Coburn supported this, stating, "I figured Tom was crowding 60 and past the prime of his life. His career as a star of western movies was over and done with. Far worse things could have happened to Tom Mix than sudden death. Old age and being broke would have been his ultimate future, and the prideful man could not possibly have taken in his stride old age and its infirmities and uselessness."

Nonetheless, his charity and integrity in film-making left an indelible imprint on state officials in Arizona. And their lasting tribute can be observed where they ordered the construction of a rock monument outside Florence, near what was to be known as Tom Mix Wash — a monument that features a riderless horse above and a plaque below, which reads:

"In memory of Tom Mix, whose spirit left his body on this spot and whose characterizations and portrayals in life served better to fix memories of the old west in the minds of living man."

And there was the headline writer who projected, "... no Hollywood premiere was ever more dazzling than the Arizona sky which was his final backdrop..."

Yet it was left to Coburn to echo the sentiments of his many friends upon stating, "If Tom Mix had deliberately planned the manner of his passing, it could never have been more fitting" as he remembered "the hushed twilight of that last sundown." ●**RW**

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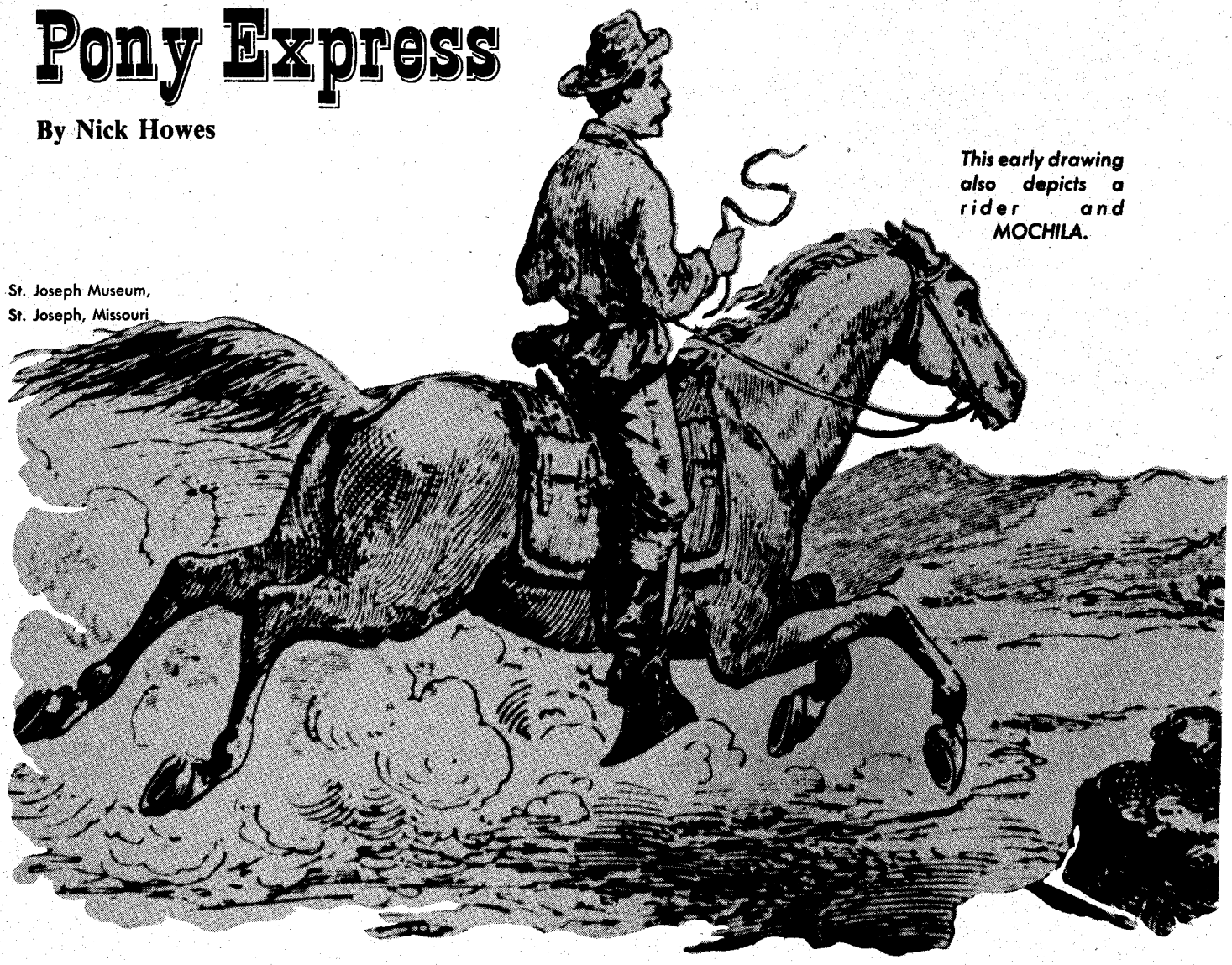
HASLAM Of The Pony Express

By Nick Howes



This early drawing also depicts a rider and MOCHILA.

St. Joseph Museum,
St. Joseph, Missouri

Pony Bob was a legend within a legend. He had to ride the toughest 75-mile stretch in the Pony Express chain, from Lake Tahoe through Indian country in Nevada. So the mail trips were rarely dull.

In the spring of 1860, Bolivar Roberts, superintendent of the Western Division of the proposed Pony Express, rode into Carson City, then in Utah's St. Mary's County, with a mission to fulfill. He needed stock tenders, men to run stations, and most of all he needed tough, young, hard-riding men to fill out his division and to maintain part of one of the most grueling frontier trails in American history.

Roberts first spread the word of what he was seeking, publishing prominently displayed newspaper advertisements and handbills that appealed to the spirit of adventure. Sixty men showed up to apply with Roberts who carefully inspected them, asking about their experience, noting physiques, choosing carefully from among them.

"Too big, son," he told one disappointed youth, with a dismissing flick of his hand. "We're using small, half-wild mustang ponies, moving fast and hard. For that kind of work we can only accept small men. Sorry." He pointed at a man toward the rear of his office. "You too, son." He glanced at a square jawed, cocky, swaggering youngster closer to hand who was talking easily among his new friends and laughing plenty. "Your name's...?"

"Haslam, Bob Haslam," said the muscular young man. Roberts looked him over, considered, asked a few questions about his past. He finally nodded approval, and Roberts' ready grin widened.

Haslam, soon to become known as Pony Bob, was promptly assigned by Roberts to what was considered the roughest run in the division. It was a 75-mile stretch between Friday's Station at the foot of Lake Tahoe and Buckland's, through the most dangerous Indian country in Nevada. Because of friction with the white settlers, the Pah-Utes under old Winnemucca, numbering between 6,000 and 8,000, were agitating, and open war seemed very possible any day. Pony Bob Haslam's route went

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straight through their country.

Of course, the remainder of the overall Pony Express route was not exactly a pushover. There were 190 relay stations between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento, California — in the Rockies, in the desert, on the plains, in Indian country, in the broad, unsettled lands in between. Pony Bob got a firsthand look at some of this country when he helped construct a few of the stations to be manned by an appropriate few of the 400 such employees the Pony had hired on. Using these relay stations, 80 riders would make their initial runs on 480 ponies purchased by the company; among them would be Haslam.

The Pony was charged by its founders and its parent organization, the Central Overland, California and Pike's Peak Express Company, with transmitting the Eastern - and Western - bound mail to the proper destinations with all possible speed. Hoping to pick up valuable mail contracts, the COC&PPEx was determined to not only establish the route, but keep it going at all costs, formidable as the problems were. The leather, saddle - covering pouched *mochilas,* packed with 10 pounds of tissue - paper letters, had to get through. Earning $120 to $125 a month, the express riders would lay their lives on the line trying to get that mail from one side of the vast nation to the other.

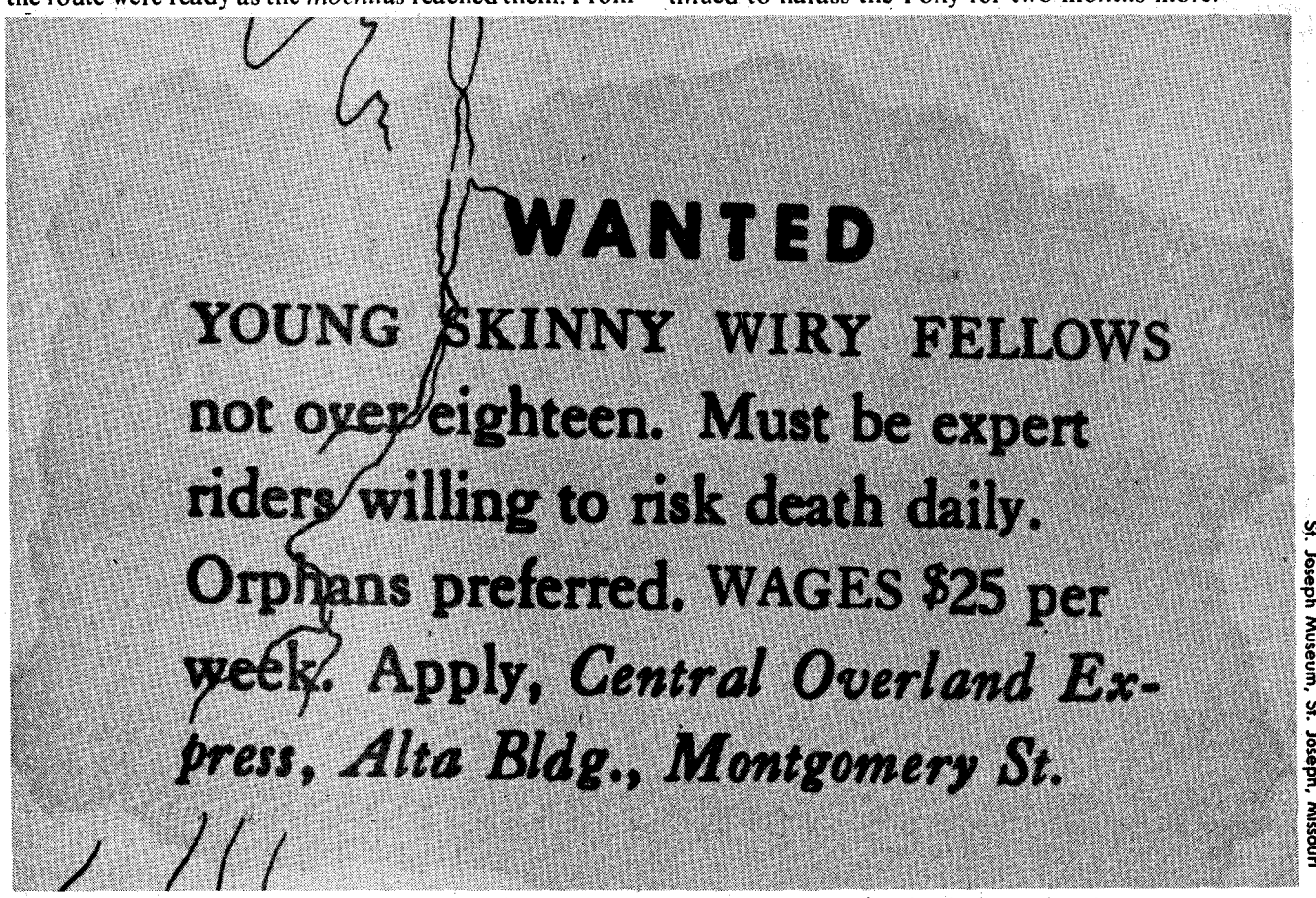
With the tiny Bibles presented to each rider by co-founder Alexander Majors, the express riders poised for the start. On April 3, 1860, the run began simultaneously from St. Joseph and Sacramento.

In Sacramento, Harry Roff took the *mochila,* swung onto his pony and rode off amid cheers and shouts of encouragement, a scene matched in St. Joseph. Riders along the route were ready as the *mochilas* reached them. From there the rider would begin his route, with three stops at stations where they would change mounts before moving on, each stop limited to two minutes. At every third station, though, the riders changed as well and the mail went on. The mail gone, the exhausted rider turned his pony over to the stock tender for rubdown and feeding, went in and ate, then got some sleep before the mail from the other direction caught up with him.

Pony Bob settled into the routine quickly as time and pressure dictated. April passed into June, one trip became eight. And all the time, Haslam noted the signs of increasing Indian agitation along the route and in the gossip he heard among the men. If it bothered him, he did not speak of it. The Pah-Utes had in the past fought trappers, the migrant trains and prospectors. By 1860 they felt especially threatened by a new influx of prospectors, while still recovering from the effects of a hard winter.

Then at Williams Station, 10 miles northeast of Buckland's, the war began. Reportedly, in the absence of station - keeper Williams, a few men kidnapped some Pah-Ute women who were traced by the Indians. In any event, on May 7 the Williams station was burned to the ground.

The Pony found itself threatened along a 250-mile section of its transcontinental route and pressed on determinedly, but ready. One rider came into Dry Creek to hand his blood - spattered *mochila* over to the next rider before collapsing; hours later he died of his wounds. The Indians attacked stations, driving off horses, burning the buildings, killing or chasing off their keepers and tenders. For a month the Pony was forced to break off its service as the Pah-Ute War raged. When service resumed, there were more guards, stations had been replaced, and other necessary steps were taken. The Indians nevertheless continued to harass the Pony for two months more.


WANTED
YOUNG SKINNY WIRY FELLOWS
not over eighteen. Must be expert
riders willing to risk death daily.
Orphans preferred. WAGES $25 per
week. Apply, Central Overland Ex-
press, Alta Bldg., Montgomery St.

St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri

A re-creation of the advertisement that appeared in newspapers for riders for the legendary Pony Express, which brought in to Bolivar Roberts a man to become known as "Pony Bob" Haslam.

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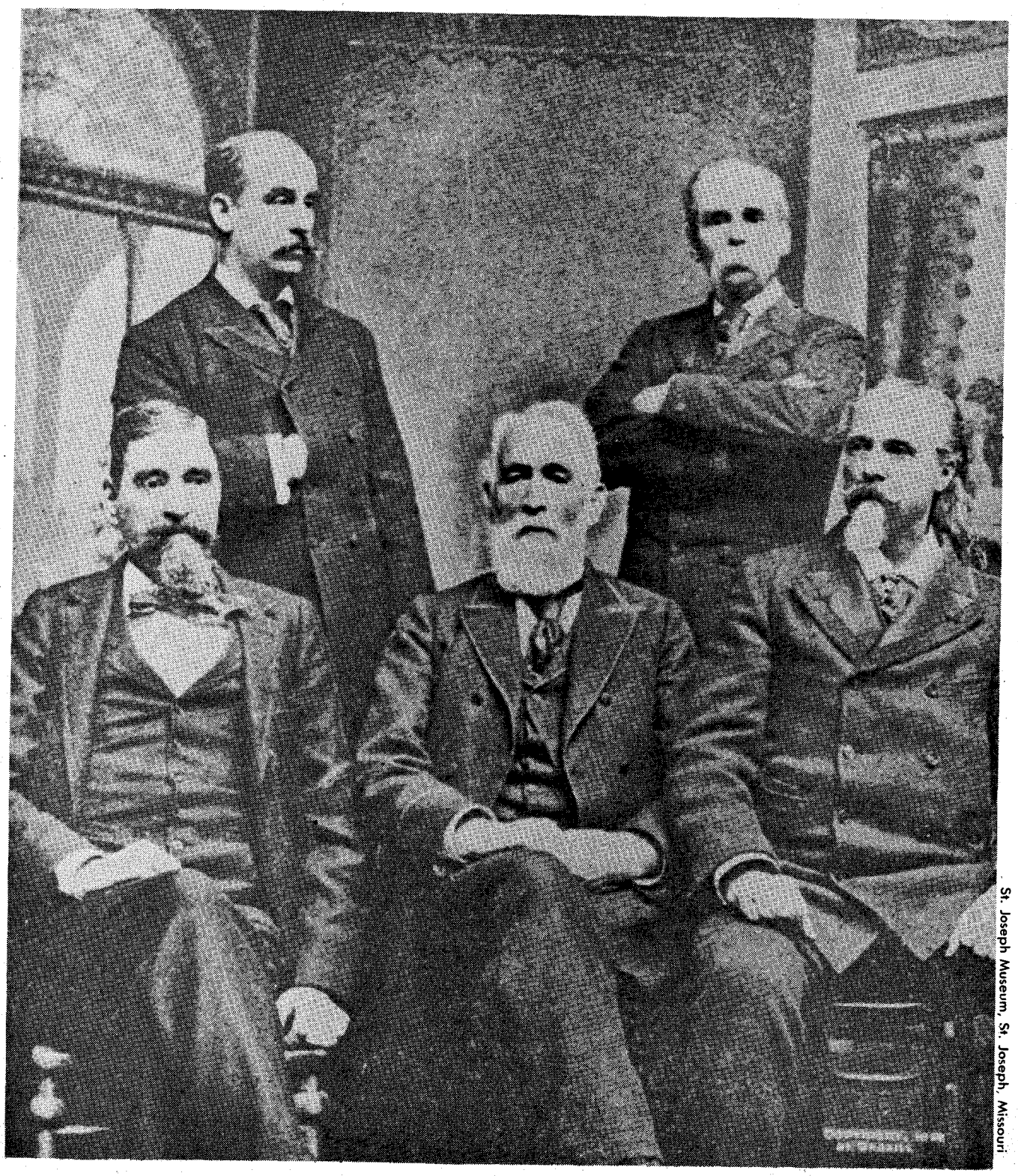

St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri

Seated in the center is founder Alexander Majors flanked on the right by Buffalo Bill Cody who got Majors to write a popular book with forward by Cody; standing behind Cody is Prentiss Ingram. On the left, seated, is John B. Colton; standing with hand in coat is Pony Bob Haslam. The year is 1892.

Pony Bob Haslam had his own troubles with the Pah-Utes. On one run, three or four miles from a station, a band of 30 braves blocked his trail. He reined in, feeling a chill as he looked over the hostile band, mind racing. Only one solution offered itself. He yanked his revolver clear of his holster amost instinctively and spurred his pony straight at the Indians. The leader of the group gestured with a peace sign as he got close, and suspiciously, Bob slowed up.

"You pretty good fellow," the leader shouted, leaning forward on his pony's back. "You go ahead." Still wary, Bob spurred his pony past the band. Several glances over the shoulder showed they were neither pursuing nor firing at him.

Things settled down pretty quickly after the war, and Haslam started getting back into the routine. The Pony continued operations, trying to cover its normal expenses as well as the $75,000 loss because of the war.

But something else had occurred during the short war, something that had made Pony Bob Haslam a legend

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among his fellow riders, a legend that even today holds its place among those knowledgeable of the Pony's exploits.

He was bound for Buckland's on his regular run and stopped at the relay station west of Buckland's for a mount. It was here he learned of the newly begun war with the Indians when he found that the ponies were gone. It is unclear whether Indians had driven them off or they had been commandeered, but in any event Bob rode off on the mount he had come in with. He rode on after allowing the mount to be fed and rested briefly, heading for the last relay at Buckland's, 15 miles distant.

At the terminal station for his run, he was due to be relieved by rider Johnson Richardson, whom he found, upon arrival, to be unwilling to take the mail. The station keeper, W.C. Marley, happened to be on hand not surprisingly, and also, not surprisingly, he was very worried about getting the mail on the road again.

"Bob, tell you what. You ride for Richardson here and I'll see you get a $50 bonus for the ride."

Haslam thought a moment, then nodded; his self - confidence had far from worn off in the short time he had been riding. "Okay, I'll need a bit of time to catch my breath, though."

"Fine, fine. Think you can make it, son?"

"Oh sure. I doubt if I'll even get too far behind schedule."

"Don't worry about that, Bob. Just get the mail through."

Within 10 minutes time, armed with rifle and revolver, Haslam was riding off with the *mochila*. His long ride to the sink of the Carson and to the stations beyond was fairly uneventful, though exhausting. When he finally rode into the final station at Smith's Creek, he conferred with Jay G. Kelly, who was to relieve him to ride on. When Kelly did ride off, it was with the story of the Williams' Station attack which he would pass on to warn others down the line. Bob had by now ridden 185 miles without stopping, except to change mounts.

Haslam repeated his story to the station keeper, then headed for the station where he ate and turned in for nine hours of deep sleep. Then the westbound mail caught up with him, and he started back on the road for Friday's Station.

At Cold Springs he found the station had been hit by a raiding party. The horses were gone, the station keeper dead, the station itself in flames. He dismounted, revolver in hand, eyes constantly shifting, trying to search out some movement as he led the pony to the intact watering trough. He reholstered his weapon since there was no sign of lingering trouble, then wet his neckerchief to tie around his throat. When his pony had had enough water, he remounted and rode off.

Darkness was coming long before the next station came into sight. The station keeper there listened to what he had to say and was happy to oblige when Bob suggested he evacuate. The abandoned station was razed to the ground the next day by a raiding party of Pah-Utes.

At the Carson he found 15 armed men recovering from a recent attack. Despite warnings to stay, Haslam rested only an hour then rode off on a fresh mount. He reached Buckland's only 3-½ hours behind schedule. Marley promptly raised the bonus to $100. Haslam rested for an hour and a half, then started on his own regular run to Friday's Station across the Sierras. After a 380-mile run with 11 hours rest and within only a few hours of the schedule all along the route, Haslam was finally able to get some rest. He later admitted he had been rather tired by the adventure.

When the regular run had resumed and things had quieted down, Pony Bob established himself as a legend in another area: as a cook, no less. Often riders found it necessary to rustle up their own food when they came in late, and many could do the job pretty well. Bob boasted to his friends that he could fix a pie and one man immediately took him up on it, to everyone's delight. So Bob made his pie. Unfortunately, he got some sulphur mixed in it thanks to mislabeling on the appropriate container. And so arose the expression "as yellow as a Pony Express rider's

St. Joseph Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri

The Pony Express Memorial in St. Joseph depicting a rider; note the MOCHILA on which he is seated with the mail pouches in front and back.

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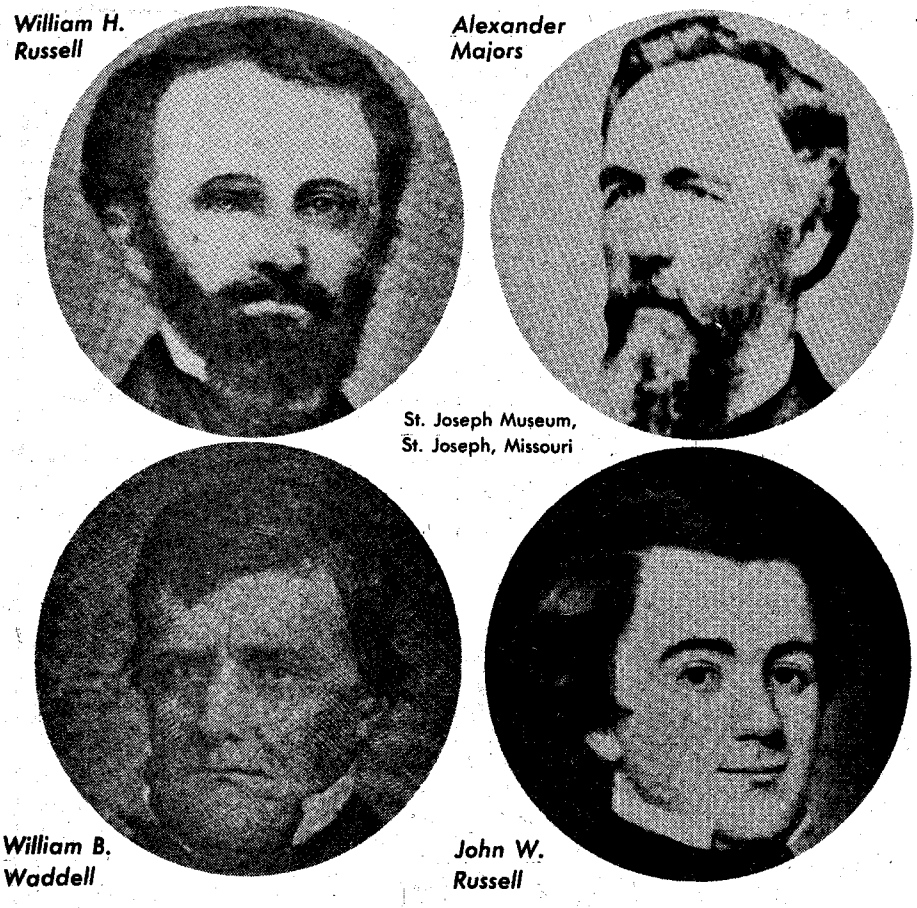

Russell, Majors, Waddell and Russell, operators of the Pony Express during its short career, who lost nearly a million and a half dollars on the venture.

pie!" Thank you, Bob Haslam.

The Pony had pretty well fallen ito a routine by March 1861 when a special run came up. Lincoln's inaugural address was to be made, and the Pony went all out to get it to the West Coast in record time. In this address was Lincoln's plan regarding the pending conflict Pacific coastal residents expected. On this run the mail went the 1,966 miles between St. Joseph and Sacramento in 7 days, 17 hours, at an average speed of 10-6/10ths miles per hour. And reportedly, Pony Bob Haslam made the best speed of all riders.

Both the Lincoln election report in November 1860 and Buchanan's last messages as President had been sped through in 8 days, as opposed to the scheduled time of 10 days.

At first, letters had been sent at the rate of $5 per half ounce for the trip; in April 1861 it went down to $2; by July 1861 it was at $1. But the Pony did not get its mail contracts, and this revenue from postage was by itself insufficient to recoup losses.

In the 1860-61 winter season the run was shortened to cover the distance between the temporary terminals of the telegraph at Forts Kearny and Churchill (formerly Buckland's Station). On October 26, 1861, the transcontinental telegraph linked up at Salt Lake City and the Pony's run stopped.

The record was complete, and an admirable one it was. But Russell, Majors and Waddell, who operated the Pony, had taken in only $91,404, losing nearly a half million dollars for the year - and - a - half venture.

The accounts of what followed Haslam's experience with the Pony are mixed up, chronologically speaking, though it is clear that he continued working on local express runs as did many out of work riders. The Pony Express had not been needed any more for transcontinental runs, but there were still cities and towns that could use the service.

According to Settle and Settle in their book, *Saddles and Spurs,* Haslam went to work for Wells, Fargo & Company which, they say, continued to run the old Pony Express route between San Francisco and Virginia City. Haslam continued his original run, the one he had held with the Pony, until the railroad put him out of a job.

Wells then shifted Bob over to the Reno - Virginia City run. Here, due to competition, there were frequent races between riders. Bob rode one noteworthy race on July 4, 1868 against Frank Henderson. The two picked up their pouches from the train as it pulled into Reno and vaulted aboard their ponies. They rode off amid a cheering crowd, and Haslam fell behind about 10 yards. Soon he regained his position alongside Frank Henderson, then drew ahead to win the race.

This time it was the telegraph that put him out of business, and Wells - Fargo sent Bob up to Montana to a section of country where both an express and stage line were being run. His route was a 100 - mile long section between Queen's River and the Owyhee River. When the Modoc War begun, Bob rode past the bodies of 90 dead Chinese along his route, killed by Indians. He resigned on the spot, his replacement was killed on the very next ride.

In Salt Lake City he served as a Deputy U. S. Marshal, then worked for Wells - Fargo again as a messenger on the stage line between Salt Lake City and Denver, a job he held for some years.

At some point along the way, Bob was in Virginia City the day Jack Slade was strung up. Slade, a former Pony Express employee, was among the local robbers lynched by vigilantes, though none today know for sure if he belonged there. Bob claimed having watched the hanging, which he considered a proper end for a man he held responsible for holding up the pay for Pony Express riders along the Julesburg division for which Slade had been responsible. This judgment may have been somewhat unfair since Slade, who enjoyed a reputation as a gunfighter, was reportedly an honest man, loyal to his employer.

Haslam went from his job with Wells - Fargo and ended up in Chicago, working at the Congress Hotel. To strangers he offered as greeting his personal business card bearing a sketch of himself as the legendary 20 - year - old rider of the Pah-Ute War. A quiet, pleasant man, he worked there until his death at age 72 in 1912. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Information supplied by the Pony Express Museum, St. Joseph, Missouri
The Pony Express by Arthur Chapman, 1932
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A Short History of the Mail Service by Carl H. Scheele, 1970
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THE EDITOR'S CORRAL

I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

BRIDGING DEATH VALLEY

Of all earth's waste places the desert is the most impressive and the abhorrent. It was almost impossible at times to secure laborers on the San Pedro railway route that skirts Death Valley through southern Nevada and California. The loneliness struck a chill into the hearts of diggers and track layers. For many years Death Valley has made good its name and taken ghastly toll of those who ventured on its trackless stretches. Arid, its only vegetation the gnarled and twisted cactus, it covers many thousands of square miles of absolute waste. But civilization is breaking in upon this defiant region. Irrigation is reforming it. Railways are sundering its insular unity. Wagon roads, too, are penetrating it here and there. Daring prospectors are threading it with narrow trails, and now the automobile drivers propose to run a highway through the arid dust from marge to marge. Recently representatives of the Automobile Club of Southern California started from Los Angeles to begin the work of mapping and placing signs across 1,500 miles of desert road in Death Valley and the surrounding territory. In addition to the task of mapping the road, the water holes will be charted, and the heavy steel signs are to give road directions and the location of water supplies. Seven routes in all are to be charted, which means the covering of 1,500 miles of desert sign posting through the most arid region of America. It means, too, that the last uncharted and uncultivated section of our nation is to be reclaimed and made accessible.

Items of Interest,
Secret Service Magazine,
March 28, 1913

RUBE BURROWS OFFERS TERMS OF PEACE

The Alabama outlaw, "Rube" Burrows, proposes to dictate terms of peace to the Governors of the three States in which he has carried on his operations. His friends offer on his behalf that if a full and free pardon is granted him for all his crimes he will relax his reign of terror, and will settle down peaceably to enjoy the fortune which he has accumulated as a train robber. Inasmuch as the authorities of Alabama have utterly abandoned the pursuit, which has so far brought only death to the pursuers, it looks as if Burrows' terms have been tacitly accepted.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 23, 1889

AMERICANIZATION OF INDIANS PROPOSED

Commissioner - of - Indian - Affairs Morgan in his annual report says the logic of events demands the absorption of the Indians into our national life, not as Indians, but as American citizens.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 23, 1889

HAZARDS OF RANCHING IN NEW MEXICO

Hundreds of cattle and sheep perished in a severe snowstorm in New Mexico during the second week of November, and a number of cowboys were frozen to death. The snow in many places reached a depth of six feet, and railroad trains were snowbound for several days.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 23, 1889

BUFFALO BILL TO TOUR SOUTHERN EUROPE

Buffalo Bill has left Paris with his Wild West Show, and will appear at Lyons, Marseilles, Barcelona, and Naples during the winter.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 30, 1889

POPULATION EXPLOSION IN IDAHO

A woman of Malad, Idaho recently gave birth to sextets, three boys and three girls. They weigh eight pounds altogether. All are bright and hardy and promise to live. The father is dazed.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 5, 1889

THE BEGINNINGS OF GAMBLING IN NEVADA

Some speculative individuals in Nevada propose to ask the Legislature of that State for a charter for an official State lottery like that which has for many years disgraced the State of Louisiana. As a bribe to the respectable people a donation of $50,000 a year to the State treasury is offered. We hope that no decent man in Nevada will encourage the proposition. That such a thing should be seriously considered for one moment is simply disgraceful. The demoralizing influences of the race - track and the gambling hells are causing infinite harm, especially to the rising generation. The duty of the good citizen is to stamp out these evils, not to propagate and extend them.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 19, 1889

A GREAT FUTURE FOR OKLAHOMA PREDICTED

A number of Congressmen who have recently visited Oklahoma predict that the opening of millions of acres of land next spring, the building of railroads now in contemplation, and the civilizing influence of the whites will make of the Indian Territory a grand State of the Union at no distant date.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 12, 1889

MORMONS MOVING INTO NORTHWEST CANADA

Mormons from Utah are said to be flocking into Northwest Canada taking their plural wives with them as sisters, cousins, and aunts.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
October 19, 1889

(continued on page 64)

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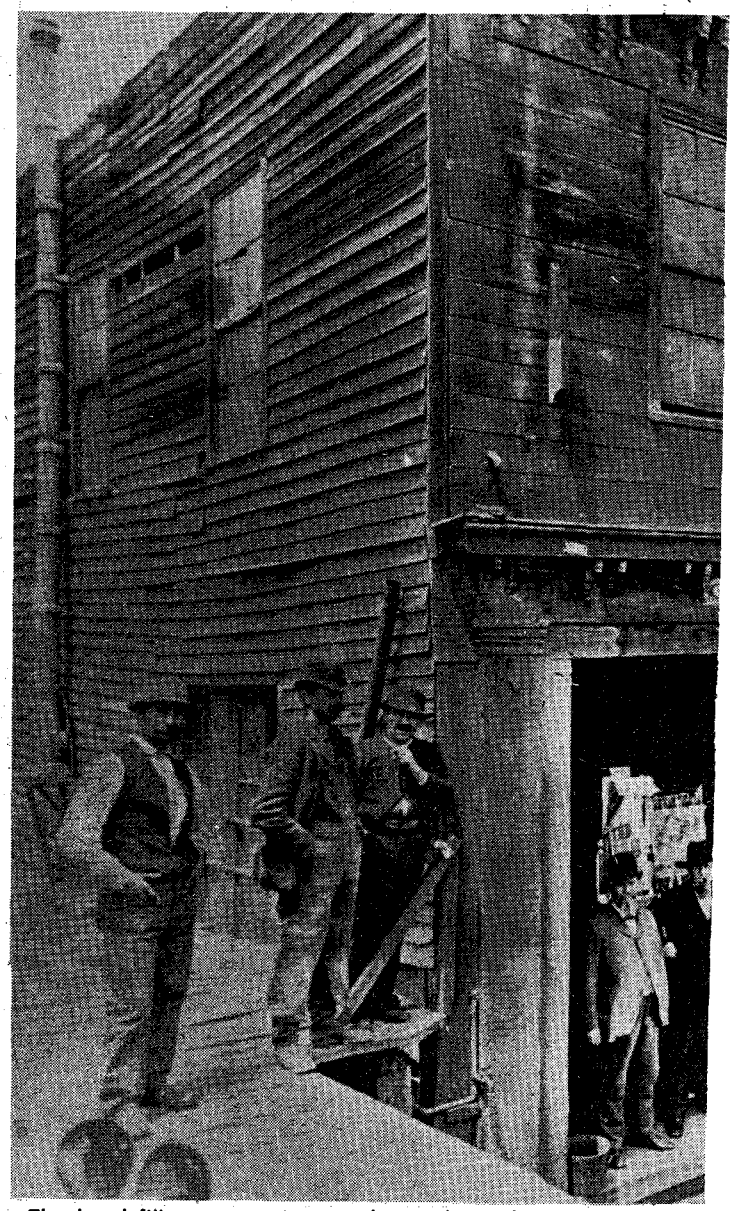
By Clarence M. Fink

"Beware, San Francisco,

San Francisco became a sanctuary for murderers, gamblers, thieves and every other kind of criminal, but the city didn't have *real* trouble until youths who called themselves the "Hoodlums" organized into gangs. No one was safe in the part of the city called The Barbary Coast, and the police were hard pressed to deal with them.



The local filling-up station on the Barbary Coast where bartenders "came across" with free whiskey for the Hoodlums, or else! The saloon in this photo would make a splendid fire; these ruffians figured hanger-ons were troublesome, too.

Plagued from its beginning by crime and criminals, San Francisco's progressive citizens organized two Vigilance Committees to rid the city of its hell-roaring swirl of debauchery. Murderers, gamblers, thieves, prostitutes, burglars, and swindlers of every degree defied law or resistance, yet staggered under the weight of a new influx of younger and later criminals, known as the "Hoodlums," that made things hum evilly in the Barbary Coast of the Bay City. Only the period of extraordinary growth in population, its importance as a seaport, and the commercial and financial activity at first lessened the probability of a third uprising by a busy and prosperous citizenry, until it was again forced upon them.

The Barbary Coast, as one disgusted historian put it, "is the haunt of the low and vile of every kind ... a cesspool of rottenness that signifies dissipation, loathsome disease, degradation, insanity, and blasphemy with Hell yawning to receive the entire putrid mess." Even in 1878, the *New Overland Tourist* in a printed article warned against its wickedness: "We give the precise locality so our readers may keep away. Give it a wide berth as you value your life!"

The most industrious persecutors of the Chinese in San Francisco were the Hoodlums. These young thieves and brawlers were a veritable thorn in the side of the police for more than a quarter of a century. They ranged from twelve to thirty years of age and operated in organized groups. Within five years the name of Hoodlum became common as a young rowdy of criminal tendencies, gathered together for the main purpose of stealing.

They stole whatever they could and sold to the fences and dealers on the Barbary Coast. These scoundrel youths for a brief time referred to themselves as "Huddlems" and finally as Hoodlums. "To my knowledge," said another historian, "the cry 'hudlem' was never a police call or cry of warning, neither was it an attempt to signify who they were, but a password or cue for gang action to force the victims of rowdyism into difficult positions so they couldn't defend themselves from mauling or robbing."

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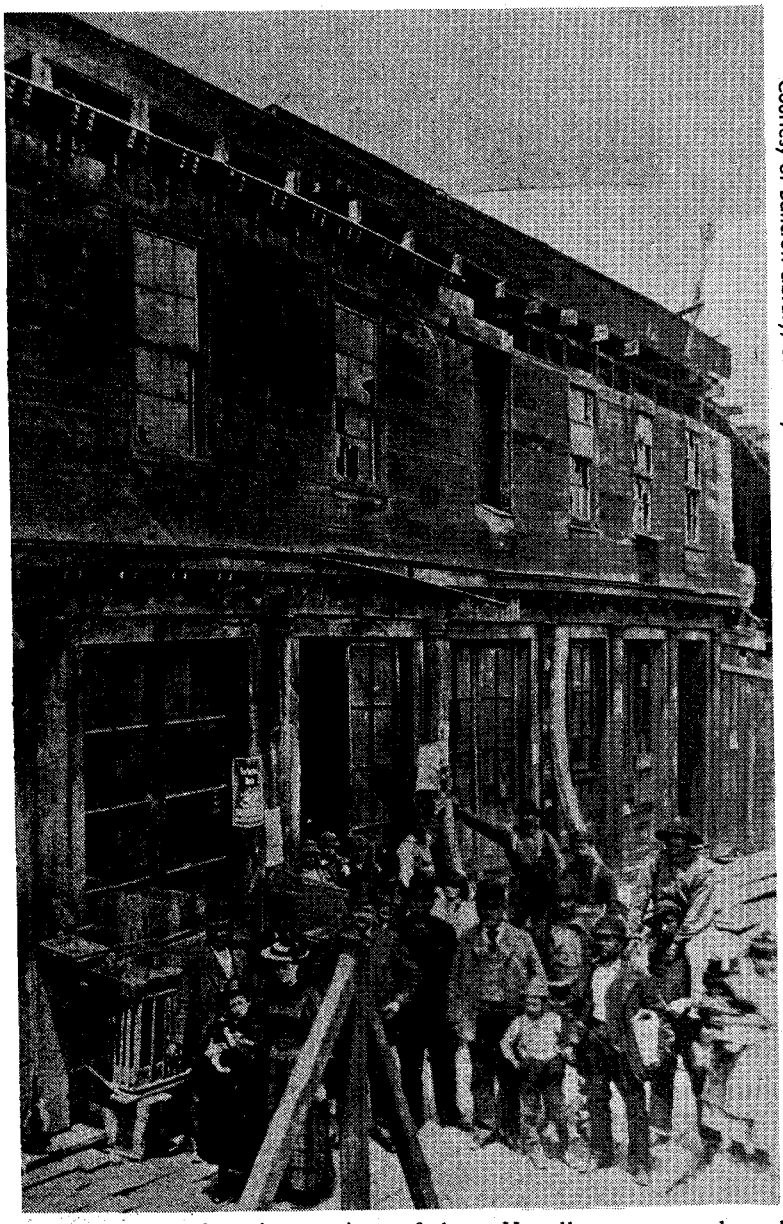
THE HOODLUMS ARE COMING!"



Courtesy of Bancroft Library, University of Calif. Berkeley

A favorite pastime of these Hoodlums was to board streetcars on which the Chinese were riding, and tie the mens' queues together and cut them off. The Orientals were as proud of their queues as an Indian was of an enemy's scalp. The Hoodlums decorated the walls of their dens with them, made belts of the hair, or other things. Actually their criminal acts were more vicious, setting fires to the laundries and glutting their cruelty on defenseless Chinese men or women. Early membership of the Hoodlums included those of the opposite sex who were more ferocious and cruel than the males.

These maladjusted representatives of this set, who devised unpleasant methods of torture for their innocent victims, often became leaders of the Hoodlums. One female rowdy stole one hundred guns during 1877, equipped her gang of twenty young boys with the firearms, and sold the rest to eager buyers on the Barbary Coast.

The Hoodlums were especially strong and powerful on the waterfront, Telegraph Hill, and the northern part of the Barbary Coast. Without provocation they attacked any Chinese or whites who happened to wander innocently into their territory. The most notorious Hoodlums that San Francisco ever produced were Billy Smith and James Riley. Smith, a rough-and-tumble fighter, could rip an opponent to threads with his corrugated iron hand knuckles, gouge out an eye, or chew an ear to pieces with his sharp teeth.

He was appointed King of the Hill by the lesser ruffians, which caused him to swagger constantly when he walked. He had about two hundred rowdies in his gang in the spring of 1871. One Sunday he took his Rising Star group to Faskin's Park near Encinal Station at Alameda across the Bay of San Francisco. Here they ran into the Swiss Guard, a volunteer military organization who held their annual picnic at Schuetzan's Park, about a mile or two from Faskin's. Intending to drill later in the day, the Guardsmen took along their muskets and bayonets, but no ammunition.

Most of the Hoodlums were drunk and took offense at the military unit which liked to sing songs, and they threatened to throw the president of the Guard Glee Club off the train. Harsh words followed, but there was no violence, and both groups transferred to the ferry for the trip across the bay. On board, the Hoodlums renewed their demands for the Guards to stop "their caterwauling" and started a serious meelee; a general fight ensued. When the boat docked, the Guardsmen called the police, who saw Smith strike a military man with iron knuckles. He was locked up and charged with assault with a dangerous weapon. A dozen or more Hoodlums were arrested after the Guardsmen prodded them with bayonets to the ship's side and rounded them up. Later, Smith was convicted and sent to prison, and this event took a lot of starch out of the Hoodlums.

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San Francisco was fast tiring of the Hoodlums, and a call again was sent to honest citizens by the authorities to help keep law and order in the city. About 4,000 men responded. When each man signed up, he was armed and sent out to patrol the streets. Such a show of force quieted the Hoodlums and their nefarious practices on the city's streets for a short period of time. Eventually, the citizens again disbanded and dissolved their organization after enforcing peace for some time.

The main cry the Hoodlums used to practice to intimidate their victims and citizens was, "Beware everyone, the Hoodlums are coming!" Policemen were abhorred at first to arrest these street hounds because of their fears of personal retaliation against them. When they learned that a good solid billy club to the head of a Hoodlum was their best weapon, the police got tougher in a hurry.

The Hoodlums often tried to blow up buildings and planted bombs to create horror and panic.

A business depression, caused by the closedown of mines in the Comestock Lode, intensified by crop failures, and the Bay district closing of factories and retail stores, caused much unemployment in 1877 and added more members to the Hoodlums, especially those who had their jobs taken by the cheap Chinese coolies.

The increased size of the gang terrified the law enforcement groups of San Francisco, who constantly had their hands full with the Hoodlums in their daily routine, and who actually at times showed them respectful deference when they identified themselves as members of these felonious dandies. Their usual snarl was: "You can't arrest me! I'm a Hoodlum!" Which meant, touch me at your own peril, and they usually got away with it.

One of the most popular and violent Hoodlums was James "Butt" Riley. Hard work on his first job as a sailor on a seagoing vessel shocked him into becoming a super rowdy, and he became known as King of the Hoodlums. He was a big man who stood above six feel tall, weighed around two hundred pounds, and remained one of its most principal criminal ornaments. His chief attribute lay in the fact that he was attractive to women. He was extraordinarily handsome, in a coarse way, and he was eagerly sought as a lover by the inmates of the houses of prostitution and pretty waitresses and dance-hall girls of the Barbary Coast.

His proud boast was that whenever he granted his favors, the women in San Francisco paid him for his services, reversing the usual procedure. Shunning common work like a plague, this "Man of the Hour" sold nude photos of himself to countless courtesans and admirers, and readily autographed them. His pictures cost 50¢ apiece, and he did such a good business that he produced a new portrait of himself every week, carrying pictorial proof of his desirability, which he carried in a small, black satchel slung over his shoulder.

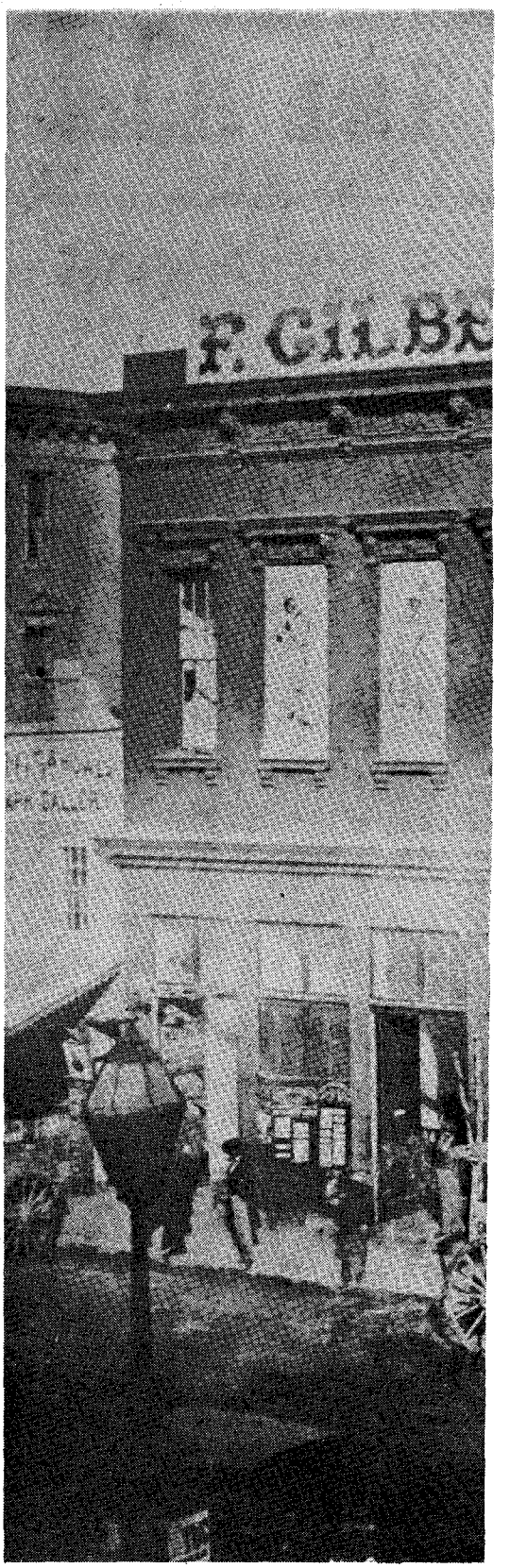
This Lover-boy had a cruel streak in his nature and loved to devise new ways to torture his unfortunate victims. Though Riley was no leader of any particular gang, he had a hidebound reputation of being a fierce fighter and an inventive man who used his head in many an evil situation.

Carrying a set of brass knuckles and a wicked-looking knife, which he seldom used in combat, he usually drove his opponent to his knees quickly by running straight at him and butting him either on the chin or to the stomach, which usually made him hors de combat. Riley had the hardest head in San Francisco, and he didn't care who knew it. In fact, it was pure commercialism on his part that started him announcing that he would charge anywhere from 50¢ to $1 or more to watch him shatter strong wooden panels of doors with his head, depending on their thickness.

For three years he matched his noggin against the toughest wood obstacles, but he finally came up with a bad headache when he smashed his way through heavy oaken panelling on a $5 bet. The pain in his thick skull frightened him somewhat, but it didnt' deter him from street fighting.

Though Riley was accepted as their champion by the Hoodlums, his personal troubles began to mount. First, he took on a rugged and burly carriage-painter in street combat who he failed to drop with his renowned two butt charges; he was about to apply a third damaging blow to his opponent when the man whipped out a revolver and shot him in the chest. Seriously wounded, Riley implored the doctor to save him from death, clearly stating, "Jesus, I ain't going to die, am I, Doc? There's a chance for me yet, isn't there? I know a lot of men in San Francisco that are still alive with leaden bullets in their bellies!"

But Riley eventually recovered. He became only a shell of his former self, and he never regained his regular



One of the popular hangouts of the Hoodlums on the Barbary Coast. A dangerous spot for out-of-town visitors and Chinese. One could be robbed and beaten on this sight-seeing Bus as on the streets.

status in the Hoodlum circles. Poor health started him on a fast decline from notoriety.

Too, he no longer was the darling

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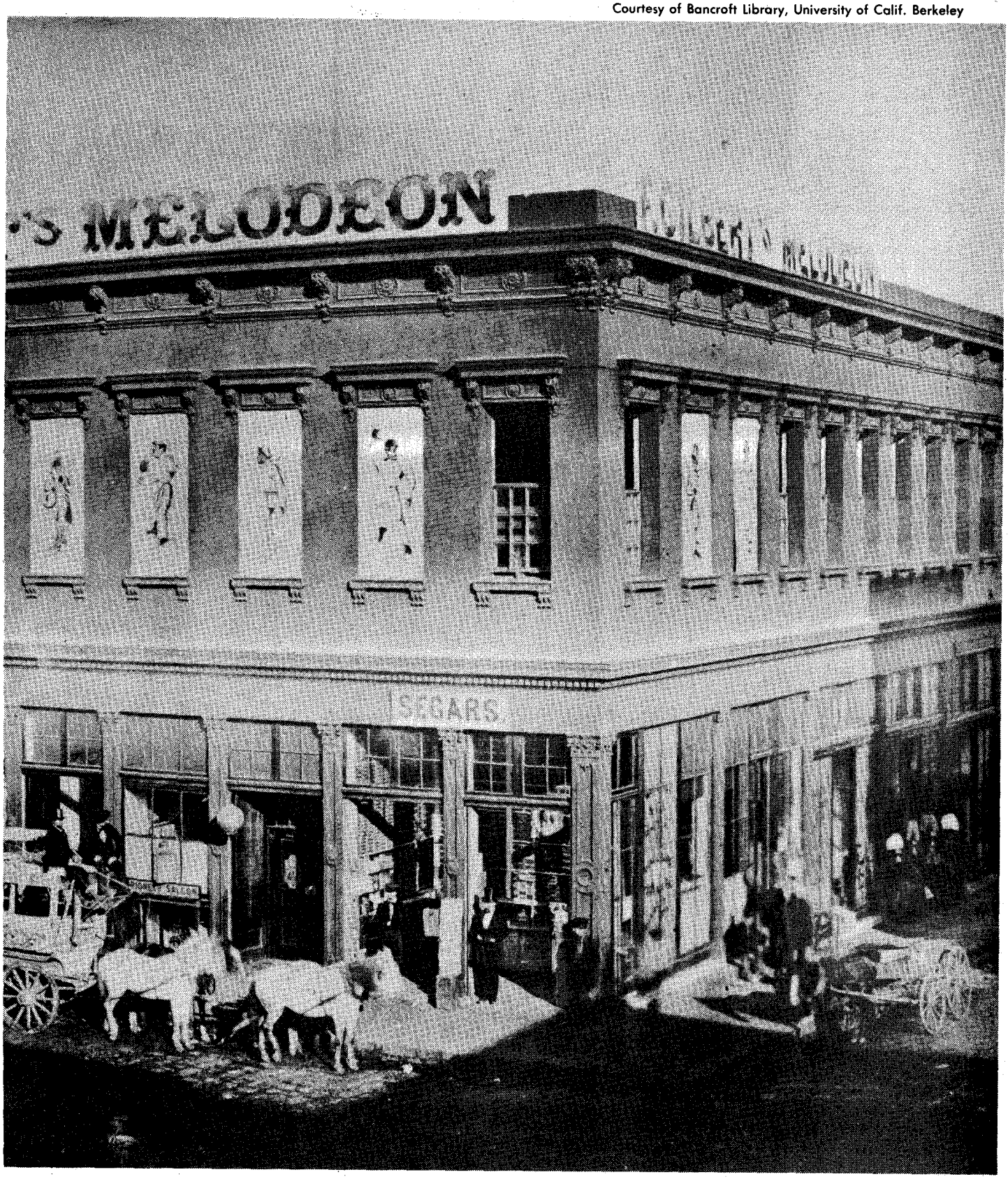
Courtesy of Bancroft Library, University of Calif. Berkeley



of the prostitutes and other bawdy women, possessing neither the strength or the good looks that once endeared him to them, and finally his risque photos of his earlier days brought him no sales. Reduced to a common house burglar, he was caught and sent to San Quentin Prison. Thus, this billy-goat human disappeared quickly from a lurid era.

A typical Hoodlum swaggered about the town with his hair oiled, puffed, and curled on both sides, being parted in the middle. He wore a velvet vest with an olive or black frock coat with a peaked sleeve which rose to his ear. A ruffled white shirt cut low at the neck featured a black string tie. He was proud of his knee-high calfskin boots which he wore jauntily below his fawn-colored tight pants. The Hoodlums were not known to favor soap and water, and the sleeves of the coat were invariably dirty. ●**RW**

REFERENCE SOURCES: *The Barbary Coast,* by Herbert Asbury, New York, 1933.
The Dark Side of San Francisco, by Ethel Sawyer, 1928., and others.

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RANGER JOHN HUGHES

By Carl W. Breihan

When John Hughes joined the Texas Rangers in 1887, he expected to stay in for a year at the most. He served for twenty - eight years, performing outstandingly, but never got a scratch in the line of duty.

Carl W. Breihan collection

Captain John R. Hughes as a young Ranger

He was a great Texas Ranger. He had the tenacity and the fearlessness of a bulldog, and never once considered personal danger or discomfort in the line of duty. He bore the banner of the Texas Rangers with distinction, bravery, and honor.

This is a thumbnail sketch of a Texas Ranger named John R. Hughes, a man whose famous badge lies proudly beside those of Jack Hays, L. H. McNelly, D. W. Roberts, N. O. Reynolds, John Armstrong, John Jones, and George W. Taylor. None bore the badge more proudly, efficiently or longer than did Captain John R. Hughes, one-time commander of Company D, Frontier Battalion, Texas Rangers.

This stalwart band of hard - hitting, courageous men had been a bulwark against the lawless for well over a hundred years. The Rangers were born on November 1, 1835, at the threshold of the Texas War for Independence. The Rangers were disbanded during the Reconstruction Period following the Civil War and replaced by a vicious band of men called the State Police, a group which brought havoc to the ex-Confederates and those who had sympathized with them. In 1874, however, the Rangers became peace officers, and it was from that time on that their name became synonymous with fabulous police work: arrests and convictions of outlaws and killers of that era.

John Hughes was a man with an easy smile who did more listening than talking. A fighting man who never smoked or gambled, he was even a one-time superintendent of the Ysleta Sunday School.

Hughes was born in 1855 at Cambridge, Illinois, where he became an expert with the rifle and a fair shot with the revolver. He favored the Winchester but always packed a revolver for double insurance. He figured that a swift hip-

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shot from a heavy - calibre rifle would quickly dispose of an enemy.

John was still a teenager when he left Illinois and drifted down into Indian Territory, where he worked around trading posts and lived with the Osage Indians. He was a friend of the famous scout, Jack Stillwell, and he was present at an army post when that scout brought the news of Custer's defeat and massacre.

For five years Hughes lived with the Osage, learning their ways and their art of tracking animals and humans, a knowledge that was to stand him in good stead in the years to come. For some time Hughes worked with beef contractors who were furnishing meat for the Indians. In 1877 he accompanied a herd up the trail from Fort Sill, and the next year he went to work for the Cross P Ranch near Austin, Texas.

The idea of working for someone else did not appeal to John Hughes, so he soon drifted to Liberty Hill, in Central Texas, where he went into his own horse - raising business. He built a series of corrals in which to trap the half-wild horses of the range. He would pen them and later on break them in. Many Texans had taken to farming at this time and did not bother about their animals, which roamed the mountains and the canyons.

Sometimes one of them would capture several of the wild animals and then trade Hughes for a broken one. At times he would trap more wild horses than he could use, and in such cases he would brand the colts and turn loose the horses he did not wish to hold for breaking.

Hughes was now a well - established horse rancher, an occupation he might have kept until his dying day had not six horse thieves rounded up a number of his animals one day and made off with them. Horses of his neighbors had also been stolen, so Hughes consulted with his friends, who agreed to look after his place while he chased the outlaws.

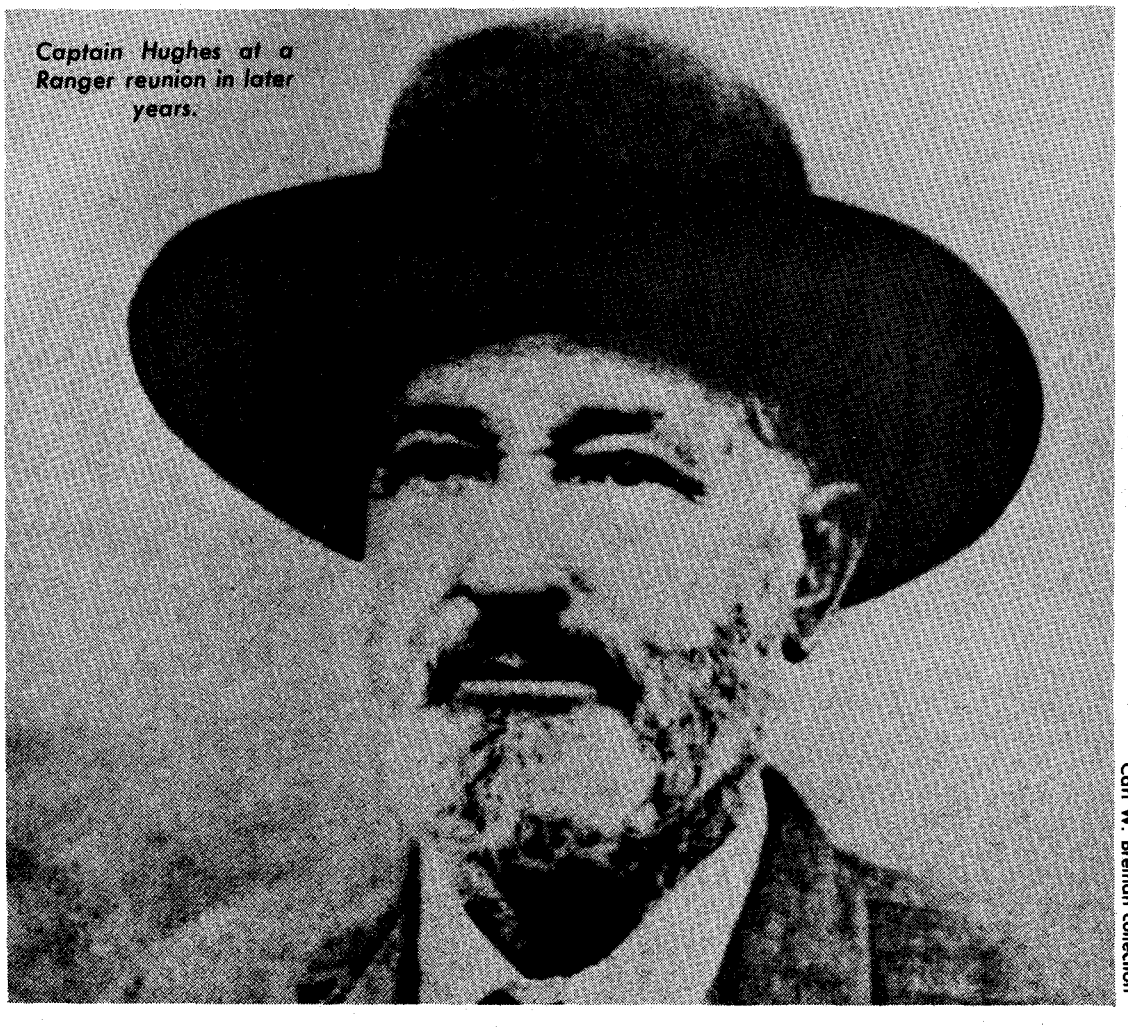
"Don't worry about me," he told them. "I'll bring back your animals for you, or die trying."

The days dragged into weeks and the weeks into months, but still Hughes kept on the trail. He could follow signs like and Indian, thanks to his Osage friends, and so single - mindedly did he devote himself to the task at hand that he seldom lost trace of the outlaws' trail.

Across the rolling plains of West Texas he went, up the Pecos River and into New Mexico, near the town of Magdalena. There he did lose track of the six men, but soon was on their trail again. Down the Gila River Hughes went, and east to Silver City and Hillsboro. Enlisting the aid of the local sheriff, Hughes found the six men in camp. The area burst into a crescendo of rifle and pistol fire. When the smoke cleared away, four of the outlaws were dead and two wounded. The latter spent several years in the penitentiary for their part in the rusting of the horses.

Having traveled nearly 1,300 miles ... spending almost a year in the saddle ... Hughes returned to his horse ranch with most of the animals that had been stolen. The daring of this feat spread far and wide, including that Texas region where the slain rustlers had some friends. One of them, named Sam Roberts, swore that he would kill Hughes on sight, but Hughes paid no attention to the many threats aired in his direction and went on about his business.

The Texas Ranger, however, always quick to admire a brave and resourceful man, and not wanting to see Hughes fall victim to an assassin's bullet, sent a Ranger to warn him.



Captain Hughes at a Ranger reunion in later years.

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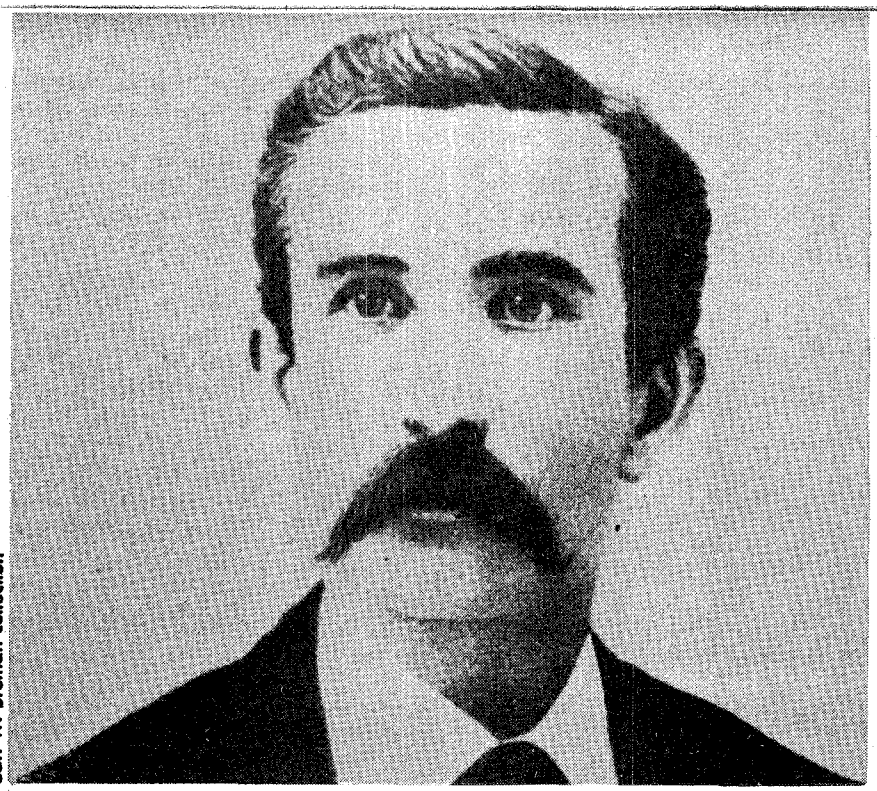

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Major John B. Jones, noted Texas Ranger, commanded the Frontier Battalion until 1881.

Hughes was not at home when the officer arrived, so the lawman sat down for a much needed rest. Hardly had he made himself comfortable when a loud knock sounded on the door. It was the outlaw Roberts, intent on killing Hughes.

The Ranger glanced from the window and recognized the wanted man. He threw open the door and came out shooting. The much surprised outlaw was taken aback and raced for his mount. Later on, drops of blood were found at the scene, indicating that the Ranger had wounded Roberts.

When Hughes came home, he and the Ranger decided to follow the would-be assassin, for it was plain to see that he meant to return for another try on Hughes' life. The trail led to an outlaw - infested section of the county. There the Ranger played on the fears of a man wanted for a minor crime to learn that the fugitive was hiding in the vicinity. Roberts refused to give himself up when they located him and was killed in the short but furious fight which followed.

"Why not join the Rangers, Hughes?" suggested his officer friend. "You'd do fine and we can use good men."

John Hughes mulled over the idea. Why not? Since he was forced to defend himself against further attacks from relatives of the slain man, he might as well get paid for it.

At Georgetown he enlisted in Company D on August 10, 1887, expecting to remain in Ranger service for only a year or so. Hughes rode from Georgetown to Camp Wood to join his company. Except for a period of six months when he was a guard for the Fronteriza Bullion Company, Hughes remained in the service of the Rangers for twenty - eight years.

Most of Hughes' service was spent along the Rio Grande, where he had ample opportunity to study the Mexican nature and to learn the weak and the strong points of our neighbors to the south. And for a Ranger who served twenty - eight years without receiving a slight wound, his ideas must have been worthwhile.

When asked by fellow Rangers his analysis of the Mexicans, he would reply, "Lots of Texans make a big mistake and get killed by thinking that a Mexican isn't dangerous. Mexicans are just as brave in their way as any man, but when he decides to kill a gringo he doesn't ride out and shoot him. They always work in gangs, usually four or five men, and waylay their man or lead him into some trap. A big Texas policeman laughed at me one time when I brought in a Mexican handcuffed and admitted he was dangerous.

"When Mexicans rob a white man's house they always kill him first, so he won't talk. Dawn and dusk are their favorite times, and I always put on my pistol when I go out to do my chores. Sergeant Fusselman, whose place I took, always thought he could whip a hundred Mexicans. But when he rode up on six of the Bosque Gang, they saw him coming, lay in wait for him, and shot him dead. It was the same with Captain Jones. If you corner a Mexican he will fight like a rattlesnake, and no matter how brave a man is, a bullet will kill him."

This philosophy stayed with Hughes until the day he left the Rangers, and it always proved successful and most helpful.

It was a hard school for an officer, but Hughes earned the right to be labeled with the statement made years ago by an early observer of these gallant men: "A Texas Ranger could ride like a Mexican, trail like an Indian, shoot like a Tennessean, and fight like the devil."

Definitely a full-fledged Ranger now, Hughes was appointed sergeant by Captain Frank Jones of Company D to fill the vacancy existing due to the resignation of Sergeant Bass Outlaw. Their bitterest foes admired and respected the individual courage and fortitude of the Rangers, and it was not long before Sergeant Hughes proved that he could outsmart the Big Bend Mexicans, who were reputed as being the worst and most dangerous outlaws.

In that area lived the Carrasco brothers, a band of cutthroats too powerful to be informed upon. They would rob caravans, steal horses, and even levied tribute from many of the wealthy ranchers. They worked both sides of the Rio Grande, their victims too frightened to tell the Rangers for fear of inhuman reprisals by those cruel bandits, who were usually of mixed Indian and Mexican blood.

About this time the Shafter Mine, a division owned by the Fronteriza Mining Company, was being robbed of much valuable ore, and the superintendent was unable to capture those responsible. Sheriff's men, Rangers and Pinkertons were called in on the case, to no avail.

"Hughes," said Captain Jones, "you've been making a study of the border outlaws. I think you're the man to break up the silver stealing at the Shafter Mine. My other men there are damned good fighters but mighty poor detectives."

"Sounds like an interesting assignment," was Hughes' only reply.

For two weeks Hughes rode the trails around the mine, studying the terrain and the men who worked for the company. Yet he found nothing tangible. The suprintendent of the mine became irate with Hughes' methods one day and asked why the thieves had not been arrested. Hughes made him angry with a reply that stung the man's pride, so he never spoke to the Ranger again,

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something that was much to Hughes' liking.

The Fronteriza employed an ex-Ranger named John St. Leon, who had been discharged from the Rangers for some obscure reason. A proud man, he still loved the Rangers, and Sergeant Hughes thought his services would be valuable. It was an easy task to speak to St. Leon, who yearned to be reinstated in the Rangers. This young man told Hughes that the best of the silver ore was hidden in an abandoned tunnel which seldom was looked into. Then, late at night, a band of men under the leadership of Antonio Carrasco would carry this hidden ore across the river into Mexico.

Sergeant Hughes hit upon a brilliant plan to capture the ore thieves. He visited the superintendent, and although that official was reluctant to listen to the man who had insulted him the week before, he finally did so.

"You've got a man named St. Leon working in the mine. I want him fired at once. He stole from the Rangers and he will here, too. He's probably in with the gang. 'Once a thief, always a thief!' "

Hughes raised his voice loud enough so that eager ears could pick up the conversation.

"He's a good man," defended the superintendent. "Is this your way of catching thieves?"

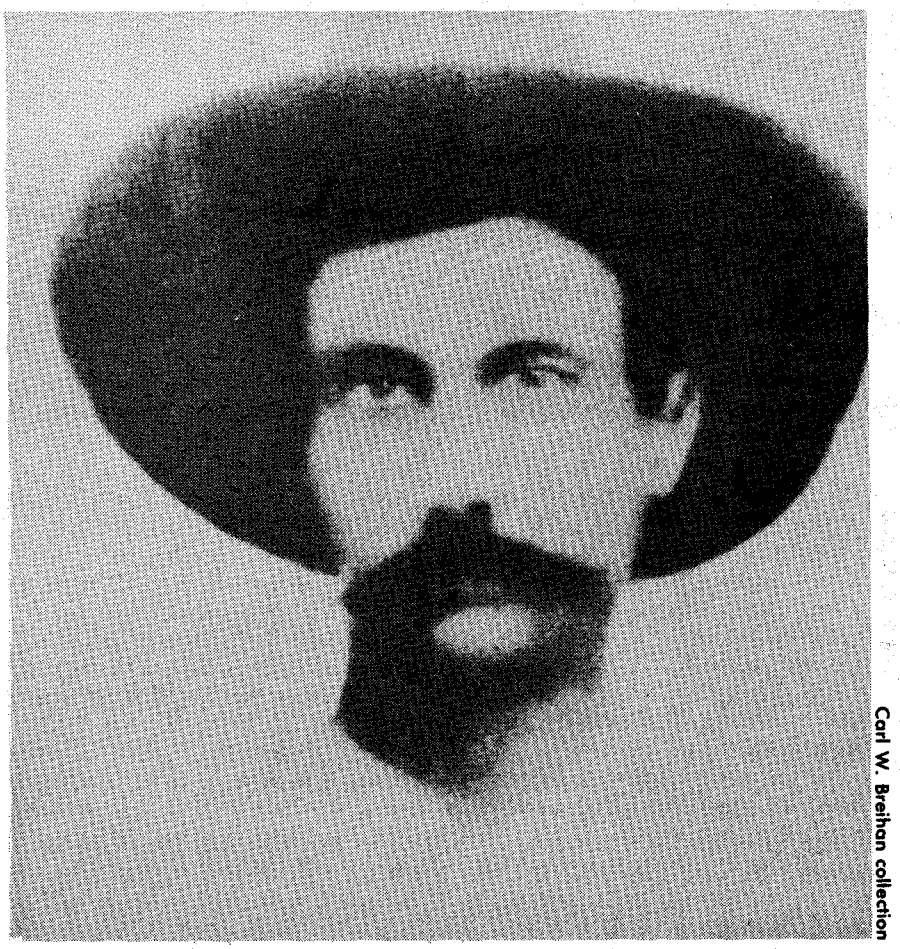
"Like it or ot, if you don't fire him, I'm leaving within the hour."

"Suits me fine."

Sergeant Hughes bided his time and took it upon himself to have the paymaster give St. Leon his final pay the very first time the superintendent went into town. This news was carried into Mexico and to the eager ears of Carrasco.

Upon leaving the mine, St. Leon went on a fake drunk, telling everyone that he was leaving for Mexico for good; that the damned gringos had him fired because he had a Mexican wife. He then went to Presidio del Norte in Old Mexico. There he put up such a convincing display of hatred for the Americans and the mining people that he was invited to join the band of clever ore thieves.

Antonio Carrasco was impressed by St. Leon's actions and allowed him to accompany three of his men to bring back a consignment of stolen ore. St. Leon managed to relay this information to Hughes, who waited at the mouth of the tunnel, armed with a sawed - off shotgun. With him



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Bass Outlaw, once a Texas Ranger A sergeant; he was replaced by John Hughes, being appointed to serve that post by Captain Frank Jones, Co. D.

was another Ranger who was to assist in the capture of the thieves. Cleverly enough, St. Leon managed to get the job of holding the horses, while the three Mexican bandits entered the tunnel to bring out the hidden silver ore.

"Surrender, you men in the tunnel!" Hughes called out in Spanish, but the reply was a volley of rifle bullets.

Sergeant Hughes and his man fired their shotguns into the mouth of the tunnel. Severely wounded by the heavy slugs, the three Mexicans still refused to surrender Matilde Carrasco crawled to the entrance of the tunnel, rifle blazing. St. Leon promptly shot him right between the eyes. A second Mexican was killed by the sergeant, and the third man died later of his wounds.

The Rangers wished to turn the dead bodies over to the relatives, but the Mexicans refused to speak with them. With that, Hughes had three coffins made and prepared to give the men a decent burial. The Mexican relatives then changed their minds and requested that the dead men be turned over to them.

"It's too late now," Hughes told them. "I'm going to bury them in the pass, where two Smuggler Trails junction, as a warning to others who try to steal this silver ore."

This broke up the ore - stealing and St. Leon left the area. Later on he was recalled to enter the service as an active Ranger. While this was going on, Antonio Carrasco and his brother took a blood oath to kill Ranger Sergeant Hughes.

Farther west the Rangers were having their hands full with a battle known as the Salt War. An American named James Howard was trying to collect an unjust salt tax from the Mexicans who came to the salt lake for their supply. Later, he was killed in the streets of Ysleta, along with several other white men.

Here the Mexicans were under the leadership of the bandit brothers Olguin, who were so powerful that they once turned back a troop of United States cavalry. Besides that, they once defeated an outfit of volunteer Rangers. The Mexicans swarmed across the river at will and looted American stores and homes, all the time laughing in the face of any authority that dared to resist them.

At this time Sergeant Hughes was having his own troubles with the Carrasco brothers, and was unable to

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lend a hand at Ysleta. The brothers made daring raids far into Texas, all the while laying ingenious traps to capture Hughes and his three Rangers. But each time the wily sergeant outwitted them.

One day Hughes and Ranger Oden trailed a horse thief to Presidio, Texas, where they arrested him in a store. At that time two Mexicans were seen on the street, leading a third drunken companion. An exicted American businessman called Hughes and said, "Do you want Florencio Carrasco? He's the man who's drunk."

"Thanks, *amigo*."

Hughes and Oden raced after the men who had already left town. They pushed steadily through the mesquites until they had their quarry in sight. Oden fired and knocked Florencio Carrasco off his horse. When Hughes rode up, the bandit tried to fire his rifle, but two swift shots from the sergeant's pistol critically wounded him. He died a short time later.

The other two Mexicans escaped to bring the word to Antonio, who cursed the gringo Ranger and promised to kill him in a short while. Perhaps his intentions were good, or pehaps he had a chance to think things over. At any rate, Antonio Carrasco seldom crossed the Rio Grande again.

At Ysleta the Salt War still raged, so Captain Frank Jones was sent by Governor Hogg to bring peace and order to the area. Across from Ysleta was a strip of bottom land called Pirate Island. This was a refuge for outlaws of all types. The island was ruled by the Olguin gang ... Jesus Maria, the father, and his sons, Sebastian, Severo and Priscellano. All the Mexicans on both sides of the river were their allies. Anyone who dared to oppose them was quickly disposed of in a lethal manner.

One night Captain Jones and five of his men appeared on Pirate Island to arrest two of the Olguins. They found the house deserted and the whole island alerted to the coming of the Rangers. As they rode up the road near the old river bed, two Mexicans dashed from the brush. Captain Jones and his men quickly pursued them.

Down the winding road fled the Mexicans, with the Rangers hard on their heels. Unknown to the officers, they were being led toward a place called "Three Shacks," on the Mexican side of the river, where the three small adobe houses were filled with armed men in ambush.

Suddenly Captain Jones found himself on the strip called No Man's Land, which was between the river and the legal boundary line. Captain Jones did not notice the boundary marker until he crossed into Mexico. Then, from behind the walls of the Three Shacks, a volley poured down on him. Captain Jones, pinned by his horse, was unable to escape. He was hit again and again, but before he died he gasped to his men: "This is the first time the Rangers have retreated, but for God's sake, men, drop back That is an order!" And with that he died.

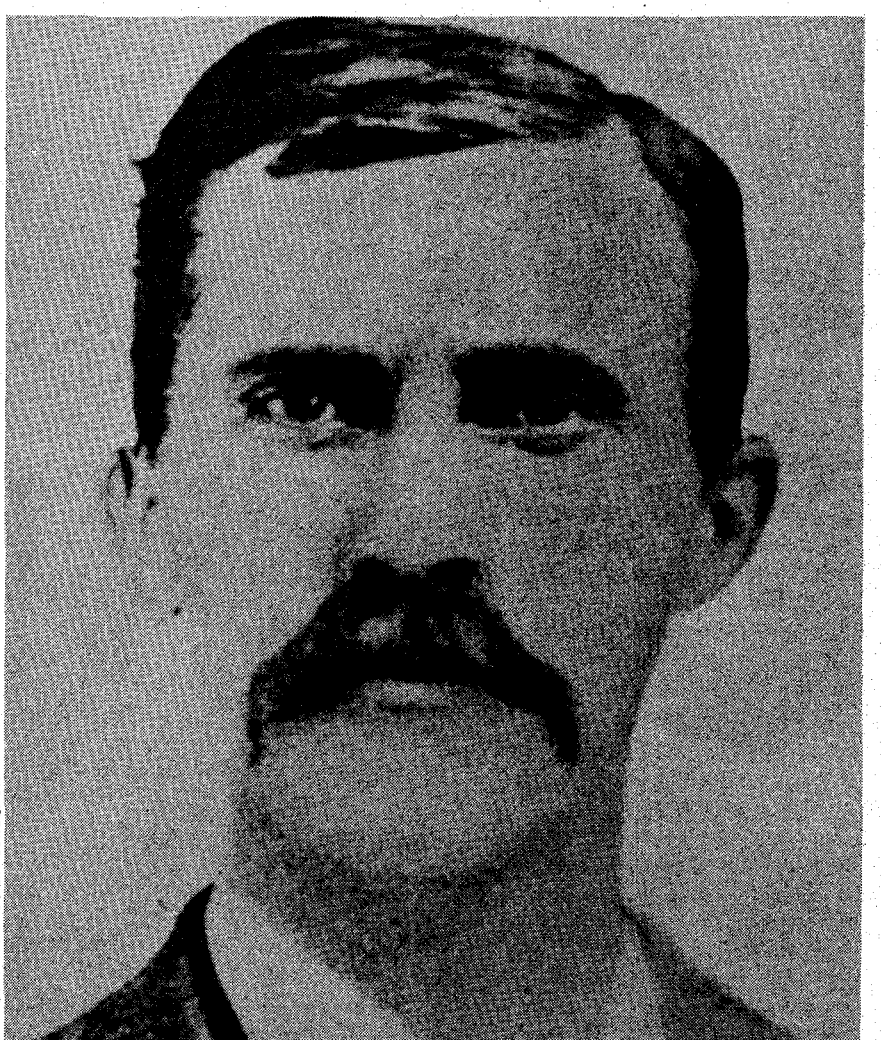
The Mexican bandits refused to release Jones' body for several days, but some high - ranking people in the United States intervened and the body was sent to Texas for burial. The American authorities in Washington could make no formal complaint to the Mexican government, for Captain Jones had invaded Mexican territory and had been killed there.

At the time of Captain Jones' death, Sergeant Hughes had been stationed at Alpine. He was summoned to Austin by Governor Hogg and on July 4, 1893, was appointed captain of Company D. This promotion was praised by newspapers all over the country, for Hughes had earned a reputation worthy of these kudos.

Captain Hguhes realized, of course, that he was expected to avenge the death of his friend, Captain Jones, although not a word was said about it. He was curious to learn what had happened to the Olguin brother, who had mysteriously disappeared after the fight on Pirate Island. He eventually learned they had taken refuge behind the walls of the Juarez jail, under the pretext of being arrested on some minor charge.

Captain Hughes now sent for St. Leon and secretly swore him in as a regular Ranger. St. Leon, with his knack at disguises and his perfect Spanish, could infiltrate the lines and gain information as no one else could. Hughes wanted to obtain a list of those responsible for the death of Captain Jones.

An excellent rider, it was no trouble for St. Leon to obtain a job as a cowboy. This gave him the opportunity to ride far and wide and to learn the whereabouts of other criminals on the Rangers' list. The in-



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Lt. N.O. Reynolds, famous Texas Ranger

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formation was then relayed to Captain Hughes, who was able to make many arrests and to restore some of the prestige the Rangers were beginning to lose.

St. Leon, on two payrolls, was able to step out in fancy clothes and saddles. He bought himself a buckskin jacket with long fringes and a big hat with gold stars on the crown. No one ever suspected he was a Ranger.

Several months later, one of the Olguin brothers left the jail and returned to the place of the Three Shacks. A big affair was announced in his honor, and during a drunken brawl late in the evening, he was killed by a mysterious Mexican wearing a fancy, fringed buckskin jacket. Several days later another brother was found, hanged near the scene of Captain Jones' killing. By now the Mexicans understood. Later, Captain Hughes searched Pirate Island from end to end with no results. Hughes led every raid, rifle at his hip, ready to send a lethal charge into any adversary opposing him.

The captain was making good use of the list of men provided by St. Leon. Of the eighteen names he sent to Captain Hughes, seventeen were killed. Every man in the ambush that night died; only their leader escaped. Severo Olguin went so far into Mexico that he never was found, and no one knows to this day what eventually happened to him. He escaped the vengeance of the Texas Rangers, but no longer did he find it funny.

Soon the fighting was over, and St. Leon rejoined the company as a regularly detailed Ranger. Not long after, he was killed by three men he had arrested and released. The death of his dear friend bore greatly upon the spirit of the famous Ranger captain, but he kept his feelings well hidden.

Captain Hughes settled down at his official camp not far from Ysleta, and for many years the Mexicans did not molest him. A few had sworn to kill him, but none ever succeeded, although Antonio Carrasco did manage to ambush two of his men.

Joe Sitters was a German from around Austin, and he could track stolen cattle like an Indian and he read a cold trail with ease. He had rendered invaluable assistance to Captain Hughes in his final roundup of the outlaws who infested Pirate Island. Hughes appointed him a Ranger, one assignment being to track a herd of some 65 stolen cows. Sitters tracked the stolen stock well over a hundred miles, and brought back the cattle as well as the rustlers.

Joe's fame became so great that he was bribed away from the Rangers with a promise of higher wages. He was maded a Mounted Customs inspector.

One day he and his partner, Jack Howard, along with a Texas Ranger ran into Chico Cano, a noted Mexican robber, and arrested him. The next morning the officers were ambushed by some of Chico's brothers and friends; Jack Howard was killed and the Ranger's leg broken. Sitters was struck in the head with a bullet but was not killed. The doctors were able to patch him up again, and he took the trail to avenge the death of Jack Howard.

It was also about the time when Sitters took the revenge trail that Antonio Carrasco crossed into Texas and stole a large herd of horses. At a spot known as Black Canyon, he trapped the Rangers and killed Sitters and a Ranger named Hulen. These two had ridden ahead and thus saved the lives of the other men. Wounded, they took to the rocks and put up a fight. Their friends were unable to come to their assistance, so both men were killed, their bodies robbed and stripped and the stolen herd driven off.

This was the final act of treachery committed by Carrasco. During the Madero Revolution he joined the Revolutionists with a hundred men and was given a trusted position. But he failed to do his part and was placed under arrest. Relatives of Sitters and Hulen bribed the commandant with some weapons, and Carrasco was executed.

The most dangerous fight in which Captain Hughes participated occurred in September of 1896, between Alpine and Marathon, in the Glass Mountains. Word reached him at Ysleta that a group of men were camped there, and it was thought they were planning to rob the Southern - Pacific train. They shot at anyone who came near their camp.

Hughes put horses in the mail car of a passenger train and started down the rails to investigate the compalint.

In the possee were Rangers Ed Bryant and Thalis T. Cook. along with Deputy Sheriff Jim Pool of Marfa, a rancher named Jim Stroud, and a cowboy named Combs. The camp was deserted when they reached the spot where the suspects were last seen. Cook borrowed a .45-.90 rifle from ex-Sheriff Jim Gillett, and the five took the trail. A Cherokee Indian volunteered to show Captain Hughes where the trail had been lost.

They followed the trail for sixty miles, but on a wide plain they lost the trail again. Rather than search for it and lose precious time, Hughes sent three men to one pass in the mountains ahead and three more to the second pass. Hughes then rode on to the McCutcheon's ranch, which had lost several valuable horses to the wanted men. There Cook borrowed a horse and with two men headed for West Pass. As they rode in, three outlaws arose from concealment and ordered them back. Seeing Cook on a McCutcheon ranch horse, they mistook him for a cowhand or the foreman of the ranch. Cook's two companions were ready to beat a hasty retreat, but Cook wanted to stay around. The robbers wanted to frighten Cook, so they fired several shots. Cook dropped down and returned the shots. The others rode back and informed Hughes that Cook had been killed. Astride his famous dun horse, Hughes led the posse to the scene, where Cook, alive and alert, had the robbers hemmed in.

Just then, one of the robbers showed himself a little too much. Ranger Cook's finger squeezed the trigger of the borrowed rifle, and the man pitched downward, dead before he hit the ground. Bert Umphries, the leader of the outlaw group, had recognized Hughes' dun horse and retreated toward their horses. That left only one robber alive in the rocks.

"Come on out!" cried Cook. "You're alone now."

"All right, I'm throwing out my guns."

Hughes and Cook walked up to the young man and found him standing over the body of his brother. Without a word he swiftly pulled a revolver from the waistband of his trousers and flipped back the hammer. Before he could fire a shot, Hughes and Cook pumped enough lead into him to kill four men. It was later found that these two young outlaws were Arthur and Jube Farr, discontented cowboys who had decided to take to the outlaw trail to make an "easy" living.

Bert Umphries managed to escape Hughes' posse, but he was arrested weeks later and sentenced to six years in the state prison.

After serving his many years with the Texas Rangers, Captain John R. Hughes bought a ranch near Ysleta and settled down to a life of peace and quiet. On February 11, 1943, when Captain Hughes celebrated his 88th birthday, he was still going strong. He passed away on May 3, 1977 at Austin, Texas, at the good old age of ninety-two. ●**RW**

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WONDERS OF THE YELLOWSTONE

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of June 14, 1873

So frequently of late has region after region of this grand heritage of ours been rescued from its primal silence and solitude by the adventurous American explorer, that we are in a measure prepared for the wondrous discoveries that have been recently made in the valley of the Yellowstone — a region amid the Rocky Mountains, which crowns the summit of this continent, and which, in view of its glorious waters, its bold and picturesque scenery, and its delightful climate, has been designated, not inaptly, our "Grand National Park."

From a report just made by Major George A. Forsyth, of General Sheridan's staff, who has lately returned from an exploration of the Yellowstone, we learn that that river is navigable to steamers, of the largest size used on the waters of the Upper Missouri, from its mouth to Powder River. The exploration had been determined upon for military reasons. The distance ascended was 235 miles, and the time consumed from Fort Buford to Powder River, six and a half days. It is believed that a point eighty miles further up may be reached on the removal of some slight obstructions, so that we may regard this river as of the gravest importance in every possible relation.

This magnificent tract of country lies to the northwest of Wyoming, about half way between the Mississippi River and the Pacific Ocean. From its center may be said to radiate some of the chief mountain ranges, and three of our longest rivers — the Missouri, the Columbia and the Colorado. On its south arises the Wind River Mountains, never yet scaled by the foot of a white man. On the east it is walled in by the Snowy Mountain Range. On the west is the "main divide" of the Rocky Mountains, and on the north, the Gallatin Range.

Although the whole region is volcanic to almost an incredible extent, and thickly studded with hot springs and gigantic geysers, its vegetation is most luxurious and varied, while its waters are among the purest and most beautiful in the world. Yellowstone Lake, which links the upper to the lower river of that name, is a magnificent sheet of purest crystal, twenty miles in length by fifteen in width. Studded with emerald islands, and set in jewel sands, it blazes a gigantic gem in the coronal of those mightly mountain ranges; and, as observed by Mr. Langford, "forms a fitting climax" to all the wonders of this matchless region.

The scenery along the Yellowstone River may be said to be broken up into the pastoral, the grand, the sublime, and the appalling. Here, the waters flow gently through silent vernal meads, with "grass up to the waist." There, they sweep majestically through forests of gloomy pine and low thick cedar; and then again, they hurry on their way over savage rocks, as they approach some crowning precipice, from which they leap in thunder into the awful abyss that yawns to receive them a thousand feet below!

We are constrained, from the poverty of language, to fly to the pencil so that we may give an adequate idea of some of the wonders that people this vast and mysterious valley; and hence we publish today a series of engravings, from photographs taken on the spot by our artist, which cannot fail to excite the deepest interest, and to prompt the idea that this grand basin, with its stupendous works of nature, will, ere long, become a center of attraction to tourists all the world over. In glancing at these illustrations, we are at once struck with dread and overpowering majesty of the Upper, or Grand Canyon, stretched across the heavens, and from whose rocky jaws the torrent of waters is seen to issue. The jagged edges of this mighty gorge are at some points fifteen hundred feet apart: while so unfathomable is the abyss itself, that not only is the bed of the headlong river lost to the eye, but its roar hushed into the most breathless silence! The mind fails to comprehend in any degree the stupendous convulsions of nature that have wrought such upheavals, and fashioned such mighty walls and pinnacles as reign here in solemn grandeur among the clouds, and whose dizzy summits are blown bare of the sage-wood and stunted foliage that fringe them further down the steep. The canyon, which is literally draped with cataracts and gloomed with straggling forests, extends from the mouth of Tower Creek to the foot of the great Fall, a distance of twenty miles.

If less impressive, certainly not less interesting is the "Giant Geyser," situated near the banks of the river, as seen in another of our illustrations, and which has a rugged crater twelve feet high and seven feet in diameter, where, when partially quiescent, the water can be seen boiling in its chambers below, at a depth of forty feet, from whence, during a season of action, which sometimes extends over three hours, a column of water seven feet in diameter is projected perpendicularly into the air from ninety to two hundred feet. Around this geyser there are numerous smaller ones that seem to catch their pulses from it, and which are continually boiling over and throwing jets from two to six feet above their craters.

The Mud Geyser in action, Firehole Basin, which we also illustrate, is in reality a most extraordinary phenomenon. It presents a funnel-shaped orifice in the midst of a basin, 150 feet in diameter, with sloping sides of clay and sand, which orifice is at the surface, 30 by 50 feet in diameter. The flow of the geyser takes place regularly every six hours.

The water, about 30 feet below, commencing to rise, begins to boil when half way to the surface. On the crater being filled, it is expelled from it with great violence, in a dark, splashing, scattered mass, to a height of about forty feet.

Nor are the Mud Puffs, which we find strewn over the arid patch that we perceive, in an additional illustration, lying on the shores of Yellowstone Lake, devoid of great interest; although they are clearly related to the geysers and boiling springs which so abound in this region. These puffs are described as bubbles upon a boiling caldron of mush, in which fine mud waves recede from the center of the puffs in most perfect rings to the side. This mud is so fine as to have no appreciable grain, and is very deeply impregnated with alum.

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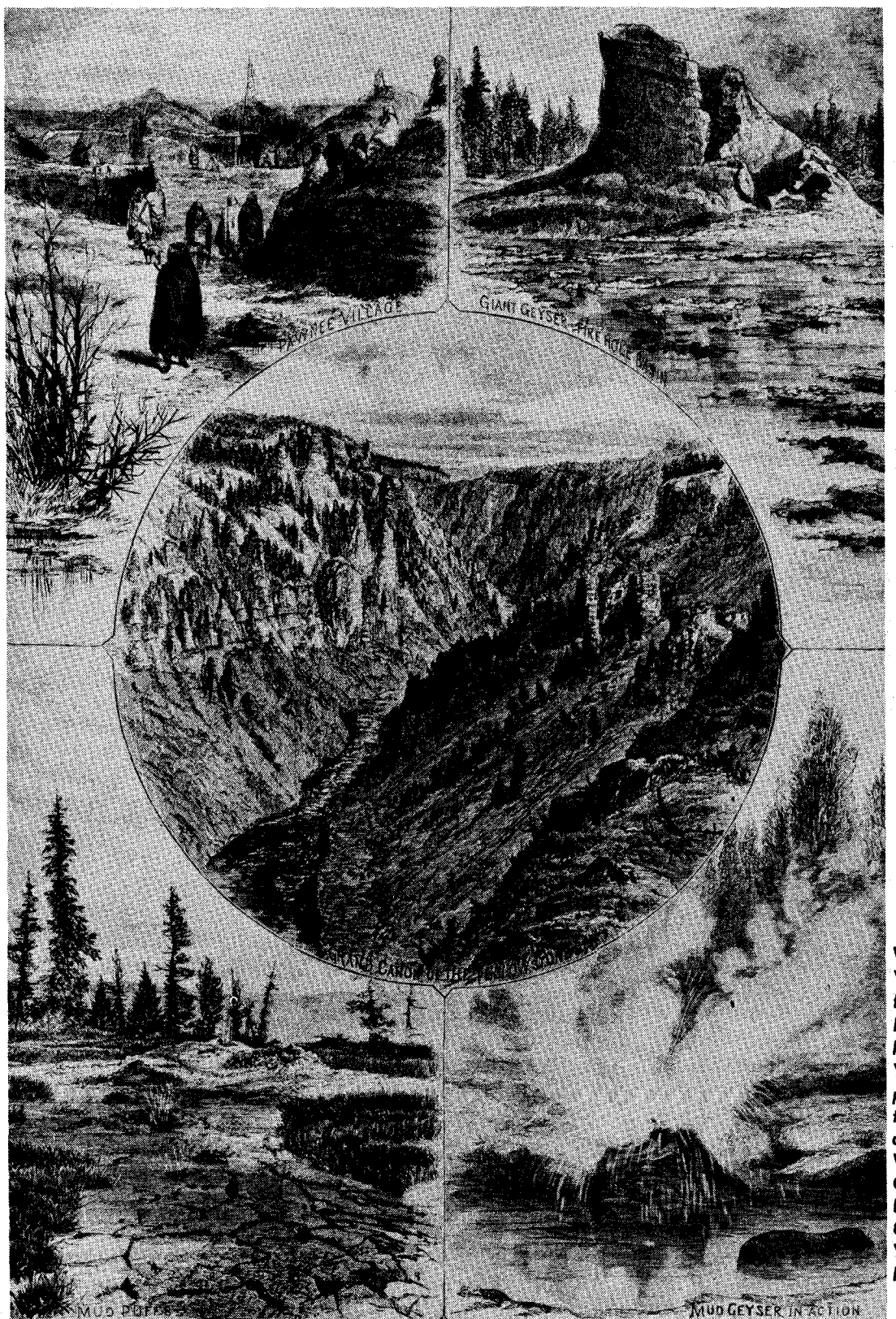

Views of the Yellowstone region from photographs by Professor F.V. Hayden of the Yellowstone Expedition, 1873. From top left the scenes depict: 1. Pawnee Village, 2. Giant Geyser Fire Hole Basin, 3. Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone, 4. Mud Puffs, and 5. Mud Geyser in Action.

Our only remaining engraving of this series is that of Pawnee village, where a number of Indians are seen in the vicinity of their rude huts or wigwams, which are obviously made of a sort of wicker-work and adobe, instead of the skins and bark so generally used by this tribe. Notwithstanding the supposition that these so-called wanderers of the plains are not permanent residents of those lonely and unbroken solitudes, the substantial character of their dwellings would seem to argue otherwise; while the fact of the valley and its waters abounding in fish and game of every description is an additional reason for presuming that a portion of them, at least, have made this a sort of permanent rendezvous. This generally peaceable people have, with but rare exceptions, been the only human beings hiterto encountered in this far-off region.

Be this latter as it may, it is now obvious that the tide of civilization and enterprise will soon set in steadily toward this fertile and interesting country, which, as we have previously observed, has been aptly termed our "Grand National Park"; and which has already, we are glad to perceive, commanded some attention on the part of the Government. ● **RW**

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Real West Movie Hall Of Fame

RICHARD DIX

By Mario DeMarco

Richard Dix was a man who had the features of a rugged individualist: he had a square, hard jaw, steely eyes, straight nose and wavy black hair. He stood six feet tall and had a rugged build that made him ideal for western films. Like Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Randy Scott and John Wayne, Dix could play any type of role, but the fans liked him in the familiar clothes of a westerner. In the case of Richard Dix, it was the role of an American Indian that lifted him to stardom in the *Vanishing American* in 1925. Another great western film, *Cimmarron,* in 1931 almost won him an "Oscar," So you can be sure that westerns were the type of films that the public appreciated seeing him act in, and they never let him down, either.

Dix's real name was Ernest Carlton Brimmer, and he was born in St. Paul, Minnesota on July 18, 1894. His ancestors dated back to the Pilgrims who sailed on the *Mayflower.*

Ernest graduated from Central High School and enrolled in the University of Minnesota Medical School, in hopes of becoming a surgeon, but he soon gave up this ambition after watching a few operations. He tried other jobs — banking and architectural work — but abandoned these for the stage. Appearing with a stock company in St. Paul, Pittsburgh, Dallas and Montreal (changing and shortening his name to Richard Dix), he finally found something he enjoyed doing. World War I broke out and he enlisted in the Army, but the war was over before he could be shipped overseas. Upon receiving his discharge, he resumed his acting career and landed an important role on Broadway in a play, "The Hawk," which led him to bigger and better roles. From New York's Broadway he became a leading man in a Los Angeles stock company. He was offered a screen test, which he made, but after viewing it, turned it down. Later on he made another screen test, which won him a dual part in his screen debut in *Not Guilty* in 1922. Sam Goldwyn signed the young Dix and gave him his first starring role in *The Christian,* which brought him to the attention of the movie fans.

When Wallace Reid passed away in 1923, Paramount Studios was looking for a star to replace him. Dix signed with them; it was a wise move on his part, for he was assigned some excellent films, such as *The Ten Commandments* and later several of Zane Grey's westerns, also some good action films. His biggest was yet to come. In 1925 he gave one of his best performances in a western, *The Vanishing American.* In it he played the role of an Indian; the sensitive portrayal won him raves from both critics and fans. It proved that he was best in good, rugged roles, and westerns were his chief outlet. As a star, he helped many an actor and actress get started — Ramon Navarro and Jeanette MacDonald were only two of them.

When talkies appeared on the scene, Dix welcomed the new media with open arms; coming from the stage, his voice and acting ability were excellent. Under contract to RKO, he made his greatest western epic in 1931, *Cimarron,* in which he played Yancy Cravat. It won him and his leading lady, Irene Dunne, nominations for "Oscars," and the picture took an "Oscar" for being the "best film of that year."

In the years to follow, he made many great westerns for Paramount, RKO, U.A., Republic and Universal Studios. He enjoyed them greatly, for it gave him a chance to be outdoors.

In October, 1948 he had a serious heart attack. He sold his beautiful ranch in Santa Monica and planned to take it easy. In August 1949, he and his wife sailed for Europe; upon returning, he had another attack and he was placed in Chicago's Presbyterian Hospital. He was later flown to Los Angeles, where he died on September 20, 1949.

Richard Dix — an actor who contributed much to the film industry and was greatly loved by his millions of fans. ●RW

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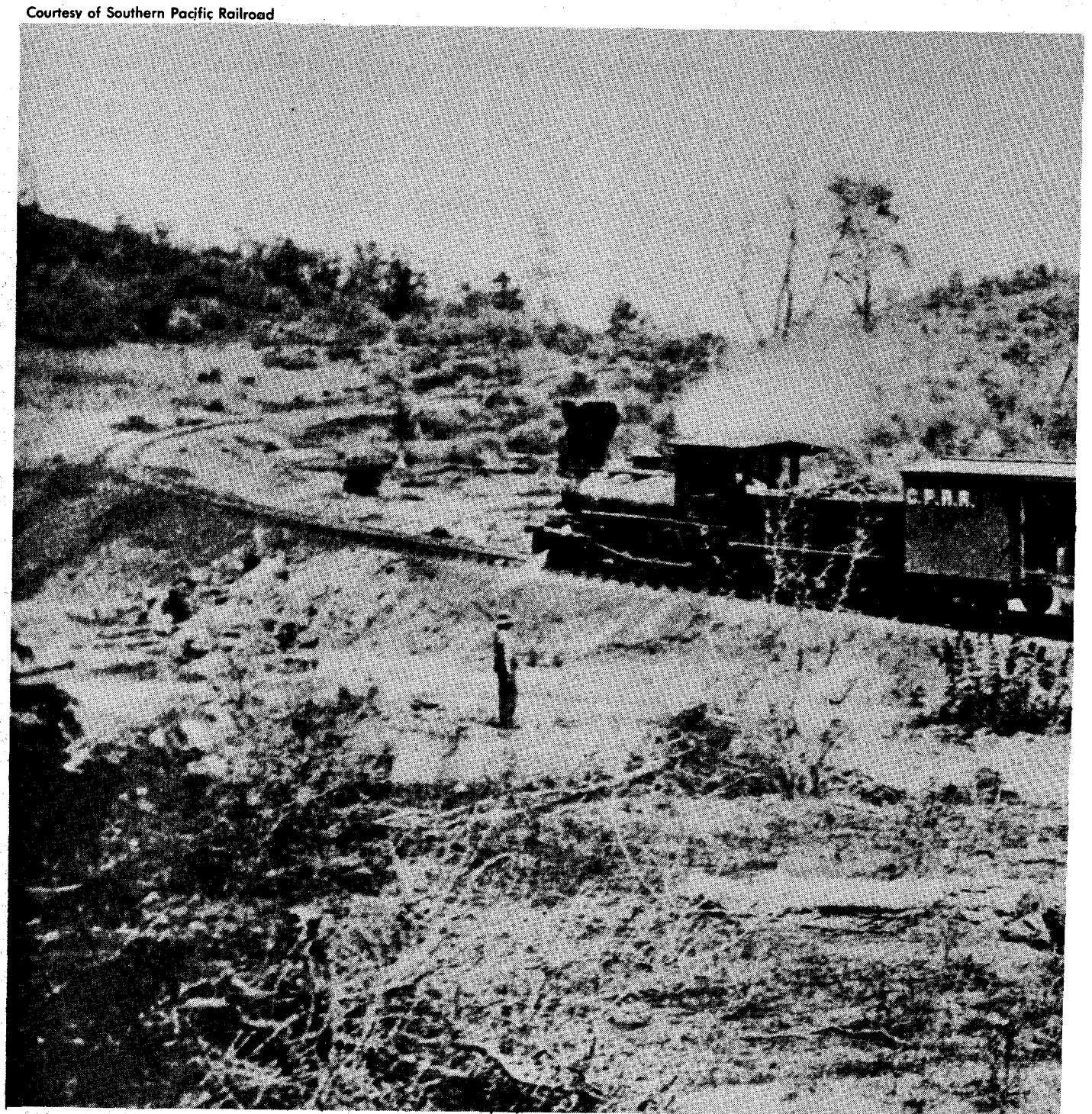
Courtesy of Southern Pacific Railroad



A Central Pacific train at Jenny Lind Flat between Sacramento and Rocklet about 1865.

RIDING THE EARLY WESTERN

Until the railroads spanned our vast continent, the Wild West was unknown to most of the world, but when the Iron Horse crossed the prairies, it brought with it newspaper reporters, artists, and scientists. They described it so well that our Wild West fascinated all nations.

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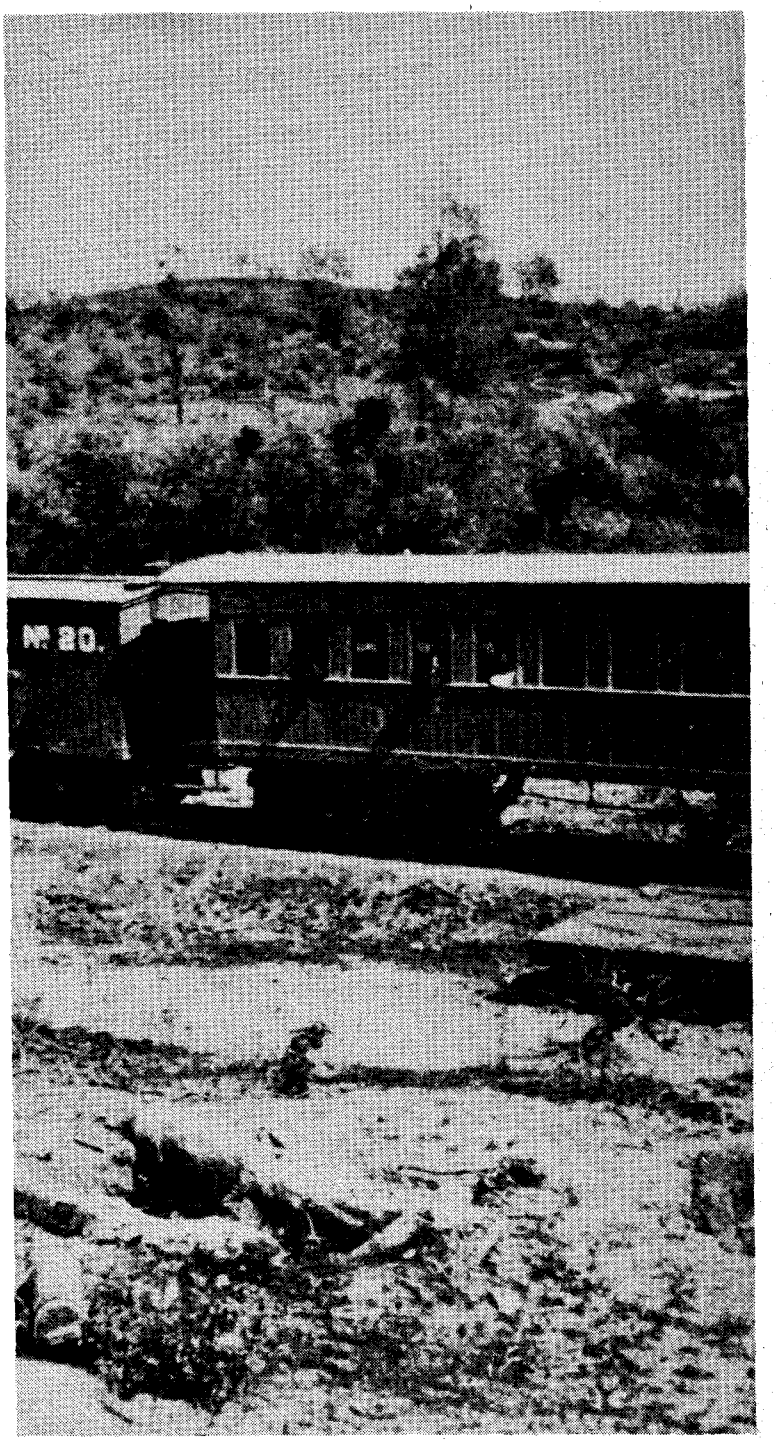

TRAINS

By Cy Martin

With the coming of the railroads, the entire character and profile of our Pioneer West underwent an overall change which left it almost unrecognizable to such pioneers as Lewis and Clark, Jim Bridger, Peg-Leg Smith, Kit Carson and the Bents. Buffalo still roamed the plains in vast numbers, to be slaughtered by passengers aboard the steam cars. And in the Dakotas, Montana and New Mexico, Indians still did the scalp dance when their hearts were black.

But the railroad brought a new order, and what was more, it established a new West in the mind of the entire world. It established the West of cattle and mineral wealth, the West of cowboys, peace officers, bonanza kings and the horseback life of the plainsmen. These were all confirmed and given identity with the coming of the railroad. The reason is at once valid and quite obvious, for the railroad brought professional reporters, artists, scientists, magazine writers and plain tourists, all of whom created the new West in a form already shaped in their own imaginations. The literature concerning the West before the days of the railroad was limited and not readily available, because the men who saw the actuality were few, and their reports were never written for popular consumption.

With the coming of the railroad West, the old points of "no return" and trading posts, such as Bent's Fort, Bayou Salade, South Pass, Fort Union and Brown's Hole, disappeared from the maps and lingered only in the memories of a few old men. With the railroad, the new names crowded the news and the imagination: Laramie, Cheyenne, Green River, Julesberg and Dodge City. Independence, Missouri was no longer the gateway to the West; instead, Council Bluffs on the Union Pacific was the new jumping - off point.

Where Kit Carson and Jim Bridger took scalps from the Blackfoot and Arapahoe, English lords in their rat-catcher suits and with beautifully custom - built rifles went chasing after antelope. Where once the Mountain Men had taken beaver skins for the American Fur company, the buffalo runners now shipped their hides east by way of the hand - brake boxcars of the Kansas - Pacific Railroad.

Times were changing, for in addition to the various reporters and tourists, the railroads immediately began importing citified sophistication into the wide open spaces. Where once most articles were made at home, now coal - oil lamps, wire bustles, whale bone corsets, and self - cocking revolvers abounded. Even cook stoves from Massachusetts and alarm clocks from Connecticut went West by rail. Sears and Roebuck's new mail - order catalogue was discovered to have a utilitarian use far greater than the family Bible.

The steam cars themselves figured heroically in the growing body of folklore, and train robbery became a part of the Western legend along with the courageous cowgirl who saved the *Limited* from disaster at the washout. She joined the desert switchman's daughter who flagged down the fast mail in the popular fiction of the day. These girls always met the son of the railroad's General Manager or President and married the handsome Harvard men.

Frequently, passengers on the Union Pacific ran into prairie fires as they crossed Nebraska. Occasionally, these were set by Indians, but more frequently they were set by the sparks from the wood - burning locomotives. On the plains game was abundant, and the tourists from the East crowded the car windows to see herds of deer, antelope and the lordly buffalo along the right of way.

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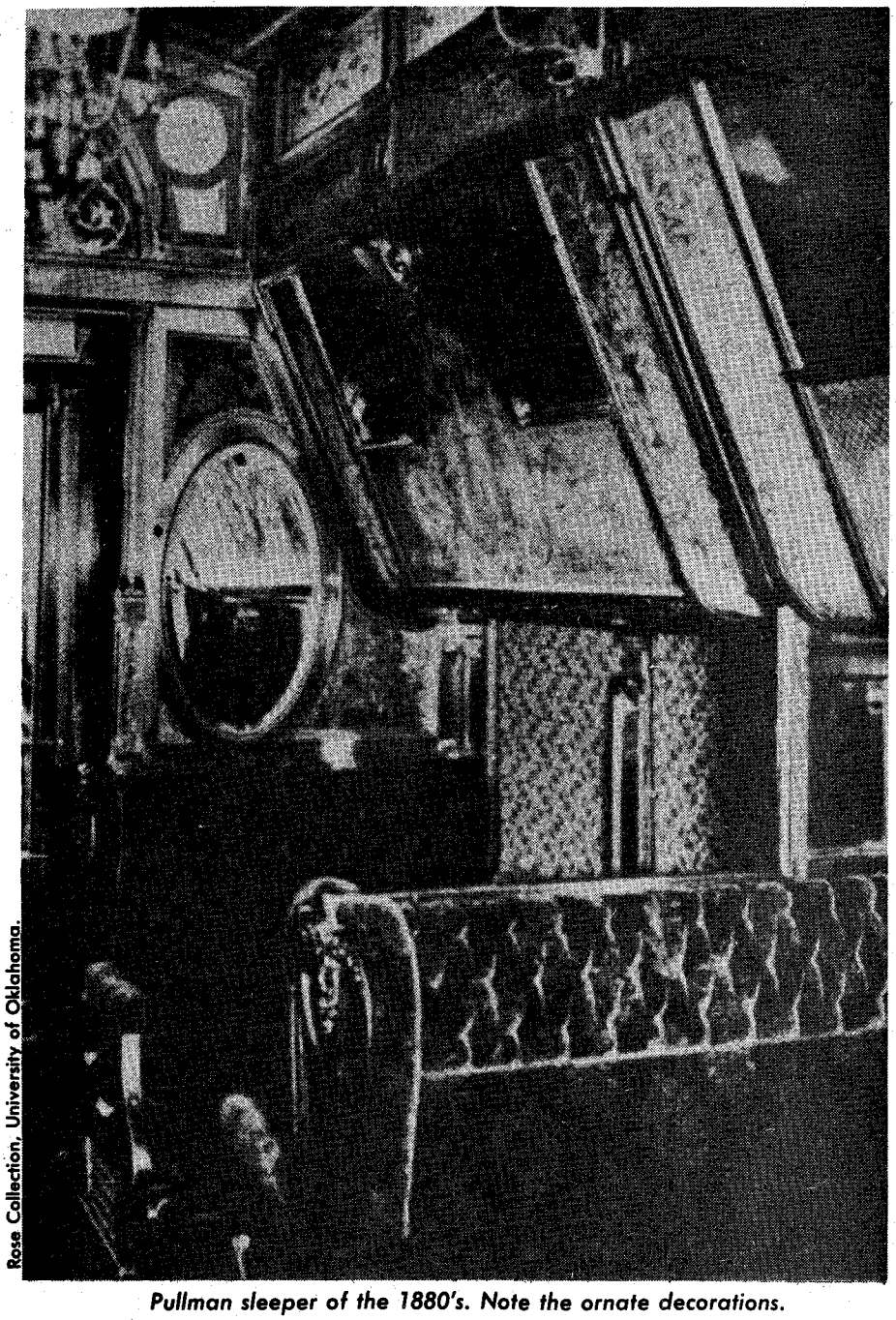

Rose Collection, University of Oklahoma.

Pullman sleeper of the 1880's. Note the ornate decorations.

By the late 1870's the more reasonable Indians staged pow-wows and ceremonial dances for tourists who descended from the steam cars to enjoy the spectacles. While back in the East, readers of the more sensational papers were delighted to read that at Carlin, in the heart of the Nevada desert, cowboys on horseback enlivened travel by riding through the dining cars.

But all was not glamour for the passenger. Hotboxes were common on the long runs out West, when everyone descended from the cars to assist the train crew with useless advice.

Despite all efforts of the railroad detectives and the Pinkertons, the trains swarmed with plausible strangers with diamonds in their shirt fronts, willing to engage fellow - travelers in a friendly game of chance.

The king of all card sharks on the railroads was known as "Canada Bill." Where he came from, or who he was, no one ever knew. With no bad habits and never indulging in profanity, he possessed what is known as a "Poker Face." He was considered liberal to a fault and gave lavishly from his winnings to those in real need, and he prided himself in a philosophy that money was of no value unless it was kept active and in circulation.

Bill posed as a Texas cattleman and was either born with or acquired a southern dialect which added a peculiar bit of zest to his expressions. The laws in those days west of the Mississippi, especially those applying to games of chance, were not overly severe. So for long periods, the officials of the Union Pacific Railroad were embarrassed by complaints from the patrons who called for rules to prohibit passengers from being buncos. Some angry passengers even wanted the railroad to offer the gambler back his fare and boot him off the train.

The narrow escapes, accidents, criminals, elopements, romantic interludes, tragedies, and humorous situations on the Western railroads were constantly brought to the public attention by the Eastern journalists. So much so, that many of the Western types who rode the cars were so well defined and established as to achieve a permanent association with the steam cars. Drummers, professional gamblers, smoking - room raconteurs, newlyweds, bunco steerers, and dudes became so identified with the coaches and Pullmans that they became part of the Western legend.

Each had their own identifying characteristics: the gamblers wore rat - catcher suits and smelled strongly of hair oil; newlyweds were invariably on their wedding trip bound for San Francisco; the bunco steerers shyly exhibited gold bricks beneath the skirts of their long frocked coats; the smoking - room raconteurs spent hours telling the drummers their anecdotes which invariably began, "It seems there was a traveling salesman and a farmer's daughter ..."; and the dude was forever being harassed by the drovers and the cowboys.

The advent of the Western railroads made it necessary for people to adapt themselves to an entirely new pattern of conduct. They learned not to shoot from the car windowd, hang their possessions from the conductor's signal cord, and hopefully, not to flush toilets while standing in the station.

Typical of the legends growing out of Western railroading was the day Jay Gould's Special came through the waterstop of Langtry, Texas. The stop was named at the Persuasion of Judge Roy Bean, "The Law West of the Pecos," in honor of "Jersey" Lily Langtry.

When the engineer slowed for train orders, Judge Roy Bean thoughtlessly waved a red bandanna from the tiny depot platform. The Westbound Special ground to a stop and Gould himself appeared on the platform of his private car to see what was going on. Judge Bean introduced himself and asked the financier to step across the street and meet some of the boys.

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Gould, like all the rest of the United States, had heard about Judge Bean and brought along a plate of ladyfingers to go with the champagne on ice in the Jersey Lily Saloon.

As the afternoon wore on and railroad traffic piled up across the division behind the stalled Special, the chief dispatcher wired his Langtry agent, demanding in urgent terms the whereabouts of Gould and the missing train. The agent, who by this time was a member of the party, fired back: "Jay Gould, Roy Bean, me, spending afternoon drinking champagne, eating ladyfingers. Champagne and Gould's Special both gone." Bean's picnic for Jay Gould hit the front pages of the newspapers from coast to coast and is now enshrined in the folklore of Texas.

With the crime wave following the Civil War, train robbery enjoyed, if not general approval, at least a certain tolerance. As robbing the cars became an established form of activity amont the Western gunmen who previously devoted most of their attention to banks, so did the prevention of train robbery. By the early 1870's the forces of prevention and law enforcement divided the United States into two parts. East of the Mississippi was the province of the great detective organization evolved and perfected by Allen Pinkerton. The far West and the Southwest were the stamping grounds of the armed guards, detectives, and special officers of Wells Fargo and Company.

The most expert train robbers aimed primarily at the express and mail cars, rather than the passenger coaches. Here large shipments of valuables, gold bullion, and currency were found in compact form in the Wells Fargo chests. The conventional routine was for one or more members of the gang to overcome the engine crew, while othes assaulted the baggage car and tossed the safe out onto the right of way.

When the cast - iron safes of the time resisted mallets and wrecking bars, Giant powder was used. Locked steel express cars and heavily armed guards in the end reduced train robbery to a mere trace of its once profitable self. But the practice of holding up passenger trains on a more or less amateur basis continued. Sometimes this was more of a wild disturbance than robbery, while on

Courtesy of Southern Pacific Railroad

A Central Pacific train and the coaches which met it regularly to take passengers to the mining regions and beyond, at Cisco, California in 1867.

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other occasions cowhands would board Western trains and intimidate passengers by forcing them to drink or pretending to be robbers.

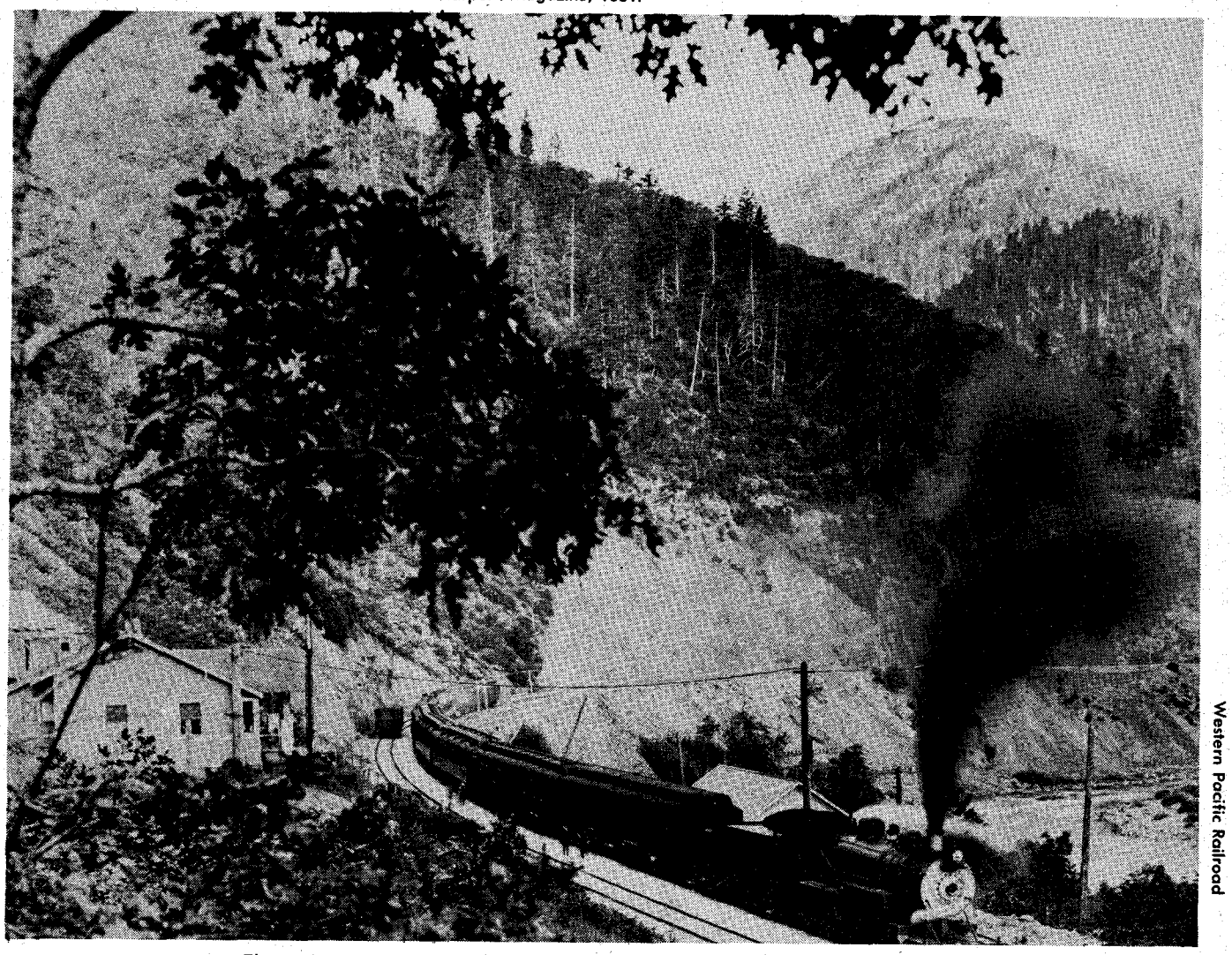
On the brighter side, with the advent of the Pullman there grew up a new class of railroader. The lumberjacks have Paul Bunyan, the railroad gangs have John Henry and Texas had Pecos Bill, but even greater than these was "Daddy Joe," the old-time Pullman porter. He was even more famous than "Boomer Pete," the high - speed telegrapher. Daddy Joe was always prepared to get his passengers through. Standing over six feet tall and as strong as could be, he frequently planted his feet in the middle of the aisle of an old Pullman and let down two uppers at the same time. Then he would quickly make up both berths, one with each hand. Twelve full sections in twelve minutes was the usual time for him to make up a "Battleship" Pullman of the 1880's.

As railroading lost its pioneering quality and fell into some sort of a groove, the competition for jobs

(continued on page 56)

A high-stakes poker game was common on the trains in the 1880's.

Harper's Magazine, 1881.



Western Pacific Railroad

The PANAMA - PACIFIC EXPRESS at Belden, Calif. in Feather River Canyon.

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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

REAL WEST facts about the Indian and his way of life.

HISTORY OF NAVAJO SILVER

By NONO MINOR, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

The Navajo made jewelry of brass and copper, but some silver was worn long before the middle of the nineteenth century, when they learned the art of silversmithing from the Mexican *plateros* or silversmiths. The Mexicans lived in the villages in the upper Rio Grande Valley, near the southeastern edge of the present-day Navajo reservation. Due to the numerous wars between the two peoples, silversmithing had not been learned earlier, also the Navajo did not have the correct tools: the hammer, the anvil and the files.

The first Navajo to learn silversmithing was Atsidi Sani, or Old Smith, called *Herrero* or "Iron Worker" by the Mexicans. Atsidi Sani learned the art from a Mexican named Nakai Tsosi, or "Thin Mexican." In the early nineteenth century the Navajo bought their bridles from the Mexicans; through this contact Atsidi Sani and Nakai Tsosi became good friends, and the Mexican taught the Navajo the art of silversmithing.

Among the items made by early Navajo smiths were tiny silver bells, made out of quarters and worn by both men and women. The older women attached them to their sashes to warn their sons-in-law of their approach. Men wore the bells tied to their garters when they danced in the Yeibichai ceremony.

Tiny silver tobacco cases, shaped like canteens, were made and carried in leather pouches by the men. The medicine men wore theirs on the right side, the other men wore theirs on the left side.

In 1880, the Navajo first set turquoise in silver. The stone was scarce, as early stones were native to New Mexico, many of them being mined at Los Cerrillos, located a few miles south of Santa Fe. The Pueblo Indians of Santa Domingo obtained stones from this mine and other sources, then traded them to the Navajo for their silver jewelry, weaving and livestock. After 1890 turquoise was used more in settings. John Lawrence Hubbel, who founded the trading post at Ganado, began to import Persian turquoise then, and some of the fine old blue turquoise can still be found in the jewelry of the Navajo living in that area. Also about this date, turquoise began to be mined in Colorado and Nevada, then shipped to New Mexico and Arizona.

Other stones were used by the Navajo to set in their jewelry once they learned the art of setting turquoise. They used jet, malachite, native garnets, pieces of colored glass, and bits of abalone shell. As turquoise became more plentiful, these other stones were pried out of the bezels and replaced with turquoise. These early stone settings, like the bells and powder measure, are seldom found today and are almost museum pieces.

Prior to 1890, most of the silver made by the Navajo was for their own use, or possibly to trade with the Pueblos. Any silver made for the white man was for the soldiers at Fort Wingate, who ordered special pieces from the Navajo smiths. These were usually tobacco canteens, powder chargers, buttons or small objects the soldiers might wish as souvenirs, or a settler might want a bracelet or other bit of Navajo handwork.

In 1899 the Fred Harvey company began to commercialize the silver craft and started ordering silver made up expressly for the white trade. Up to this time, pawned Navajo silver had been purchased by the Fred Harvey company for sale to tourists, but the demand became too great, and the tourists, also wanted jewelry which was lighter in weight that they could more easily wear. It was also requested that the turquoise be cut flat, square and oblong. Soon the Navajo were making jewelry to order, in shape and size, and the stones were being polished. The Navajo silversmiths at Sheep Springs, Smith Lake and Mariano Lake were paid by the ounce for the finished product. These items were then sold on trains and in the stations along the Santa Fe route. Soon many companies were farming out work to the Navajo smiths.

Silver was heavily stamped with arrows, swastikas and other designs, many of these being introduced to the Navajo by the white man, as very early silver was stamped or punched with only a few designs. When the demand of the trader became greater, the Navajo smiths, in order to fill them, started making cheaper bracelets, lighter in weight and with less turquoise. The demand became so great for Indian-type jewelry that manufacturers began to imitate the handmade Navajo silver. In 1910, a firm in Denver began to make imitation jewelry, using white labor, and the mass production soon undersold the traders.

Many American silver dollars, fifty-cent pieces and quarters were melted by Navajo silversmiths to make jewelry until 1890, when the government authorities began to enforce laws which prohibited the defacing of currency. Then more Mexican silver, which had also been used for making jewelry, was used. The Navajo smiths preferred the Mexican silver to American silver because it had less alloy; being purer in silver content, the metal was softer and therefore more easily worked. Because of the percentage of copper, jewelry made from old American coins has a sightly yellowish cast.

A few Navajo women became silversmiths, but it was not until around 1914 that they made many silver items, and most of these women lived where the craft had been commercialized. Very few women carried on the art as independent craftsmen; most of them worked as assistants to the men, usually helping their husbands by grinding and polishing the turquoise, then setting the stones.

A Navajo usually learned silversmithing from a relative; if he was young, he might help his father with the work when he was about fourteen years of age. Some learn the craft by watching others.

Navajo women wear more jewelry

(continued on page 62)

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THE UNFORGETTABLE CUSTERS

By Stephanie Cooper Shulsinger

This is a detailed and authentic account of the wedding and life together of George Armstrong Custer and his beautiful wife, Libby. One of the youngest generals in our history, Custer was a national hero by the end of the Civil War. The author quoted passages from letters written by them to each other that are extremely interesting.

It was the wedding of the year, something rare to cheer about in the bleak wartime winter of 1864, with the papers so full of bad news. The fabulous Boy General, George Armstrong Custer, was getting married, with all the pomp and publicity that could be expected to attend the marriage of one of the Union's most eligible bachelors, who also happened to be one of the youngest generals in American history.

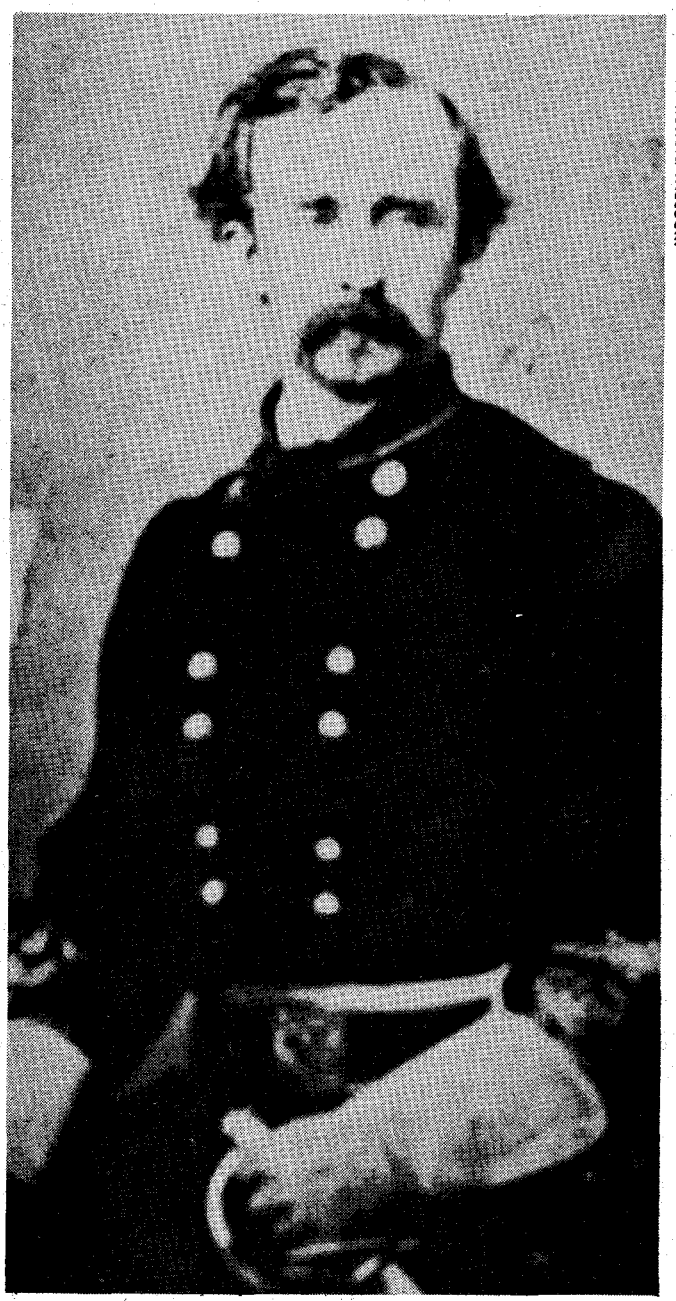
Custer, the handsome, laughing, devil-may-care leader of innumerable charges, courageous, bold and exciting, had finally lost a battle, leaving a big enough collection of broken hearts behind him to satisfy Casanova himself. Everyone wondered what was so special about the lucky girl, but Autie Custer didn't wonder. He had waged quite a campaign to convince Libbie Bacon — and more particularly her father — that he was a likely prospect as a bridegroom.

It hadn't been easy; Judge Daniel Bacon was a practical man who wanted something more substantial than newspaper headlines for his only surviving child. He had probably spoiled her a little, but it would have been hardhearted not to, the poor lonely little thing, whose mother had died when she was only 12. The Judge was a serious man, stern and unyielding, but Libbie knew how to get around him, and around everyone else, for that matter.

Who could resist her? She was so tiny, so beautiful, so bright! Dark, thick hair and dark eyes sparkling, Elizabeth Clift Bacon was more than a match for anyone she cared to do battle with. Behind the sweet charm and delicate beauty there was a will of iron, and as if this weren't enough, the little lady was positively brilliant. Plenty of promising young men had tried to win her, but so far none had succeeded. Libbie enjoyed being the most beautiful girl in Monroe, Michigan, far too much to rush into marriage, and so far no one had swept her off her feet, not even Autie Custer.

She knew him, of couse, or at least she had seen him around town. He was living in Monroe with a married sister, although the rest of his family was back in Ohio. He was certainly very attractive, slim and lithe, with bright blue eyes that were always merry, copper-colored hair, and natural charm that attracted girls like bees to honey. But Libbie had never met Autie; he was not high enough socially to be in her circle of acquaintances. Besides, she remembered only too well the awful time he had staggered past her house, noisily and sloppily drunk. He had taken the pledge just after that — a lifelong pledge, as it turned out — but the bad impression remained: Autie Custer was cute, but vulgar.

It was around Thanksgiving of 1862 that all her previous impressions were completely swept away, at a dance given in honor of Libbie's graduating class at Boyd's Seminary. It was almost love at first sight for the two most attractive people in the room, the dashing Captain Custer and the stunning honor student, with her low-cut dress and soft, white shoulders. Autie was dazzled, as he wrote later, "In that throng of youth and beauty she reigned supreme ..... when she left, Armstrong Custer went home to dream."



Custer Battlefield Museum

George Armstrong Custer in Civil War uniform in 1863.

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Autie Custer wasn't used to having to impress a girl, and as much as he liked this one, he really didn't think about marriage at first. He was vain and delighted in having a long string of feminine admirers; in short, he liked being a bachelor as much as Libbie liked being a belle. But it soon became apparent that this girl was different. She liked him, but without being quite such a willing victim of his charms as others were, a challenge that piqued him.

When Libbie's father issued an ultimatum forbidding the two young people either to correspond or to see each other again, Autie was a bit stung. Now it was a matter of pride. They began to communicate by means of a third party, a trusted girl friend of Libbie's, who must have uttered many sighs as she read and forwarded the romantic letters. But this deception was really employed only as a sort of backhanded courtesy to the Judge, who was on weak ground here. Libbie, who was used to having her own way anyhow, was of age and didn't need his permission to see anyone she liked. Besides, if he had had more than just the one child to worry about, Judge Bacon might have realized the danger faced by many a father before and since: of having his opposition drive two stubborn young people right into each other's arms. A little longing is a dangerous thing, especially when the very real possibility that wartime might end the romance on a tragic note adds a peculiar urgency to the situation.

So to strengthen his case, Autie sent Libbie flowers he had supposedly picked during the heat of Civil War battles, and wrote her letters as full of tenderness as he dared, knowing that they'd be read by someone else first. And Libbie, although she turned him down the first time he proposed, was unable to get him out of her mind: Autie Custer and his laughing charm, his boyish grin, his marvelous manly good looks, and his vivid, magnetic personality. She was flattered by his proposal, and she was falling.

Autie was falling, too. What had begun as just another conquest was taking a surprising turn, as he was the one being conquered. Only Libbie must not go against her father's wishes; the youngsters would need his support. So after many false starts, Autie wrote to the Judge, asking for permission to see his daughter again and to ask her hand in marriage. It seemed as though the answer would never come, but it turned out to be well worth waiting for; the Judge,

Elizabeth Bacon Custer before her marriage.

seeing the hopelessness of his case, gave in one both points, although he still didn't know why his beautiful daughter, with her pick of any man in the world, had to choose a slapdash soldier with a reputation as a lady-killer and having not a cent in the world. That sentiment also has been known to occur to fathers many times before and since, but the ways of the heart are beyond parental or any other wisdom. Autie and Libbie were deeply in love. Libbie wrote her beloved in 1863:

"The worst thing about loving a soldier is that he is as likely to die as to live ... and how should I feel if my soldier should die before I have gratified his heart's desire?"

And so they were married, on February 9, 1864, and a handsome couple they were, Custer all dressed up in his Brigadier General's uniform, looking eager and happy and proud, bursting as usual with life and plans for their future. Libbie was a vision of loveliness on her wedding day, dressed in a sumptuous gown of pale green trimmed with regimental braid, and carrying a bouquet of vivid red roses. Newspaper reports, glowing with enthusiastic adjectives, did not exaggerate the glamour of the pair, the groom being 24 years of age at the time, and his bride not quite 22.

General and Mrs. George Armstrong Custer left Monroe on their honeymoon and stopped by West Point, where, as Libbie wrote home, "Everyone was delighted to see Autie. Even the dogs remembered him." But all too soon they had to advance to the front, or as close to it as Libbie was allowed to go. It was the first of many such journeys into the field for Libbie Custer; Autie's life

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became her life, and Autie's success her great concern. The General, with his proverbial good luck, had married beauty, brains, and a fierce loyalty that would continue to serve him long after the last hurrah had faded at the Little Big Horn.

Despite the daily dangers of the Civil War, Libbie and Autie Custer rejoiced in each other's company and were exceedingly popular among the other officers. Brought up as tenderly as a hothouse flower, the new Mrs. Custer didn't know the first thing about cooking or housekeeping, even under ideal circumstances, let alone in the primitive conditions of a wartime army camp. The General, who had been brought up so differently in the crowded, boisterous, humbler household of a blacksmith's big family, saw to it that his pretty bride had all the help she needed. It was enough for him just to have her there, and perhaps he even took a sort of pride in her apparent helplessness, as indicative of her refinement.

But Libbie Custer had plenty of nerve. They rode together often, and Libbie learned to put up with inconveniences that she had never heard of, as well as with Autie's odd habit of collecting strange souvenirs and pets. Their tent from time to time housed captured weapons and clothes, a truce flag made out of a fringed towel, and even pet rattlesnakes and raccoons. Mrs. Custer obviously looked a lot more fragile than she was.

Still, the agony of parting never softened. There were places where Libbie simply could not go, and the young people both felt a painful wrench at separating. They filled in the gaps with frequent, long, affectionate, newsy letters. Autie wrote her:

"During the battles, while I was in the thickest, with the bullets whistling by me and shells bursting all around me I thought of you. You are in my thoughts always, day and night."

And Libbie teased him about the personal attention she was receiving in official Washington:

"If I were a young unmarried lady here I should flirt, I am afraid, but I have no desire to do so. Tho still enjoying gentlemen's society nobody could misconstrue my laughing and talking as flirting. I know, my dear, that tho I have a pretty face it is my husband's reputation (that) brings me so much attention."

Custer parried with some teasing of his own:

"You know what ample case I have had to be suspicious or doubtful in regard to the conduct of women. One would naturally suppose my youthful experience would make me ever watchful. But I would as soon harbor a doubt of my Creator as of my darling little wife."

Despite her joking, Libbie was appalled by the open infidelity she saw among politicians and their wives. She wrote: "I wouldn't give a snap for a husband who would allow such goings on. Autie it is rather the exception than the rule that married people here care for each other."

She was lonely, and wrote ruefully, "Do you think I write stupid letters? I wold not be stupid if somebody were here." Sometimes she followed him almost to the battlefield, and he once wrote his sister, "It is all I can do to keep her from coming right out to camp in the government wagons that come with forage and rations."

Both the Custers were terribly embarrassed when a packet of their letters was captured and openly joked about by some Confederate raiders. Apparently it bothered Custer more than it did Libbie who wrote him soon afterward, "I don't care if fifty rebels read this letter. I miss your kisses."

Like all married couples, the Custers had to get used to each others' quirks, and while Libbie laughed at the way Autie always seemed to be either brushing his teeth or washing his hands, her fondness for gossip was not so lighthearted a problem for him. Gossiping can be a costly vice for a commanding officer's wife, and when he seemed unable to break her of the habit, the General simply refrained from telling his wife some things that might come back to haunt him if they were repeated in the wrong circles. Thus it was that Libbie never knew for certain how he voted in the crucial presidential election of 1864. Autie told her laughingly when she pressed him that a commanding officer shouldn't have any politics, but the chances are that, though he deeply admired President Lincoln, Custer voted for McClellan, his friend and former commander.

Custer was also incurably boyish and an impetuous practical joker, and the ladylike Libbie had to accommodate herself to seeing him charge up the stairways and swing her around the room, or snatch her unexpectedly off a horse on the run. Life with Custer was certainly never dull.

The war grouns slowly to a close, but not without some terrible moments of anxiety for Libbie Custer. She wrote:

"Don't expose yourself so much in battle. Just do your duty, and don't rush in so daringly. Oh, Autie, we must die together. Better the humblest life together than the loftiest, divided. My hopes and ambitions are more than a hundred times already realized in you."

"The Custer Clan". General Custer is standing in center with buckskin jacket and light hat. Mrs. Custer sits in front of him with dark hat. Custer's sister, Margaret, is in front of Mrs. Custer. Her husband, Lt. James Calhoun is on extreme left. Seated on ground next to him is Boston Custer. Second from right (in back, light hat and moustache), Tom Custer.

Denver Public Library, Western History Dept. Photo By: D.F. Barry

They both looked forward to a real family life after the war, Libbie especially, as she wrote to Autie: "I think of the days of peace when little children's voices will call to us. I can hardly wait for my little boy and girl."

But nature had decreed otherwise; the Custer's were childless, a profound disappointment to them both. They continued to harbor all sorts of pets and often invited attractive young friends and relatives to visit them at various posts. Custer wrote Libbie to be sure and bring pretty ones:

"Moral worth is superior to beauty, but a young lady visiting a garrison should be possessed of both, else young officers might regard escorting as fatigue duty."

Custer and his lady were both spectacular people, unusually handsome and charming. Custer had the added glamour of his exciting military adventures, and Libby's wit was as famous as her beauty. They loved to tease each other about various conquests — all in fun, of course, and if Libbie might complain about the ardent attentions she had heard that he was getting from the ladies of New York, Autie would say, "So the sergeant is an admirer. I should like to see any man setting eyes on you who was not."

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She continued to follow him to all sorts of outposts, even when he was ordered to fight Indians in the West, and Custer was really proud of her grit. Just before one trip, he wrote her:

"Bring a good supply of butter — one hundred pounds or more; three or four cans of lard, vegetables — potatoes, onions, &c. You will need calico dresses, and a few white ones. Oh, we will be so, *so* happy."

He called her "my darling Bunkey," "My Little Durl," "My Sunbeam." To Libbie, he was everything.

The end of the Civil War had not brought an end to Libbie Custer's agony over her husband's safety. In November or 1868, when he faced the Battle of the Washita, he wrote his wife:

"Some of the officers think this may be a campaign on paper — but I know Genl. Sheridan better. We are going to the heart of the Indian country where white troops have never been before."

Custer led his men there, through heavy snows, in a daring surprise raid on the Indians' winter camp. By the time Libbie had received his letter, it was all over; but who could say what new dangers he was facing? Life for Libbie Custer was a nerve - racking affair. But though the constant strain took its toll, she could write him in 1873:

"Ten years have so changed me that ... I no longer go into ecstacies over anything but your letters. How we have managed to preserve the romance ... after nine years of married life and all our vicissitudes ... But though we have had our trials, you have the blessed faculty of looking on the sunny side of things. Dear Autie, you are the richest of men."

He wrote her:

"I suppose you think I am of a very forgiving disposition. Well, perhaps I am ... I often think of the beautiful expression uttered by President Lincoln — 'With malice toward none; with charity toward all ...' and I hope this may ever be mine to say.

"Your devoted boy
"Autie."

Money was always a problem for the Custers, as the General's rank changed often, not always for the better, and he was usually supporting numerous relatives. He was also not very clever with money when he had it; he loved to take his pretty wife on a shopping spree, but couldn't do it very often. And when he was suspended from the army without pay for months after a court - martial, they suffered real hardship. However, the greatest hardsip for Libbie was still in seeing him go off to battle. In June of 1876, after he had ridden out to what was to be his last campaign, she poured out all the fears and longings of her heart into this letter:

"With your bright future and the knowledge that you are positive use to your day and generation, do you not see that your life is precious on that account, and not only because an idolizing wife could not live without you?"

Not long after Custer left, Libbie received official permission to join him, an indication that nothing very exciting was expected that summer by the high command. She was waiting impatiently for a steamer that would take her to him when the word came of the awful tragedy. The General's lady had 56 long years of lonely widowhood in which to cry over letters like this last one he ever wrote her:

"My Darling — I have but a few moments to write as we start at twelve, and I have my hands full of preparations for the scout. Do not be anxious about me ... I hope to have a good report sent to you by the next mail.

"Your devoted boy
"Autie."

"This battle wrecked the lives of twenty - six women at Fort Lincoln," Libbie wrote later, "and ophaned children of officers and soldiers joined the cry to that of their bereaved mothers.

"From that time the life went out of the hearts of the 'women who weep,' and God asked them to walk on alone and in the shadow."

Alone Libbie Custer walked; though still beautiful and only 34 years old, she could certainly have married again. Instead she spent the rest of her life glorifying her husband's name and reputation, not always wisely, but well. In narrow financial straits, she wrote three successful and fascinating books about her life with Custer, and was prominent in every effort to keep his memory alive. On her desk was a fine marble statue of Autie, made for her by the famed sculptress, Vinnie Ream.

Lonely but never alone, Elizabeth Custer carried herself with dignity and courage that Custer would have been proud of, through a long twilight of life, nourished only by her memories. The gallant little lady died at the age of 91 on April 6, 1933, and was buried beside her husband at West Point, according to her wish.

Their longest, hardest separation was over at last. Custer and his lady were together again. ●**RW**

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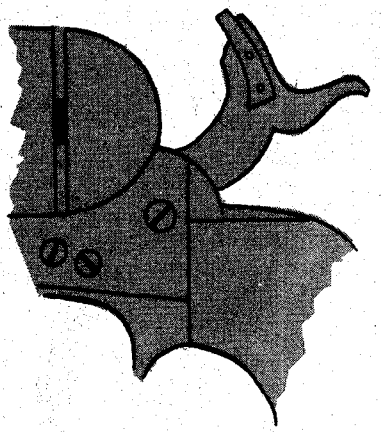
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

by Major R. O. Ackerman



ONE METHOD OF ATTACHING FIRING PIN

R.O.A.

.44 HENRY RIMFIRE

With the advent of the self - contained metallic cartridge, there was a rush among arms manufacturers to develop breech - loading firearms. In the revolver field, a delay was caused by the Rollin White patent owned by Smith & Wesson, which covered drilling a cylinder through for loading from the rear. This gave birth to a transitional period, with bitter lawsuits and a multitude of strange and wonderful revolver designs, to circumvent this patent and yet use metallic cartridges which contained their own primer. (The Burnside and the Maynard Cartridges are examples of metallic, breech - loading ammunition which still required a separate percussion cap on a nipple.)

All of these transitional revolvers had serious faults. Loading was usually complicated, extraction of the empty cases was often difficult, and the firearm designs were prone to breakage and malfunction. Therefore, as soon as that patent expired, every major company was waiting with improved designs on their drawing boards.

As Colt was then the undisputed leader among American revolver manufacturers, they were well prepared. Their first move was to convert many existing percussion revolvers to conventional breechloaders. This was done by simply installing a new cylinder, a conversion plate, putting a firing pin on the percussion hammer, and replacing the loading lever with a sliding rod ejector. The result was a very functional firearm.

As the conversion of existing arms was only a stopgap, Colt commenced work on several new models almost simultaneously.

One of these was the solid - frame .45 which became the famed Single Action Army Model. Another was the 1872 model made for .44 rimfire as the Army model, and for .38 rimfires as the Navy model. Only a few thousand of these were made, so that the 1872 is today one of the rarest of cartridge Colts, and highly desired by collectors.

It was formerly believed that the 1872 preceded the Single Action Army in destiny. It is now known that there was little gap. The .45 S.A.A. was the better gun, with its solid frame and top strap over the cylinder. However, there were several advantages to the 1872.

This had the removable barrel which was a carry - over from percussion Colts, and therefore had no top strap. Admittedly, this design was less strong and rigid than the solid

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COLT 1872 OPEN TOP REVOLVER

* Sketched by author

frame. But we must look at several interesting factors.

For one, manufacture could proceed with a minimum of retooling, while the S.A.A. required a great deal. Frames and mechansims of the 1872 were virtually unchanged from earlier models. The cylinders were those already made for the conversions. Only a new barrel was needed, which had a rear sight as an integral part of it. Having a sight notch in the nose of the hammer was no longer feasible. Of course, there was a firing pin, loading gate and rod ejector.

This meant manufacture at reasonable cost, and further utilization of existing machinery. As the superiority of the S.A.A. was recognized, the 1872 was sold at a lower price. It became popular on the frontier, but we believe that much of the limited production went into Mexico. This fact contributes to the rarity of this model today.

At that time, centerfire cartridges were seldom seen on the frontier. The .44-40, or .44 Winchester centerfire was still a year away. The cartridge of the 1872 in .44 was the .44 Henry Flat — the rimfire, flat - nosed cartridge that was already widely used in Henry rifles, Winchester Model 1866 and others. This was the first introduction to the frontier of a rifle and revolver using the same cartridge — a great advantage which was more widely exploited later, with the Frontier Single Action and the Model 1873 Winchester. (International cartridges for those two arms included .44-40, .38-40 and .32-20 centerfires. A few were made in .22 rimfire.)

When the solid - frame S.A.A. was firmly established, demand for the 1872 declined. The centerfire cartridge was ballistically superior, and the rigid top - strap construction swung frontier approval to the Single Action Army.

However, although its life was brief, the streamlined 1872, with its new concept of an interchangeable cartridge, made an impact upon western users. During those few years, it figured in many incidents which have become part of the history of the West's most turbulent era.

Several years ago, there was a TV series with Nick Adams, about a Confederate veteran on the frontier after the war. The thing which impressed me most was that Adams authentically used an original Colt 1872!

It is strange that this important model in Colt history is thought of as the ancestor of the Single Action Army, when they were developed almost together. ● **RW**

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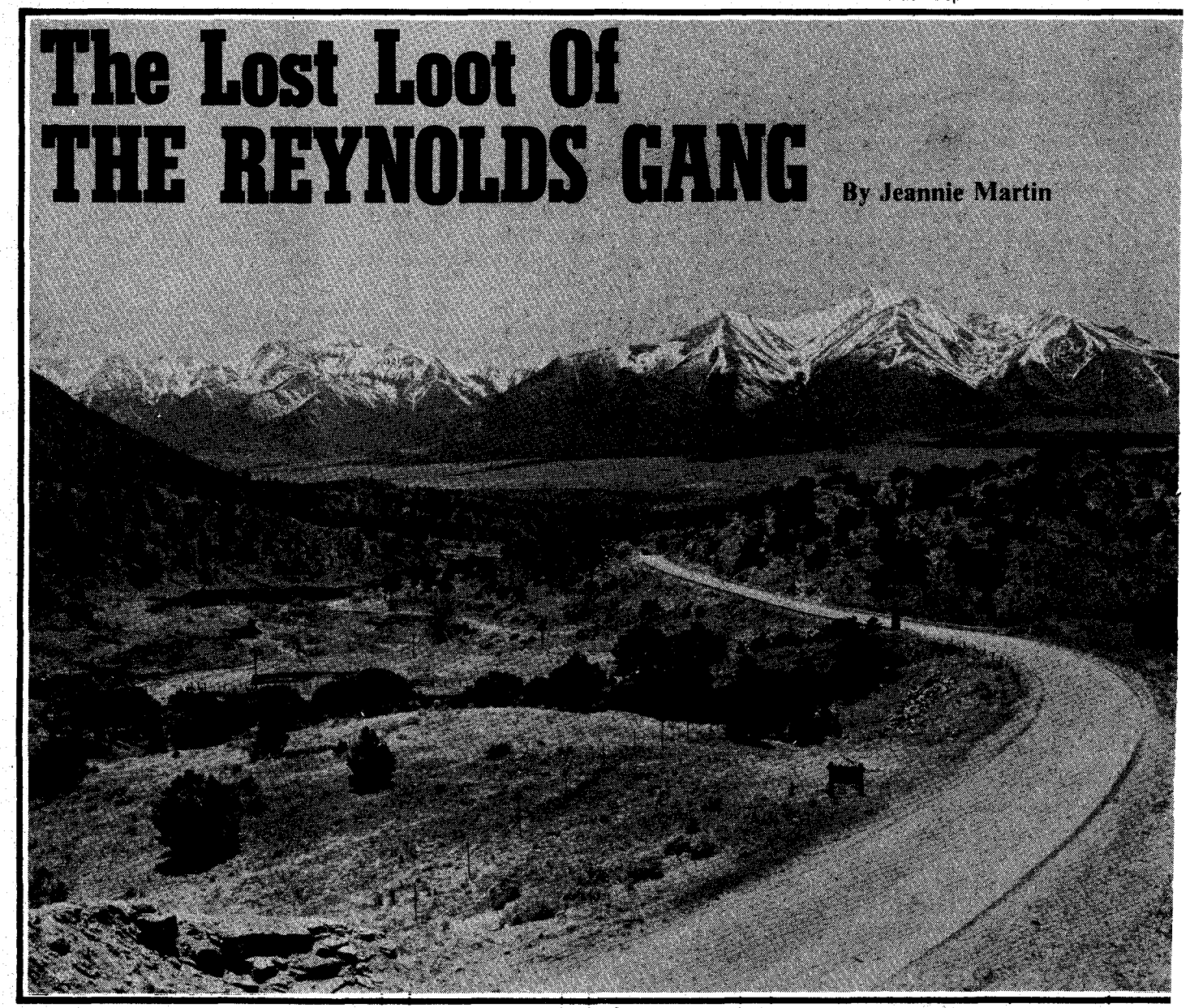
Colorado Dept. of Public Relations.

The Lost Loot Of THE REYNOLDS GANG

By Jeannie Martin



Kenosha Pass and the Mosquito Range of the Rocky Mountains in the background.

There are countless lost gold mines and buried treasures in the West. One of the more interesting stories about treasure is the story told by John Reynolds, brother of Jim "Bold" Reynolds who led a gang of thieves around the mining town called Fairplay. The spot where the stolen loot, $70,000, was buried is marked by a Jim Reynolds' dagger driven into a dead tree!

In the world of lost mines and buried treasure, few people think of Colorado as a place for lost gold and hidden treasure. Yet Colorado boasts well over a hundred such tales and legends. Within the short distance of fifty miles from Denver, according to the old-timers, there is nearly $70,000 in currency and gold dust hidden as a part of the wealth accumulated by an outlaw band which terrorized Colorado in 1864. Before he died in 1871, John Reynolds, brother of the leader of the band, sketchily described a location of this hidden treasure to his executioner when he was hanged as a horse thief in 1871.

Jim "the Bold" Reynolds was a swashbuckling young fellow when he strode into the bar at Fairplay, then called "South Park." He and some others were turned away by the miners at Tarryall, often called "Grab-all" by those who didn't receive a warm welcome. History books say it was Jim Reynolds himself who stood on a soap box and claimed that this new town would show "Fairplay" to all, thus giving the town its name.

But making speeches was never Jim's special interest. Prospecting was too slow a way to garner gold, so he organized a gang of thieves. Legend says he got the first taste for robbery by relieving a lonely traveller of $100 a few years before. Reynolds knew the South Park area as well as anyone, but not only that, he was smarter than most of the run - of - the - mill outlaws. It wasn't long before he had an effective business going. There are no good authoritative estimates of his early takes, but since history soon made Reynolds an heroic figure, just about everything in South Park that was lost, strayed or stolen

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was credited to his gang. Conservative estimates state that in the first few months the Reynolds gang took in about $3,000, and it would have been a lot more if Jim Reynolds had not got himself arrested.

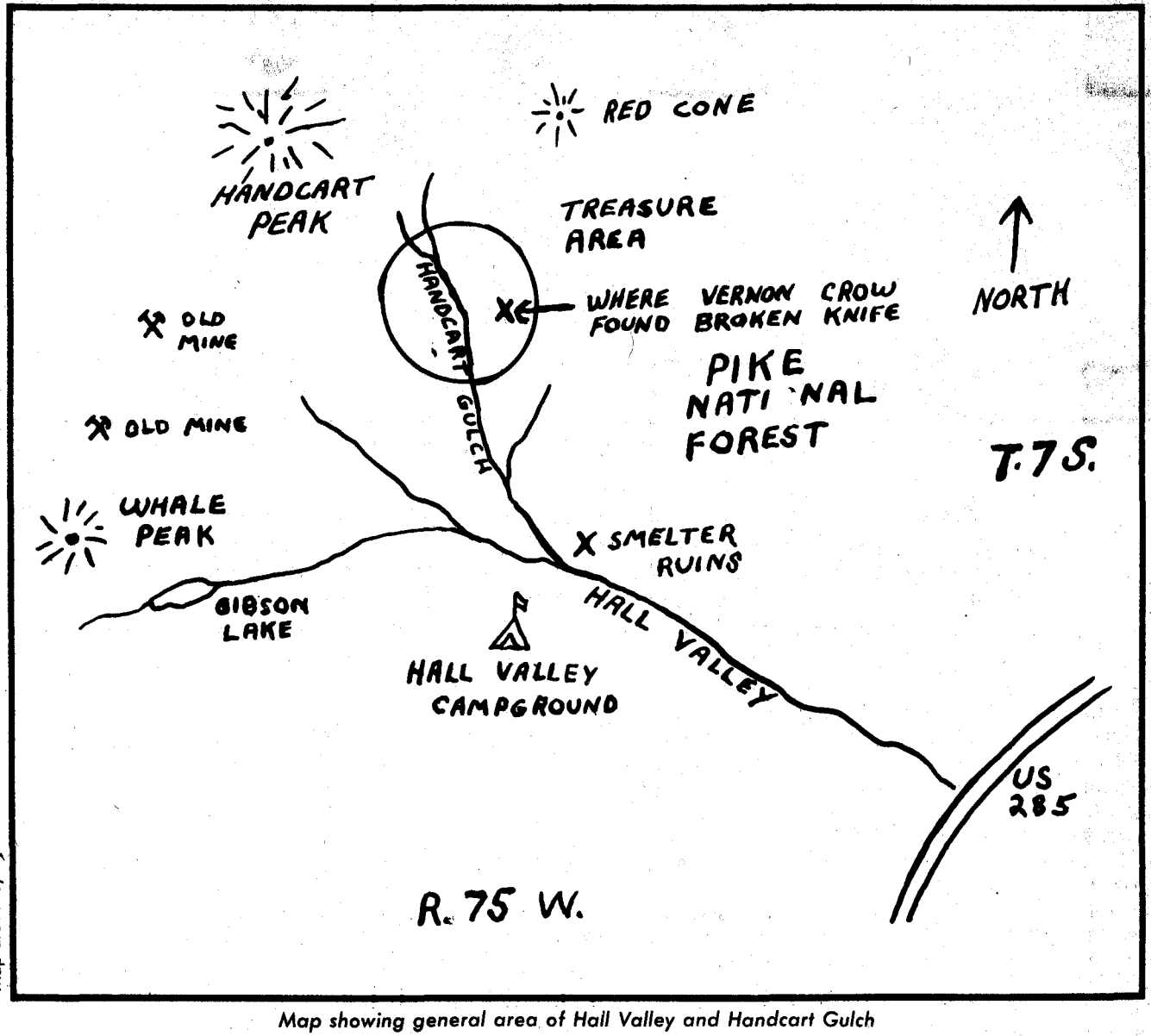
He was taken to Denver and thrown into jail where he met Charley Harrison and Captain McKee. While he was in jail, the Civil War broke out. One can never be sure if Reynolds became patriotic or not while in jail. Still, when he and the other men broke out of jail, they headed south. Within a few short weeks, Jim Reynolds was heading back to Colorado with twenty - three hand - picked confederates. Their plan was to rob Colorado of all its gold, for the South needed gold more than gunpowder, especially in the summer of 1864.

In the flyleaf of Reynolds' diary was the oath the gang members were forced to swear to:

I do solemnly swear or affirm that I will bear true allegiance to the Confederate States of America and the President and all officers appointed over me, so help me God, I further swear that I will aid or assist all true Southern men and their families wherever they may be at a reasonable risk of my life whether in the army or out of it. I furthermore swear that I will not reveal, divulge or cause to be divulged, any of the grips, signs, passwords, or proceedings of the order, except to those who have been regularly initiated or to whom it may by right belong, and if I should be so vile as to violate this my solemn oath or obligation I shall be taken and hung by the neck until I am dead, dead, dead, and my bones left on the plains to bleach as unworthy of burial.

The gang started by robbing a wagon train in New Mexico of $63,000. This started trouble, for the outlaws argued over the division of the loot. Reynolds apparently was more patriotic about the use of the money than some of the other members of the gang. A few of the men quit, since Jim claimed all the loot for the South. One legend claims that the gang buried the loot in the Spanish Peaks region before heading toward South Park, but it is more likely they carried it with them.

As they rode north, Reynolds promoted himself to a full - fledged Southern Colonel, with his brother John as a Captain. Riding with the two brothers were Owen Singletary, Jake Stowe, Tom Holloman, John Bobbitt, John Andrews, Jack Robinson and Tom Knight. When the group was a little south of Canon City, they split up so as not to attract suspicion, with the plan to rendezvous at Adolph Guiraud's ranch near present - day Hartzel. While at the Guiraud's ranch, the gang behaved itself, even going so far as to stay sober.



Map drawn by Cy Martin

Map showing general area of Hall Valley and Handcart Gulch

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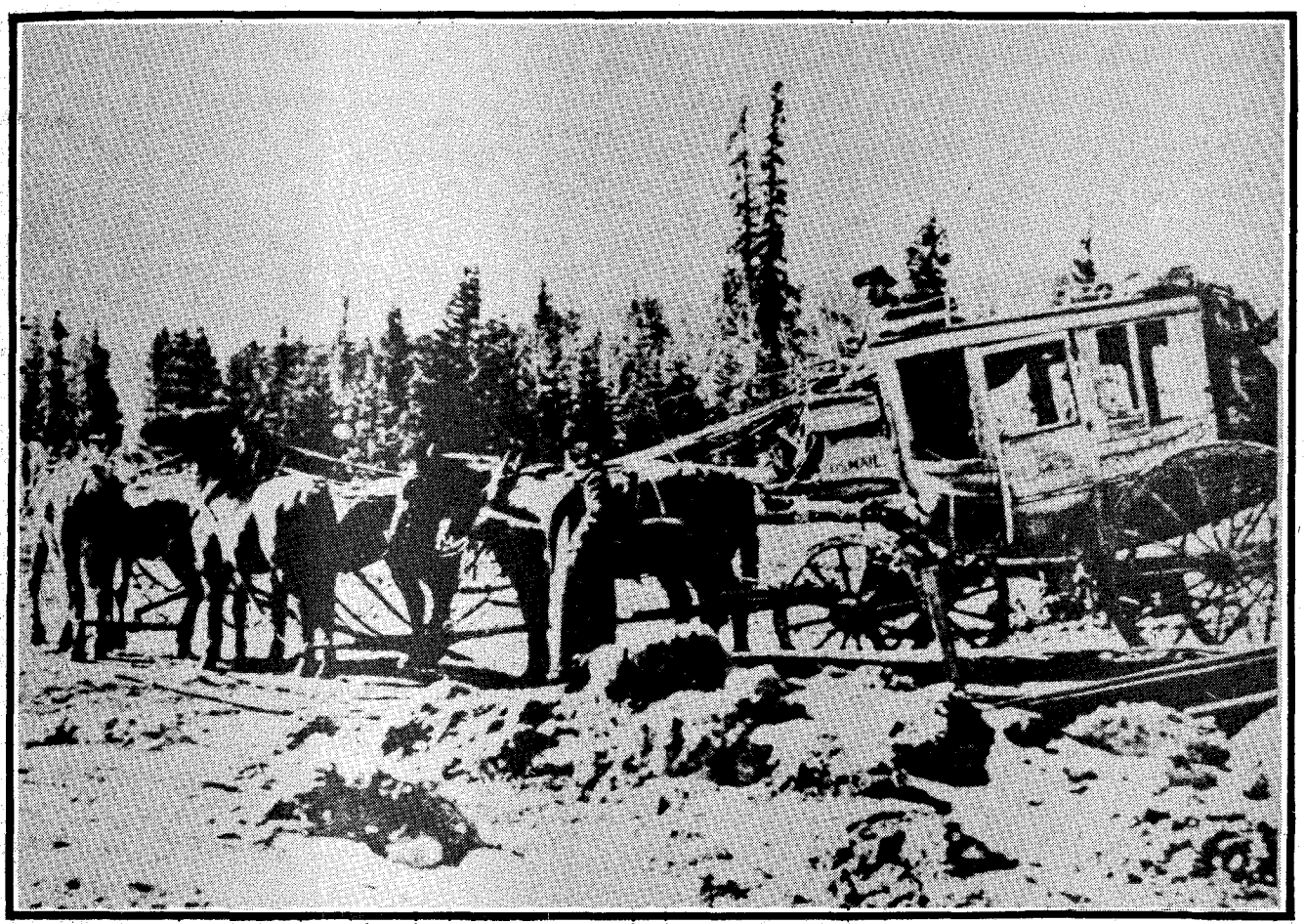

Cy Martin Collection

A stagecoach of the 1860's, very much like the one held up by the Reynolds gang.

The next day they robbed Major H. H. de Mary, manager of the famous Phillips Lode. De Mary was noted for carrying large sums of dust on his person, but when they stopped him just a few miles south of Fairplay, he was only carrying about $100. The gang's next stop was Dan McLaughlin's stage station which was located about eight miles east of Fairplay. At the stage station the gang had a besotted and talkative time as they waited for the stage.

When the Buckskin stage drew up, Jim "the Bold" Reynolds stepped out and commanded the driver, Abe Williamson, and Billy McClelland, the superintendent of the stage line, to throw up their hands. The two men were riding on top and promptly obeyed. After being disarmed, Reynolds ordered them to get down, while demanding their pocket money.

Williamson resented the idea of having any money, saying, "It's the first time in all my travels that any highwayman ever expected a stage driver to have any of the long green in his pockets."

This kind of talk didn't go well with Reynolds, so he searched Williamson carefully and found only 15¢. Williamson's eyes scowled hatred, and later on he took an awful revenge for the outrage. Reynolds and his boys shook down McClelland with better results, securing $400 and a valuable balance - wheel chronometer gold watch.

Jim now turned his attention to the express trunk, for there were no passengers on the stage. Holloman, one of the gang, secured an ax and broke it open, even though McClelland offered him the key. Reynolds refused, saying, "We can get into that kind of box without any key. It's hardly worth the trouble."

When they opened the box, they found $6,000 worth of gold dust and $2,000 worth of gold amalgam (mercury and gold mixed together). Jim then ordered Holloman to cut open the mail bags, loaning Holloman his homemade knife. They slit open the letters, taking out the money they contained. Nearly all the letters contained $10- and $20-bills which the miners at Fairplay were sending back to their friends in the East. The haul was said to be about $10,000 in all; still, it was a much smaller sum than the stagecoach usually carried.

Here is where legend and fact begin to differ, for a popular story of the holdup states a drunk and a Fairplay prostitute were on the stage along with Williamson and McClelland. According to this story, everybody who was anybody in Fairplay had huge sums of money in the strongbox. Even so, the historical bone - pickers estimate the take at only $1200, while most people agree on the figure of $10,000. Of course, we will never know for certain, because the Reynolds gang didn't keep a set of books to tell us.

After the holdup the bandits, who were full of bravado, but not bloodthirsty, headed on over Kenosha Pass, stopping for the night at the Kenosha House. They bragged to one and all that they were Rebel soldiers here on business, and that business was to rob the State Treasury in Denver of all its gold. They even claimed they were a little - known branch of Quantrill's raiders. They said a lot of other tings, but no one really believed them.

Now Jim Reynolds realized there would be a posse out after him. Early the next morning they left the Kenosha House, crossed the pass, and spent the next night at the Omaha House.

Meanwhile a thirty - man posse under General Cook started out from Fairplay, and even though the gang did nothing to conceal their tracks, the Fairplay posse apparently just didn't want to mess with them. They traveled almost any direction except

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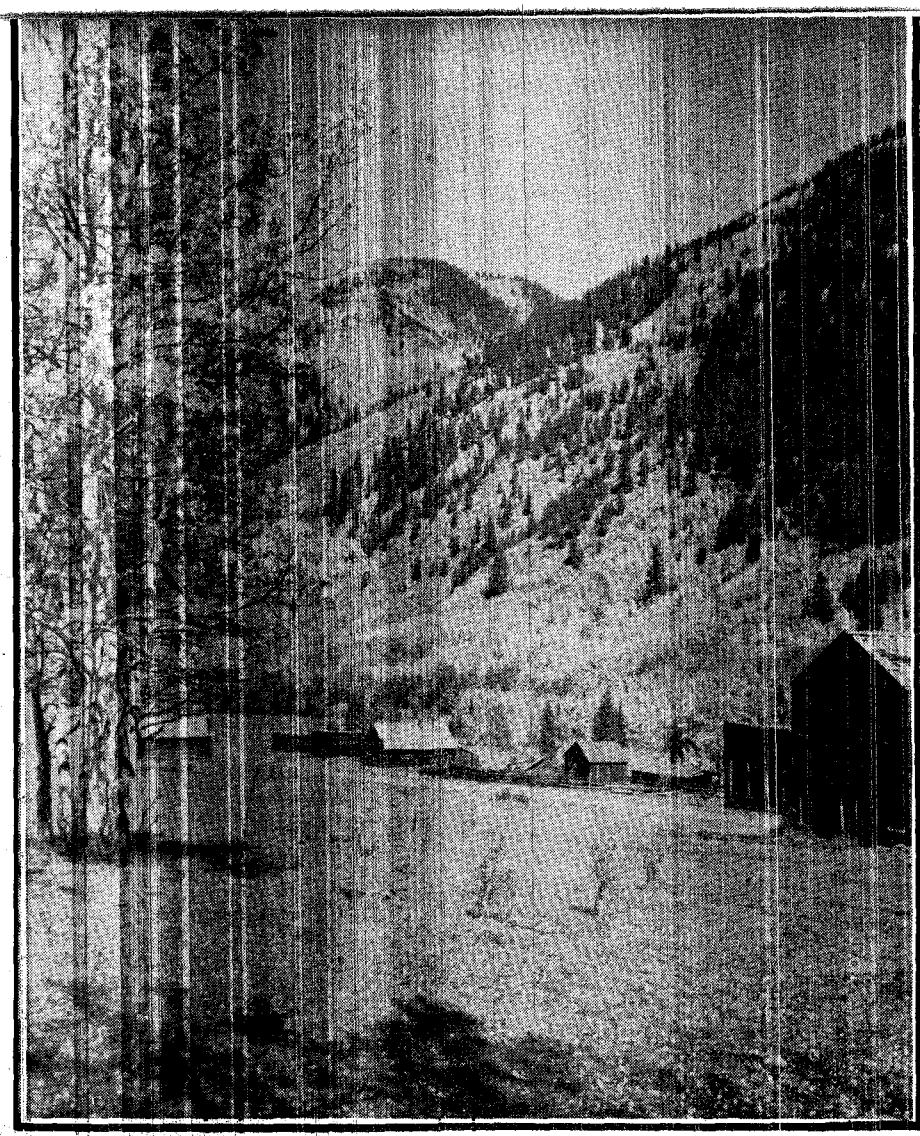
the right one, just to stay out of the gang's way. At one time they ate a nice outdoor cook-out breakfast six miles from where the gang was having breakfast in comfort at the Omaha House.

But things started happening, because one of the men at the stage station was a young reporter named William H. Berry, who worked for the fledgling *Rocky Mountain News*. After the robbery, Berry scurried off toward Denver; as he traveled he warned people along the way. He even tried to round up a posse at the Junction House, but the men there were not the least interested. When Berry got back to Denver and the *Rocky Mountain News*, he just had time to write up the story and meet the deadline. This gave the paper a clear scoop, which sent Denver into a quandary as to whether to send out a posse or just wait. Finally, after over thirty hours of discussion and sleeping on the problem, they sent out a thirty - man posse under Captain Maynard. The Denver posse was fairly hot on the trail when Reynolds figured he'd better take to the hills and hide all his loot. Jim knew that Handcart Gulch would be a good place to hole up for a while. The gang probably never would have been caught if it hadn't been for the fact that just about everybody wanted to join one of the posses.

By now the news had reached clear up Breckenridge way, and another posse from Swan River, under Jack Sparks, set out in pursuit. They headed south over the mountains, just about at the point where the north fork of the South Platte begins on the Continental Divide and close to where the gang was holed up on Handcart Gulch. After nightfall, as the posse rode over the mountains, they could see the distant campfire. They picketed their horses and crawled silently toward the outlaws' hideout.



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Ashcraft, Colorado, now a ghost town near Aspen. This is a typical town in the mining country in which the Reynolds gang operated.

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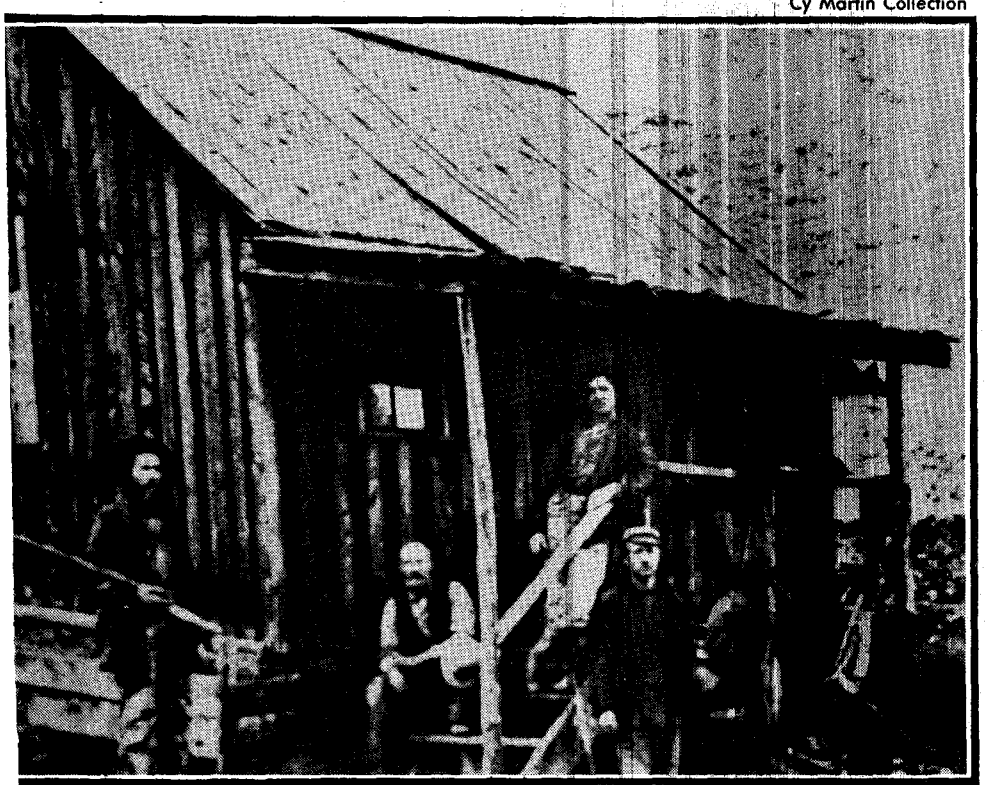

A miner's cabin, typical of the Colorado miners' home in the early days.

The gang was just finishing dinner and was stashing away things when the posse closed in. According to all reports, some members of the posse actually saw them wrap the loot in a silk cloth and put it in an old prospect hole. Sparks assigned each man a different gang member to shoot in the surprise attack, but one trigger - happy member jumped the gun. The warning sent the gang scattering in all directions. Fearing an ambush, the posse went back to their horses, circled around, then checked in at the Kenosha House for the night.

The next day, after regaining their courage, they returned to find that

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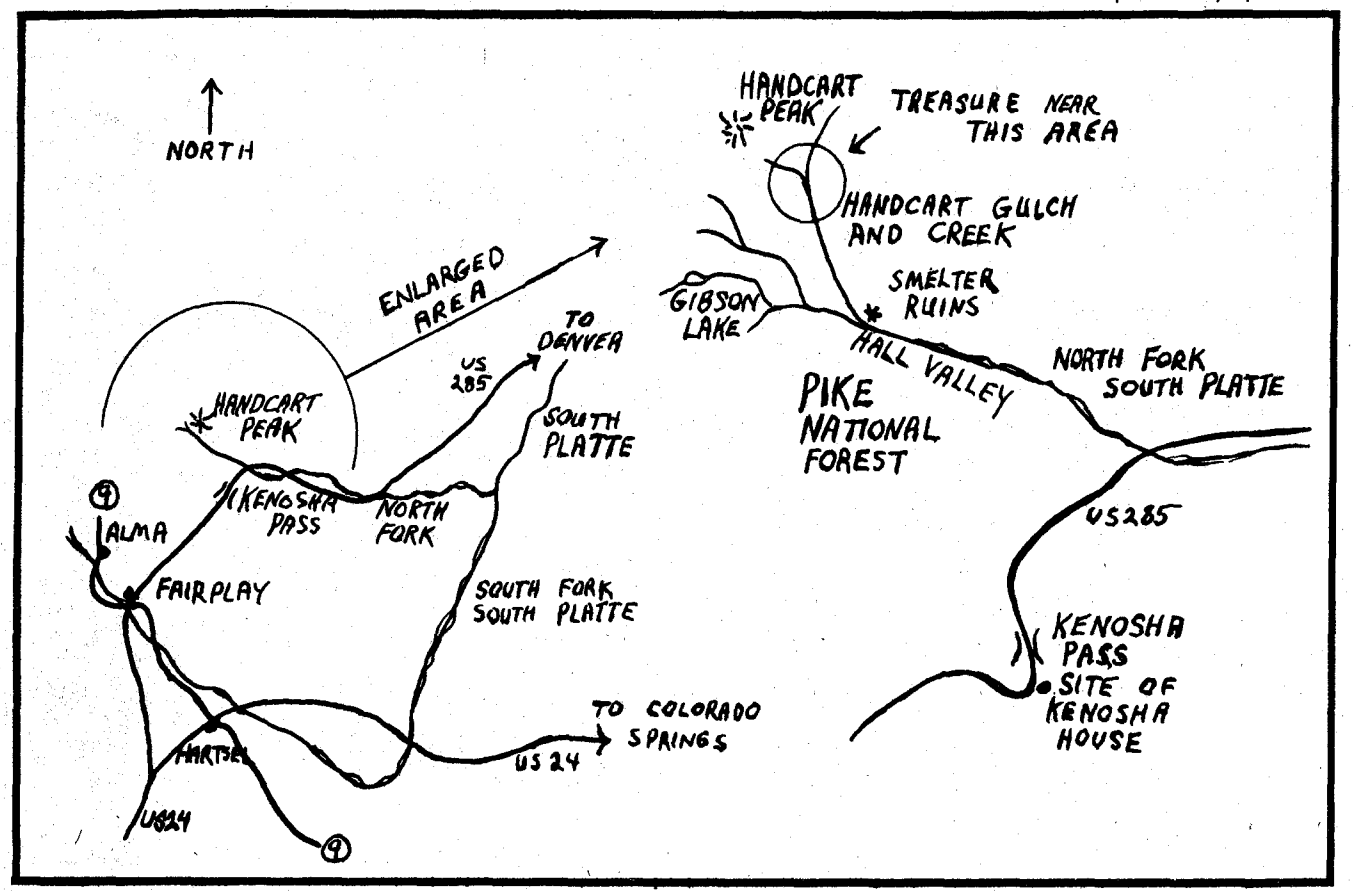
Maps drawn by Cy Martin



Maps of Handcart Peak area.

the gang had vanished. They also found the dead body of Owen Singletary, along with some disregarded supplies. Scattered about were two coats, six blankets, two revolvers, a shotgun, four pairs of gloves, a lot of hairpins, three pairs of saddle bags, four muskets, one telescope, and sundry other items. Near the extinguished campfire were several letters taken from the stage and a few greenbacks.

The gang, now reduced to eight, fled in different directions. Tom Holloman rode off and reached a house near Canon City where he holed up to get some much needed rest. Unfortunately for him, the posse also took off in different directions, so one group arrived at the house just a few hours after Holloman and took him into custody. Holloman was anything but the typical legendary villain, for when the posse arrived, he simply fainted. After being revived, he agreed to tell all and was taken to the Fairplay jail for safe keeping.

Four other members of the gang returned to the Guiraud's ranch, but the Guirauds were gone and there was no food in the house. Desperate now, the four headed for Fairplay, the only place they could think of where they could get something to eat. On the way they came to a ranch and took it over, much to the terror of the occupants. Taking turns, the four men slept and ate, then disappeared south into the night. Their audacity disturbed Fairplay so much that the town set up a guard detail. One member of the guard got so excited he shot another member through the leg.

Finally, the largest and best equipped posse of all left from Fairplay with Holloman as their guide. There were at least seventy - five armed men with eight wagons of supplies under the command of Captain Shoup. They converged on the gang just a few miles east of Canon, where the posse captured Jim Reynolds and four of his henchmen as the others fled. Captain Shoup brought the five captured members of the gang back to Denver in triumph, where the outlaws were actually greeted as rollicking Robin Hoods of the Old West. Their imprisonment solidified some of the haphazard Southern sentiment present in Denver, which could possibly explain the Army's strange conduct.

The five captives were given a secret military trial, with the only public announcement being that the five men were sentenced to be hanged at Fort Wise on the Arkansas River. Meanwhile two of the remnants of the gang reached Butte Valley on the Huerfano River, where they bought $55 worth of goods and were allowed to go on their way. When Captain Shoup learned of this, he had all of the men in the little village arrested, taken to the mining camp of Buckskin Joe, and tried for harboring Civil War Rebels. Although there was resentment toward the Reynolds gang, the miners' court was unwilling to condemn the Butte Valley men. They were acquitted, and feeling fortunate, indeed, they left the country.

Now a company of Third Colorado Cavalry, under Captain F. Z. Cree, left Denver, and escorted Jim Reynolds and the other four captives toward Fort Wise. What happened next has never been clearly established, except that all the prisoners died suddenly about twenty - five miles south of Denver. One report has it that Cree was told to shoot the men somewhere along the route. Another story says the men were tied to trees when camp was made for the night and they were strangled to death while trying to escape. This could be a way of saying they were simply lynched. Yet still another account had the three men breaking for freedom and being shot. Cree himself said all five of the men were shot while trying to escape.

Next to the Sand Creek Massacre, perhaps no other act by Colorado Volunteers has been so condemned, for the story was finally told by the old western scout, Uncle Dick

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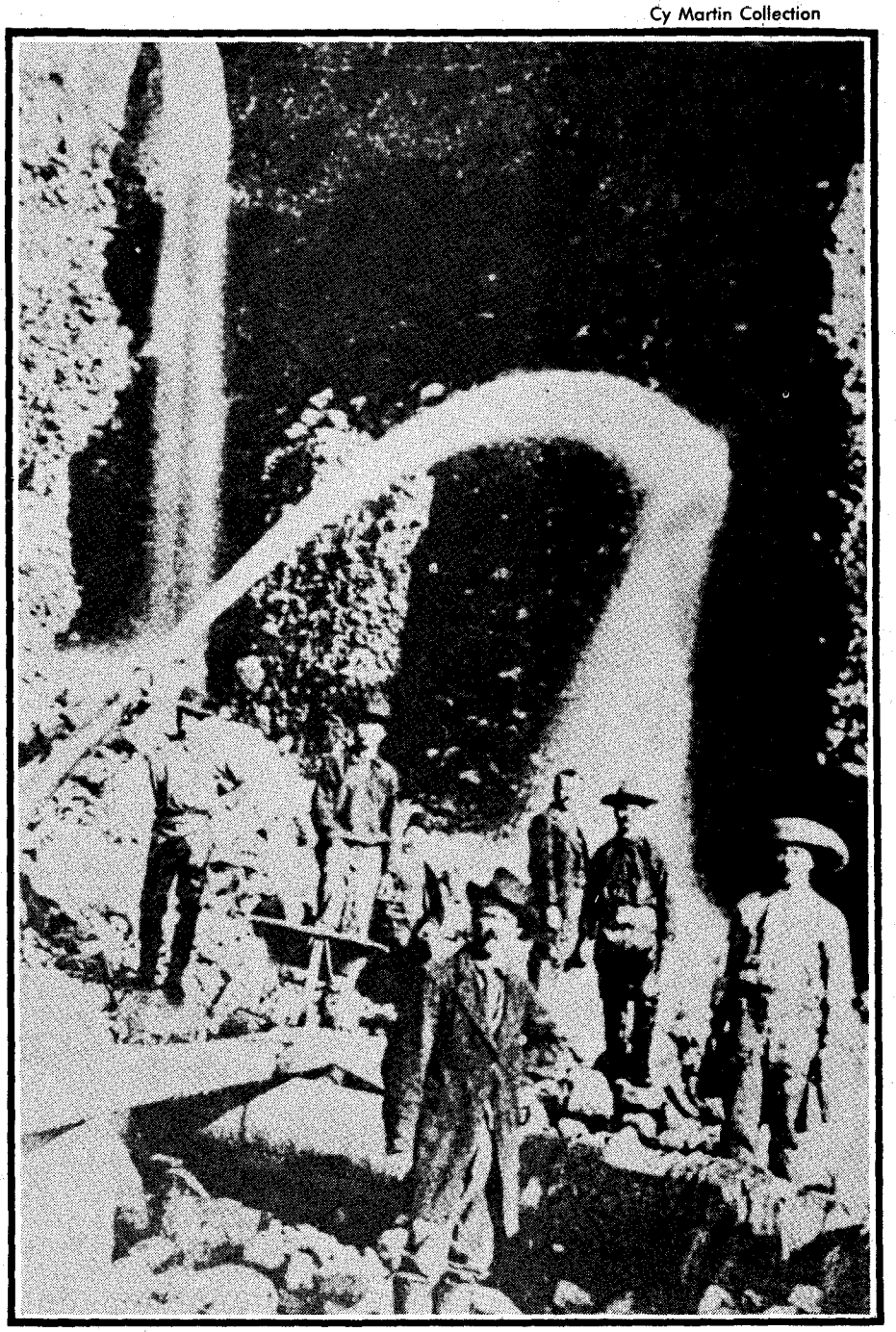

The Alma Hydraulic workings in 1880. Gold from the hydraulic and placer workings in South Park made up much of the Reynolds gang loot.

Wooton. Uncle Dick, who made frequent trips between Denver and Pueblo, reported he saw the skeletons of the men standing upright in their boots, lashed to trees, their clothing hanging in shreds and their skulls containing bullet holes. Uncle Dick always contended that these skeletons were a part of the Reynolds gang, massacred by the Volunteers.

For an entire company of soldiers to have witnessed the end of the trail for the bandits, and to have kept the story secret, seems quite remarkable; but apparently that's what actually happened. Captain Cree and his men all declined to make any statements. Early Colorado historian, Frank Hall, said the whole affair was "unworthy of civilized people."

It is here the legend really begins, for one of the prisoners told his captors the loot from the stage holdup, as well as the loot from the New Mexico holdup, was buried near one of the camps of the Reynolds gang. He also said Jim Reynolds always carried a crude dagger made from a file, and this dagger was used to slit open the mail. He claimed that Jim drove this dagger into a dead tree, a few hundred feet from where the loot was finally buried.

Of the four who escaped, Jake Stowe died of wounds he received in the original ambush shortly after he reached New Mexico. John Andrews was killed in a barroom brawl, while John Reynolds, the brother of Jim, bummed around, gambling here and there until 1871. Then he thought it was safe to return to Colorado for the treasure. But he was caught stealing horses and was hanged. Reynolds apparently told his executioner of the treasure and drew a crude map of its location.

The executioner of John Reynolds gave the map to Albert Brown of Denver, who, with J. N. Cochran, followed the directions on the map carefully, traveling up Geneva Gulch, where the treasure was said to be buried. They claimed they found evidence of the Reynolds ambush, including the skeleton of Singletary's body. Some of the landmarks on the map were trees, and the two men were very disgusted to find that most of the trees in the area burned in a recent forest fire. They searched and searched for the next several years, but never found the treasure.

Then another story came out about eighty-five years ago when an eighty-year-old man named Tex Taylor, who worked for W. L. Crow, claimed he was a nephew of one of the Reynolds gang. Old Tex said his uncle was wounded badly, but he escaped to New Mexico and made his way to relatives in California. He died there before he could return to Colorado, but Old Tex claimed he told him about the dagger, the marked tree, and a stone barricade. Tex also claimed the treasure was near the grave of Dan O'Malley, one of the gang who was shot through the head during an argument with Jim Reynolds, and not far from the dagger tree.

Old Tex died without finding the bandit gold, but Crow's son, Vernon, knew the story, as it was handed down through the years. He didn't think much about it until one day about forty years ago, when he was looking around for arrowheads on Handcart Gulch. There he saw a handle protruding from a long-dead tree, up near timberline. He pulled and out came a dagger, obviously homemade.

Could this be the Reynolds marker? He wasn't sure. Five years later, Crow was still searching and found a hidden park at the lower end of the gulch. There he found an old stone breastworks, just as Tex said.

A short distance in back of the barricade, Crow found the ruins of the old stone corral. A year later, he found a crude cross cut in the bark of an old tree, and a few feet away was a large rock resembling a gravestone. To satisfy himself, Crow and his nephew dug down about four feet.

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There they uncovered the skeleton of a man buried with his boots on, and there was a bullet hole in his forehead. But Vernon Crow didn't find the treasure!

Until then, the treasure seekers concentrated their search for the lost Reynolds loot along the headwaters of Deer and Elk creeks. But when a rusted knife made from a file was found buried in a tree by Vernon Crow, interest centered on Handcart Gulch. The broken knife was regarded as a red-hot clue. Handcart Gulch received a going over by an army of fortune hunters. Today some interest remains in Elk, Deer, and Geneva creeks, but most of the people who seek the Reynolds' gang lost loot are convinced it lies buried somewhere in Handcart Gulch.

Carolyn Bancroft, able Colorado historian that she is, claims "That it was buried there — the loot of the stagecoach robberies, ..." She also claims that the treasure amounts to $75,000 to $100,000 in currency, diamonds and other jewelry, along with gold and gold amalgam. The very first written account of the Reynolds' Treasure was in General J. W. Cook's book, *Hands Up* which was published in 1897. Cook was chief of U. S. government detectives in Colorado in 1864, and he organized the Fairplay posse.

Being a detective and having chased the Reynolds gang, Cook was accepted as an authority. Highly melodramatic articles appeared in the *Rocky Mountain News.* Of course, all these were confirmed by Cook. He even enlarged the tales of buried treasure until it soon became a part of Colorado folklore.

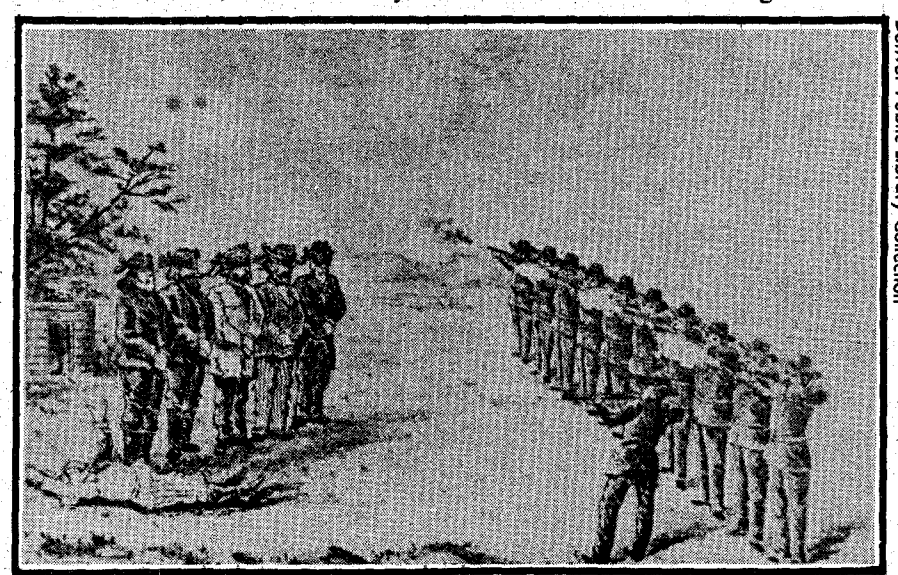
In sifting all the facts, it seems that the location of the treasure area is a good distance up Handcart Gulch. The trail starts at the ghost town of Hall Valley, about ten miles northwest of Grant and just below the ruins of the old Hall Valley smelter site which was built in the 1870's. Following the creek toward its source, through the aspens and spruce trees, one travels up a sharp grade where it is almost impossible to see any trail. But about a half a mile upstream are stone breastworks which most people mistake for a natural rock ledge. Still up the trail a little further is a hidden part with a line of stones near its center.

In the trees at the edge of the clearing, timbers lie where they fell, side by side in what was once a solid wall of logs. Even the ax marks are still faintly visible. A mile or more farther up stream is the grave of Dan O'Malley, and near to the grave a large iron spring bubbles on the right-hand bank of the creek. This upsets most modern treasure hunters, for electronic detectors cannot be used; even a magnectic compass goes crazy in the area because there is so much iron in the surrounding soil.

Colorado is an ideal setting for such a tale of lost gold, for Colorado is more mountainous than any other state except Alaska. Colorado has more high and rugged mountains and the summers are short, with snow not an uncommon thing on the 4th of July. Even today, people become lost in the Colorado Rockies, despite our modern roads and facilities and ever-growing population. If it's easy to get yourself lost in some of the rugged areas of Colorado, think how easy it would be to lose a treasure in the heavily wooded or rugged mountain country.

No matter what kind of marker is left in the mountains in the late summer or in the fall, on returning the following spring it is almost impossible to find. Many, many sections of Colorado contain mile after mile of similar terrain and similar landmarks. Not only that, to make matters worse, the face of the land is constantly changing with the seasons. A river changes its course, run-off water washes out a prominent tree, or the tree is struck by lightning and burns; rock slides and snow slides carve out a new face on the mountain and cover the markers at the foot of the hill.

Historians down through the last



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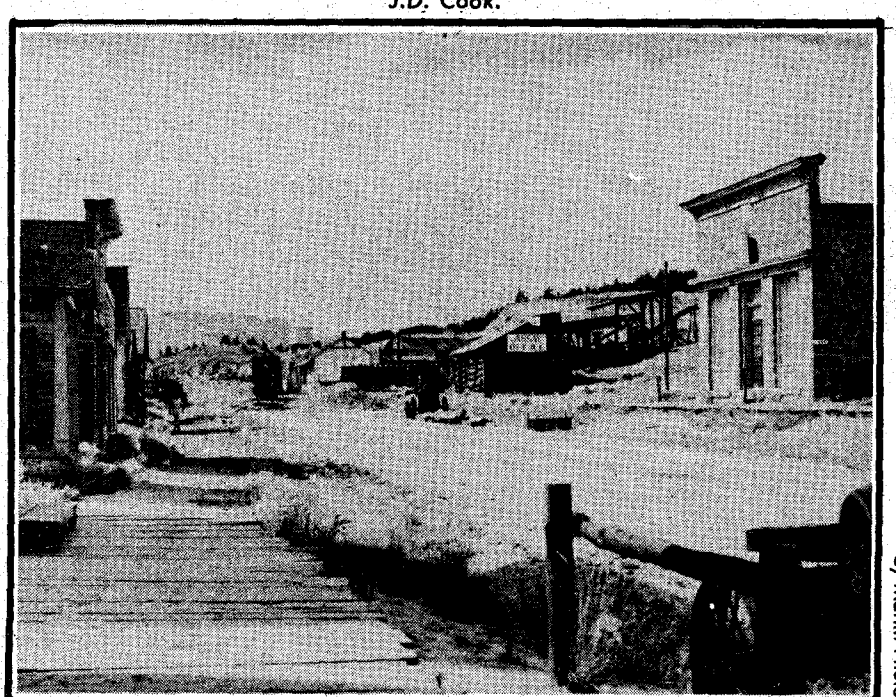
A fallacious drawing of the execution of the Reynolds gang from HANDS UP by J.D. Cook.



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South Park City as it appeared in 1966.

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On the road to Pikes Peak, as seen by an artist for HARPER'S WEEKLY, August 13, 1859. The Reynods gang robbed wagons like these of their gold dust.

hundred years are pretty certain the Reynolds' Treasure is still there, although they never cared much about looking for it. It's only a few mavericks that believe some long-ago and well-informed person stole up Handcart Gulch and dug up the treasure. If you do decide to look for it, don't tell anyone who sent you. The Forest Service Rangers are sick of all this treasure talk. They wish people would never hear of the "Lost Loot of the Reynolds Gang."

Footnote: These location numbers are based on the U.S. Government maps where the locations of areas are in terms of a township and range. The number after "T" is the township number, and the number after "R" is the range number. Using this system and a National Forest Service map (free), one can locate the area discussed in this article. The location of the treasure in this article is T. 7 S, R. 75 W. Sixth Principle Meridians.

●RW

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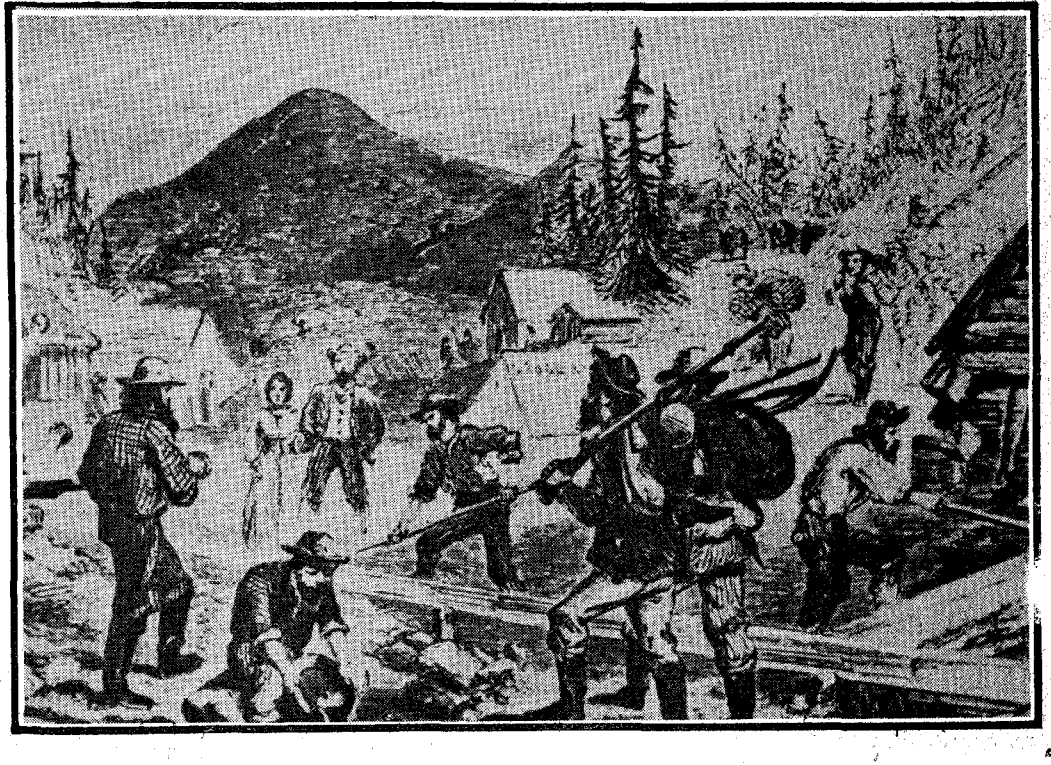

Colorado miners at work in a gulch. Most of the men got their gold this way. (Probably drawn for HARPER'S WEEKLY.)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Thomas A. Frazier

Two correspondents have contacted us to settle an argument about the animal called "cayuse." One says it refers to any Western horse, and the other insists it applies to one particular breed. As usual, we take shelter behind recognized authorities, in this case Francis Haines, author of "The Cayuse Horse" (Western Horseman, Vol. II No. 2, March - April 1937). Mr. Haines said that the word "cayuse" originally applied to the wild horse of Oregon, named after the Cayuse Indians who captured and bred them. The Northern cowboy now uses the word to indicate any horse. At first the term was restricted to the Western horse, to distinguish it from a horse brought from the East. Sometimes it is used as a term of contempt to be applied to any scrubby, undersized horse. With these facts, you can settle your own argument.

Q. I read recently with some surprise that the infamous gunman, John Wesley Hardin, was an attorney - at - law. Was he a lawyer who went bad, like Doc Holliday was a dentist who went bad? V. Bentsin, Kansas City, Mo.
A. John Wesley Hardin was a bad man long before he became a lawyer. He studied law in prison and after his release was admitted into the bar. You must remember that requirements those days weren't as stringent as today.

Q. How many people were in California, and how many in San Francisco in 1850 when gold was discovered? L. Bierne, Cedar Falls, Iowa.
A. It was in 1848 when gold was discovered. At the time there were scarcely 20,000 people in all of California, and a scant 1,000 in San Francisco.

Q. Was Joaquin Miller, the "Poet of California," a native? Why was he so fond of the bandit Joaquin Murieta? B. Boone, Carson City, Nev.
A. We think that his correct title was "Poet of the Sierra." He was born in Liberty, Indiana in 1839 as Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. He later took the name "Joaquin" in honor of Murieta. We are at a loss to explain his fascination with the (in our opinion) brutal, murderous outlaw.

Q. How much did it cost to send a letter by the famous Pony Express? D. Dandridge, Bowling Green, KY.
A. We couldn't afford it nowadays. It was $5.00 per half ounce and under.

Q. What state was the bandit Black Bart born in? Was he a captain in the Army as he said he was? F. Fortin, Independence, Mo.
A. That intriguing character, Black Bart, was not born in any of our states — he was a Briton, coming to California from Decatur, Illinois. He was never a captain, but he was a first sergeant in the Civil War, being honorably discharged from Company B of the 116th Illinois Volunteer Infantry Regiment.

Q. What state were the Comanchero Indians native to? L. Senn, Canton, O.
A. We are glad of the opportunity to correct this common error. The Comancheros were not Indians; they were Mexicans who traded with the Comanche Indians.

Q. Didn't James Marshall get any reward or recompense for discovering gold in California? When did he die? W. Ederle, Glendale, Ariz.
A. Poor Marshall, after laboring in unlucky diggings, lived a life of poverty, performing menial jobs. Belatedly, California voted him a small pension which they discontinued after two years, saying he spent too much on alcohol. He died in 1885. After his death, ironically, California erected a splendid monument to his memory. The thousands of dollars thus spent, plus the salary of a caretaker, would have been appreciated by Marshall during his sad life.

Q. What were the charges advanced against General Custer during his famous court - martial? Q. Silviera, Carlsbad, N.M.
A. Being absent without leave from his command (he went to visit his wife); ordering deserters to be shot without trial; forbidding medical treatment of wounded deserters (one died); overmarching and damaging horses; unauthorized use of military ambulance for private use; failure to relieve a detachment of his command which was under Indian attack; and, failure to recover casualties.

Q. I own an old book titled THE ONLY TRUE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF FRANK JAMES, WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. It was published in 1926. Did Frank James really write this book? Is it worth anything? L. Coute, Huntsville, Ala.
A. This book is well known to students of Western bibliography as a fake. One authority described it as "maudlin, illiterate, vague, confused, pathetic." It almost certainly was not written by Frank James, for it is full of inaccuracies. It may be worth something to a collector for his own reasons.

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WHEN WELLS FARGO HIRED A BANDIT

By
Richard Taylor

One of the most humorous stories about the highwaymen who plagued the Wells Fargo Stageline in Nevada is that of Jack Harris, a bandit who had both the imagination and fortitude to carry out his ideas.

Harris's daring series of stage robberies took place in the roaring, guzzling, wenching days of Pioche, Nevada during the 1870's. At that time, this quiet little hamlet of today was one of the roughest mining camps of the west. There was a funeral almost every day, and usually the deceased had not died from natural causes. It was a sort of revered fact that the first seventy-five tombstones in the cemetery marked the graves of men who had gone down in blazing gun battles.

During times when rich, new ore bodies were discovered, it was not uncommon for hired gunmen to be brought in at the rate of nearly two dozen a day to protect the newly staked claims.

It was up to the Wells Fargo Company to carry the wealth of gold and silver coin needed to meet the huge mine payrolls, and Jack Harris felt that it was his duty to relieve them of their burden as much as possible.

This intrepid, lone bandit seemed to have a natural talent for waylaying the stages on their way to Pioche. So sudden and unexpected were his appearances that a gun was never fired.

Even the local Wells Fargo detective, try as he might, could never prove that Harris was the bandit, and the stage drivers he robbed could never be absolutely certain of his identity.

Finally the stage-company officials decided it would be easier and far less expensive to pay Harris a weekly salary if he would agree to be waiting on the express company's porch when each stagecoach arrived. Though nothing was said in the agreement about halting the holdups, it was felt that this would eliminate the robberies and satisfy everyone concerned.

Of course, Harris agreed readily to this proposition, and accordingly, he arrived at the stage company station each day several minutes in advance of the stagecoach. He was always well dressed and greeted the drivers with a faintly derisive smile and a look of humor in his steel-grey eyes; however, this didn't solve the problem for the Wells Fargo People.

Their stages were still being robbed as regularly as ever. They didn't know that Jack Harris had an exceptionally fast horse that enabled him to continue as a highwayman and still hold up his end of the bargain.

Harris was still waylaying the stages a few miles out of Pioche, relieving the drivers of their valuable cargoes and then racing back to town, via a shortcut, performing a quick change of clothes, and arriving at the station in time to be there well in advance of the stage.

He drew a good many weekly paychecks before the company finally took him off their payroll, after deciding to try some other method of halting the robberies. ●RW

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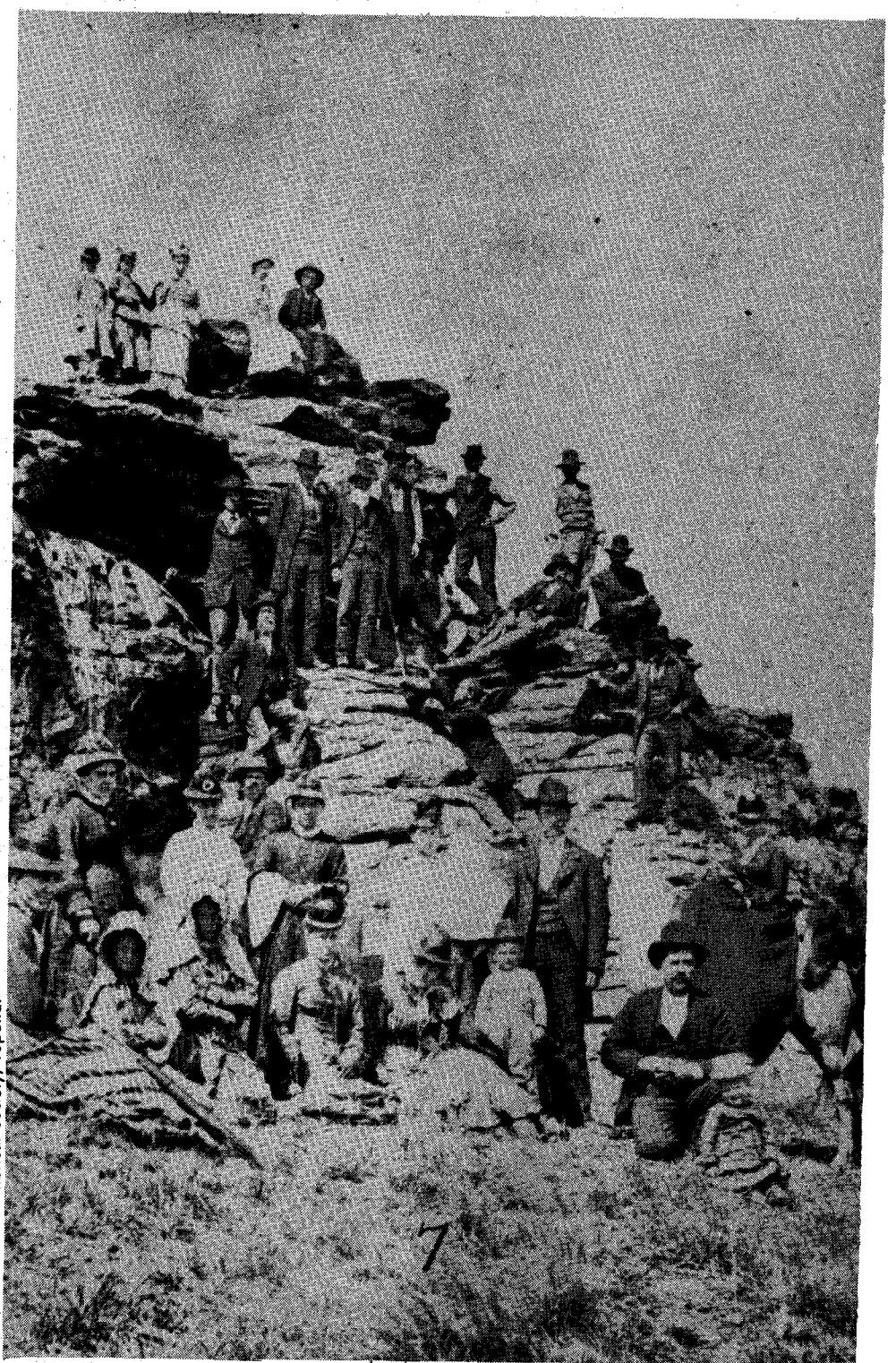
PAWNEE ROCK.. Ancient Sentinel Of The Plains

By Betty Mazzacano

Thundering across the prairie on their swift ponies, the warring band of Pawnees headed for their only chance for survival, refuge behind the big sandstone bluff south of the river's bend. In close pursuit came their foes, the Plains Indians, a mixed band of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches and Sioux.

Three days later, the bloody battle was over; the Pawnees lay dead to a man on the scarred sides of the big rock. Although they had found some protection in its steep crags, they had been outnumbered ten to one and had perished. Later, their name was given to the battle site, and it became known as Pawnee Rock. Its presence, however, this strange outcropping in the midst of the rolling Kansas prairie, remains as much of a mystery now as it was in the days of the Indian wars.

Even earlier, in 1541, the rock was a landmark for the followers of Coronado, led by the black man Estaban, who searched in vain for the fabled Seven Cities of Cibola. The northernmost point of of Quivera lay only a few miles beyond Pawnee Rock.



Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka.

Group of immigrants on Pawnee Rock, 1879.

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Coronado's men may have paused in their search for gold and jewels to wonder about this strange rock in the wilderness.

Other explorations followed Coronado's: among them Spanish missionaries, zealously striving to bring the Holy Word to the heathens; Frenchmen, trading and trapping their way through a new land; explorers such as Zebulon Pike, who later found fame in the rugged Rockies not too distant; adventurers and outlaws, fleeing from their pasts.

Pack trains traveled between the Missouri river and Santa Fe, even before the area was mapped by cartographers. They often followed the Arkansas river, past the big bend, and made camp on the sloping sides of Pawnee Rock. That ancient compulsion to leave traces of conquest was evidenced by the many names of these early visitors carved into the sandstone sides of the rock. The Indian signs were joined by French names. Well - known names of history, among them Kit Carson, John Sherman, John Freeman, and, surprisingly, Robert E. Lee, could be found carved into almost inaccessible crannies. Later, the familiar hearts and initials of early-day sweethearts joined the array.

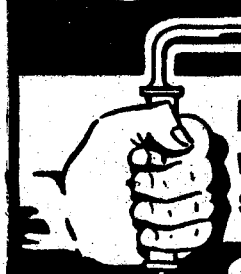
When the Santa Fe Trail was established in the 1840's and became the path across the "sea of grass" traversed by hardy pioneers, a branch of the trail passed within yards of the rock. The shadowy mass was always approached by the wagon trains with dread. They never knew if death awaited them at the hands of hostile Indians, who sometimes hid behind this natural fortress until wagons came within range. Fort Larned, Fort Zarah and Fort Harker were built nearby and staffed with cavalrymen who could ride quickly to the aid of wagon trains when word came of an Indian attack.

When the railroad forged a new path through the prairie, it, too, passed nearby. It ended the era of the covered wagon and signalled the end of the Indians, who were moved into the Oklahoma territory reservations.

There were other, wilder creatures, which far outnumbered any human inhabitants of the prairies. These were the huge herds of buffalo, more correctly called bison, found grazing all through the midwestern plains. The red man and white man alike depended upon the plentiful buffalo for much of their food and clothing. The Indians had hunted buffalo for many centuries, taking only what they needed for survival, not disturbing the balance of nature. But the white man learned quickly that buffalo hides and bones brought fancy

(continued on page 64)

BURIED TREASURE



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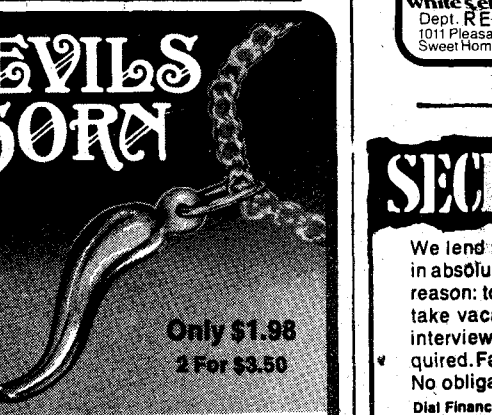

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(continued from page 36)

became more keen, and the Independent Order of Boomers led by "Boomer" Pete gradually faded away. Thus passed a rugged era, for Boomers were generous, worldly wise, self-assured, often to the point of insolence. Humorous, resourceful, and given to bragging, but in spite of it all, they were a likeable lot.

They knew Western railroad operation better than the home guard, because they circulated widely and were continually picking up new kinks. They took chances and they often thumbed their noses at the officials. Most of them chewed tobacco and drank too much redeye. Still it seemed to require plenty of redeye and "Taos Lightning" to make some fellows even want to railroad in the wooden-axle days when the industry was young, hard, and sprinkled with blood.

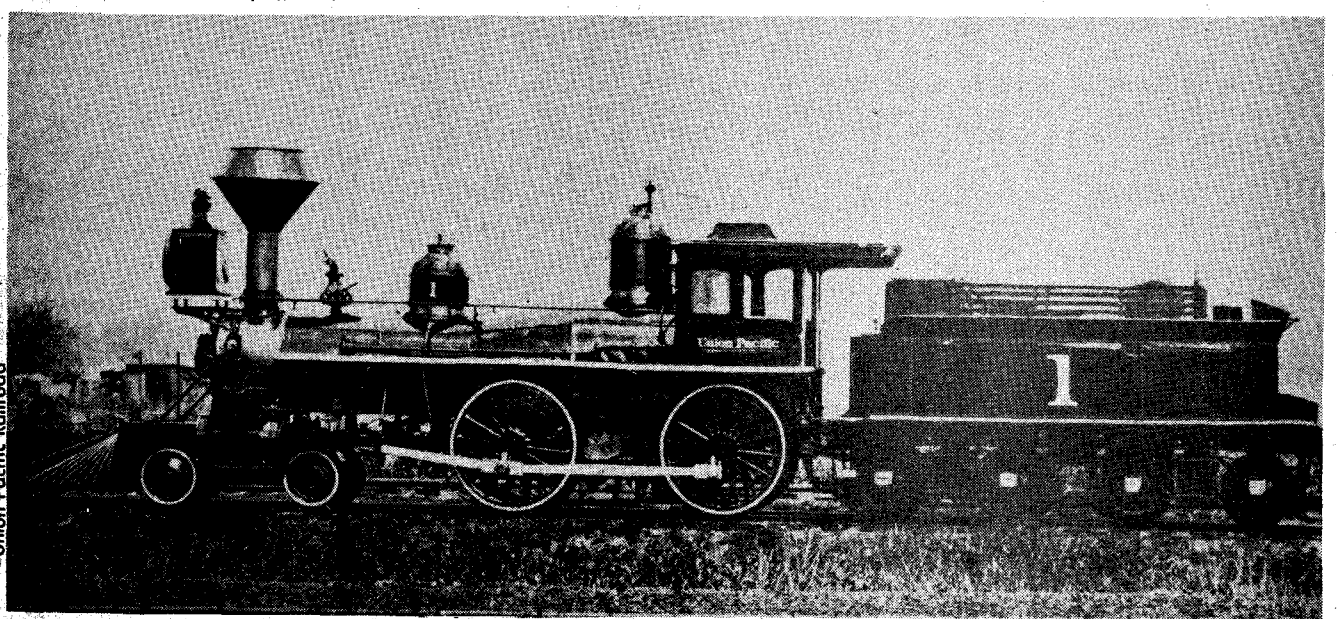
Then there were the hazards of wrecks and other byproducts of mischance. Throughout most of the '80's and 90's, the possibilities of disaster when traveling by the steam cars were very real, and experienced travelers made a point of finding seats or berths near the middle of the train. These were the least vulnerable, either in the event of a head-on wreck or a rear-end collision.

The causes of the worst wrecks in the nineteenth century were defective bridges and the hot car stove. The

(continued on page 58)

Association of American Railroads

Making up an upper bunk in the 1880's.



Union Pacific Railroad

The GENERAL SHERMAN Locomotive #1 on the Union Pacific. It was brought to Omaha by steamboat in June, 1865.

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"A RUN FOR LIFE INTO GRIM HORROR!"

By Clarence M. Fink

No man in his right mind traveled alone after the summer of 1849 into the Gold Rush country. A wave of murders and robberies turned the highways and byways into jungle-terror trails, and the numerous bandits brought an influx of appalling crime to the area. For the hardy emigrants, who were fortunate enough to escape Apaches, dread cholera, starvation and death on the desert, soon found to their own consternation that there was no safe or peaceful way to the mines.

J. Ross Browne, representative of the postal service, as well as confidential agent of the U.S. Treasury Department, rode a burro from San Francisco to San Luis Obispo and barely survived with his life after escaping from his encounter with brigands on the road near San Miguel.

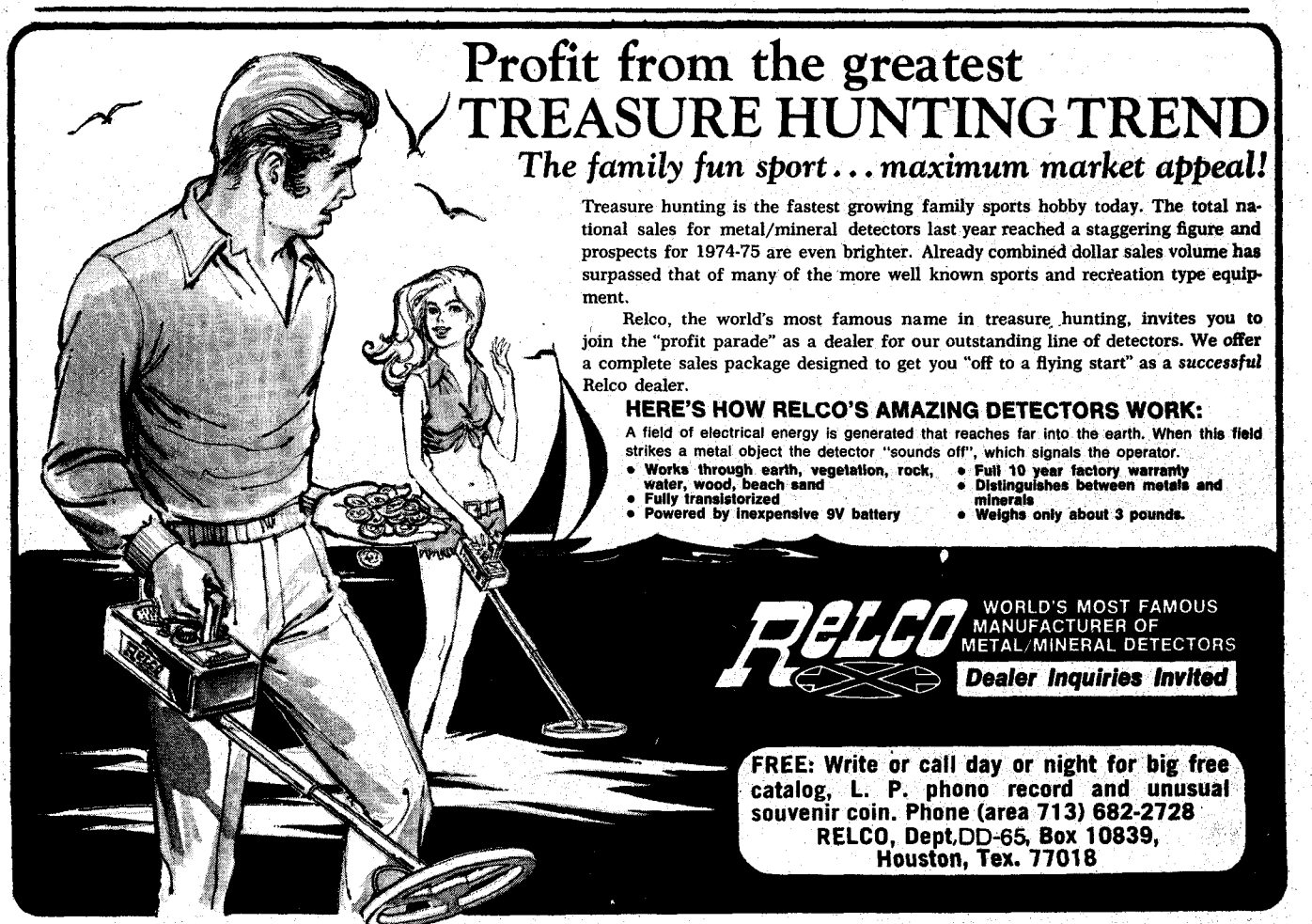
Breaking away from his attackers, he fled swiftly on foot for two days and nights to elude and hide from his pursuers, who followed relentlessly with the intensity of a pack of wolves. At last he desperately shook them off by entering an abandoned house in pitch darkness; he dropped from exhaustion without exploring his newly found refuge.

Browne awoke from a deep sleep to a shock of nauseating horror. The scene that met his gaze sickened him. A terrifying spectacle revealed itself; he found himself ringed in with a grisly array of roommates lying stiff and dead. The corpse lying nearest him was a middle-aged man with his skull slit completely open; imprinted upon his features was a gargoyle look of terror. On the other side of him was a woman, the dead man's wife, with her clothes ripped from her body, her head nearly severed from her neck, regarding the treasury agent grotesquely in death.

The most pitiful sight of all were the two children lying prone before him, their lives cut short by savage blows from a sharp axe. He thought of his own children and shuddered involuntarily. Here was an emigrant family who had used this temporary house as a haven from harm, little realizing that a human jackal had already scented them as its prey.

Browne knew that law enforcement officers were too few and far between to cope with such violent crimes and brutality to punish the real perpetrator. There in the midst of death, he thanked God for his own life and safety, and prayed that the murderer be caught and brought to justice for this revolting outrage. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCE: *The Golden Road*, by Felix Riesenber, Jr., New York, 1962.



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WESTERN TRAINS

(continued from page 56)

Association of American Railroads

Some people were not used to Pullmans!

possibilities for fire from a red-hot "cannonball" stove in a wooden passenger coach which might go into a ditch because of derailment were enormous. Wrecks with the greatest casualty lists were always accompanied by fire.

The building of railroad bridges and trestles was as new as railroading itself, and where stone was not handy, wooden spans were constructed a long a variety of deplorable patters, all vulnerable to fire and the elements.

The year 1887 was when railroad accidents reached an all-time high. This was the beginning of the age of speed, with car construction still primitive. Air brakes were not invented, and the car stove was universal. The How truss bridge was guilty of scores of such catastrophes, but still in common use. The year 1887 was highlighted by major rail disasters at Tiffin, Ohio; White River, Vermont; Forest Hills near Boston; and the terrible Chatsworth wreck in Ohio.

It was just a few years after, Kate Shelley, the daughter of a Boone, Iowa section hand, braved a tornado and waved a passenger train to an emergency stop just feet before the scene of a mainline bridge washout. To this day a Kate Shelley memorial fountain stands in the public square of Dubuque, Iowa.

For some reason, not altogether apparent from the actual record, railway accidents in the East far overshadowed those west of the Mississippi. Perhaps it was because during the 1880's a single passenger train in each direction was sufficient for the daily transcontinental traffic on the Union Pacific and elsewhere in the West; passenger trains were still infrequent.

Only in Colorado, where the narrow gauges flowered, were there a great number of mishaps, with the majority of them a result of the hazards of mountain operations. The little, narrow - gauge varnish trains frequently ran into each other in blind cuts or on abrupt curves. Sometimes they toppled from cliffs hundreds of feet above the river bed. Still, their casualty lists were astonishingly low.

For years, out West, two ways were open to the traveler whose ride on the steam cars took longer than the conventional time between meals. He might carry a show box, or he might depend upon railroad eating houses. Here, the trains would stop for twenty minutes while the passengers descended and engaged in a losing battle with greedy managers and horrendous food. The railroad eating house became a standard item of music - hall humor, that is, until the days of Fred Harvey.

Now and then some rail - side lunchroom out West achieved a fair renown for its antelope steak, its buckwheat cakes, or its homemade pies. But generally, there was only terror and dismay lurking for the traveler, along with the inevitable dyspepsia. The first diner was placed in service on the Chicago & Alton in 1868 and was an instant success. Ten years later, diners ran on all mainline Western railroads. For 75¢ the traveler could have his choice of buffalo, elk, antelope, beefsteak, mutton chops and grouse.

Even so, the fly-blown hash houses, where the non - extra - fare train stopped at morning, lunchtime and dinner, were common. The story of Fred Harvey is a true Western success story of a man who liked good food — one who was first revolted, and then acquired ulcers as a result of eating in railroad restaurants. He opened a railroad restaurant of his own in the Topeka depot and quickly gained a reputation. From this start his chain spread until at his death in 1902; he owned and operated fifteen hotels, forty - seven restaurants, and fifteen dining cars.

Harvey always outfitted his eating houses with the best of everything, and he avoided the Gold - tooth Tessies and the Dirty Gerties of the hash - house tradition as waitresses. Instead, he employed respectable young women of good morals and neat appearance. And it wasn't long before the Harvey House girl became celebrated in song and verse.

But today, as the sun of the steam cars is dimmed, the trains which were familiar for nearly a hundred years out West are replaced by the automobile and the jet airplane. Still, the freights roll out West, obedient to the rails, through the prairies and deserts, over lofty trestles in the mountains, pulled by diesels instead of a proud steam engine with its reciprocating side rods.

But these steam cars opened the West and built many a boom town as "Hell on wheels." The Western railroads populated our great American West. Lured by the promise of American plenty and persuaded by the propaganda of the Western railroads, the emigrants flowed into the West over the iron trail to build many of our Western cities.

With the passing of the steam cars went many, many happy memories of our nation's youth and of the brave years of the West. The railroads quickened the pulse as only ships have done before. The railroads gave the American West a substantial portion of its history and character, and they, in turn, gave the West its future of prosperity. ●**RW**

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On page 132 of Dr. Kadans' book, you'll discover a certain vegetable oil that's as close to being an all-purpose "miracle" remedy as you can imagine! According to one of the many researchers I quote from sources other than this book . . .

This vegetable oil was used for EIGHT DECADES by a man who—at 40—suffered from illness that impaired his vision and hearing. He says, "My eyes were very painful . . . a film gathered over them. My hearing . . . quite dull and growing worse." Then he heard about this oil.

Immediately he applied it to his eyes and eyelids. The improvement was so pronounced that: "I used the oil freely about the ears externally, and put drops of oil into the ears . . . In a very short time my sight and hearing were entirely restored!"

OVERCOMES STIFFNESS IN SPINE, HIPS, SHOULDERS, AND KNEES! When he was in his sixties, this man's knees refused to bend and his backbone was so stiff that he cried out in pain. He now applied the same oil with a vigorous rub to his spine, hips, shoulders, knees, elbows, and other stiff areas. Apparently it worked so well that by age 108 he was riding a bicycle, dancing, and walking 20 miles a day!

THE VEGETABLE OIL THAT RELIEVED GALL BLADDER TROUBLES!

According to Dr. Kadans, on page 132 of his book, this oil stimulates contractions of the gall bladder and is valuable for many gall-bladder ailments.

In the October-December, 1962 issue of *Minerva Dietologica,* another doctor also reports that this oil is a valuable preventive against gallstones, greatly favoring complete emptying of the gall bladder. These findings were confirmed by an International News Service release. And back in 1893, a doctor reported that a gallstone lost 68% of its weight in two days when immersed in this pure vegetable oil.

ULCERS HEALED! In a medical-health publication, a doctor reports that he treats his ulcer patients with this same oil. After this treatment, a friend is now able to eat the hottest Mexican spices!

> "And God said, Behold, I have given you every herb bearing *seed,* which is upon the face of the earth, and every tree, in which is the *fruit* of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat." **(Genesis 1:29)**

BURSITIS HEALED! A woman suffering from painful bursitis in the shoulder decided to try this oil. Before long, she was able to raise her arm above her head, and has had no further attacks of bursitis since!

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Results of a scientific study, says another expert, indicate that this oil may be an important factor in the very low rate of heart and artery disease among middle-aged men in Greece! Out of ONE THOUSAND TWO HUNDRED FIFTEEN men examined, *only four cases* of heart or artery disease were found in six years! This oil is an important part of the Grecian diet. According to studies made in France, it seems to reduce cholesterol by as much as 26%.

LIVER PROBLEMS HEALED! On page 100, Dr. Kadans tells you how to use a certain common green plant, recommended for cleansing the liver and spleen. Says another authority: "Hepatitis, or inflammation of the liver, and jaundice, when uncomplicated, readily yield to it." Around 75 years ago, one doctor claimed that the root of this vegetable relieved liver trouble that had afflicted him for 15 years!

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For example, if you have stomach cramps, just run your finger down the INDEX till you come to *STOMACH CRAMPS, HELP FOR . . .* and you will find the exact fruit, nut, or vegetable recommended—plus the page number that gives details!

Running down the list, we find:

A common fruit, which Dr. Kadans shows you how to use on page 136, that—according to one researcher—helps protect against *indigestion . . . . . gas . . . heartburn . . . sour stomach.* Modern research shows that this fruit contains a powerful enzyme that cleanses the system! One doctor tells how he treated *painful hemorrhoids* with this enzyme, and in three days a 52-year-old woman's improvement was regarded complete; she needed no surgery! With another user, gas pains disappeared like magic!

A common nut, page 175, which Dr. Kadans reports is good for constipation, having a definite laxative effect.

KIDNEY AND BLADDER RELIEF

On page 136, Dr. Kadans shows how a common, pleasant-tasting vegetable, often used merely as food decoration, may be used for a wide variety of illnesses but more particularly for dissolving gravel, bladder, and kidney stones.

PROSTATE AND DIABETES

One popular English authority reports some spectacular uses of this same common vegetable. A gentleman in his sixties was unable to pass water. He was suffering from prostate trouble—but because he had diabetes, they couldn't operate. Advised to try a tea made of this same vegetable, he reported he soon could urinate freely and it was found that all traces of sugar had vanished from his urine!

RHEUMATISM AND ARTHRITIS

This same English authority refers to an elderly man who could barely hobble with the aid of two canes. When he drank the vegetable tea, he became well enough to discard the canes! This same humble plant has been hailed as a miracle healer because of its ability to relax stiff fingers and gnarled joints, according to another writer. He tells how a dressmaker's fingers became stiff and unmanageable. Medication was of no avail. But after drinking the vegetable tea daily, her fingers became youthfully nimble again!

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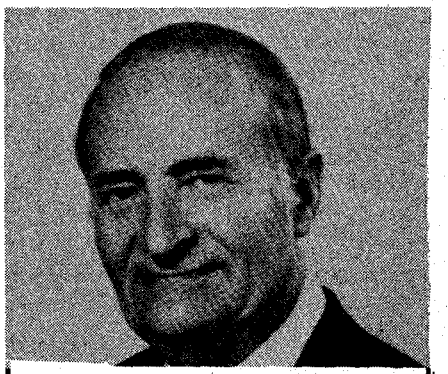

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

JOSEPH M. KADANS, Ph.D., has devoted his life to studying the use of natural food medicines. He has done extensive research on their amazing qualities and has shared his findings with thousands in his writings and lectures. Recognizing his genius, the U.S. Government assigned young Kadans, *at the age of 20,* to edit a health and safety magazine that reached 50,000 employees. He is an alumnus of 10 colleges and universities, and has served on four university faculties. Dr. Kadans is the founder and president of Bernadean University, and is the author of "Modern Encyclopedia of Herbs."

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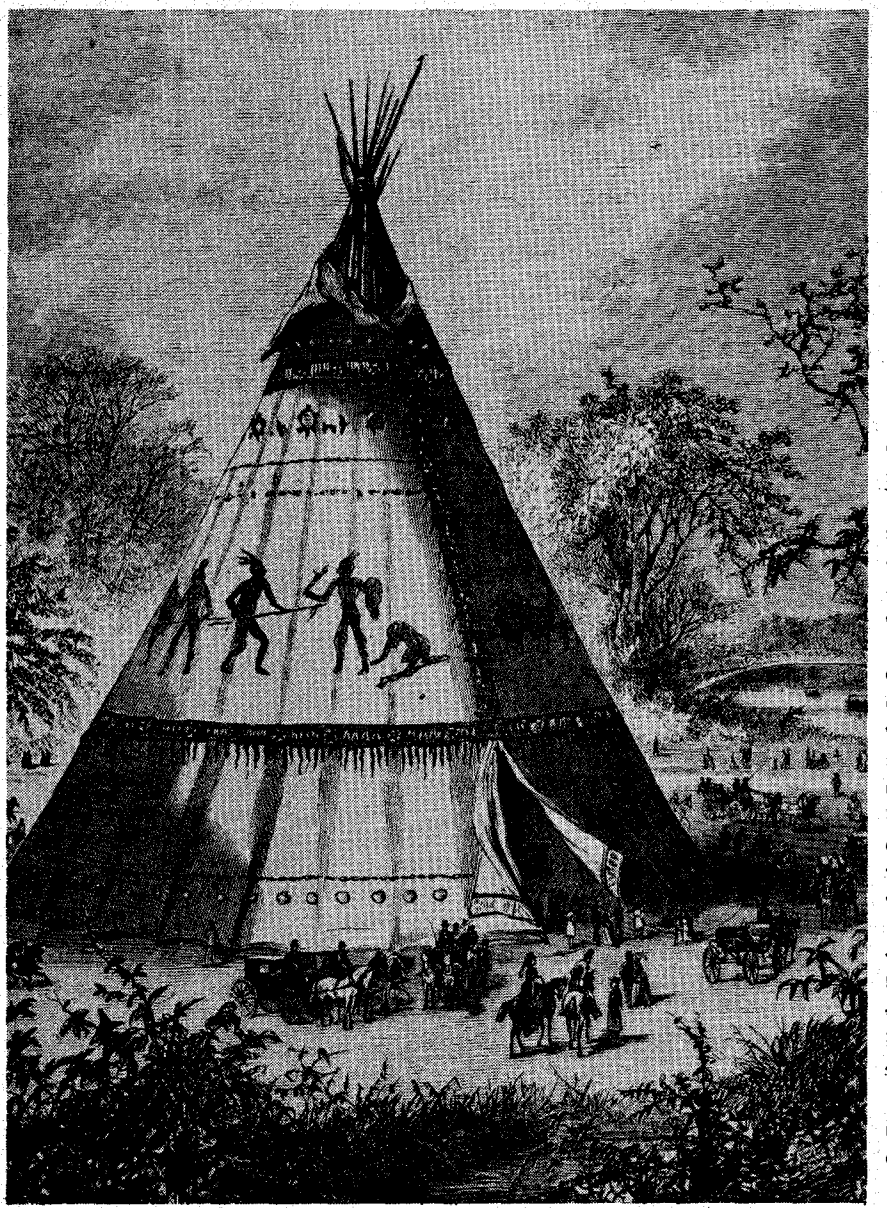
INDIAN TESTIMONIAL PROPOSED IN NEW YORK

From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper
March 2, 1872



Indian wigwam proposed to be erected in Central Park for the preservation of the relics and customs of the American Indian.

It is certainly pleasant to New Yorkers, no less than the public in general, to be assured that with every succeeding year new attractions are to appear in our beautiful Central Park. Statues bear witness that the great men of other nations and times are not fogotten by the generous-hearted of to-day. The Paleontological Museum, if ever completed, will show us the proportions and outlines of animals existing long ages ago, while in the departments of living flowers, birds, and animals, the various countries of the world will have fair representation. And better to the American student than all, there is a probability of the perpetuation of a symbol of aboriginal life, that will be the most unique curiosity about these famous pleasure-grounds.

Mr. George Catlin, the well-known Indian author, traveler and painter, proposes that the Commissioners of the Park erect a sheet-iron tent on a picturesque site, and purchase the results of his forty years life among the Indians of North and South America, for preservation and display therein. His paintings are six hundred in number, and illustrate fully the games, costumes, religious ceremonies and other customs of the race that is being too slowly exterminated.

The tent will be fashioned after a Crow wigwam, brought from the base of the Rocky Mountain by himself. The structure will be seventy-five feet in height, with a base diameter of the same extent. The upper portion being entirely waterproof, will be painted red, while the greater part of the body or centre will be of pale yellow, exhibiting the characteristic scenes in Indian life, such as buffalo-hunting, dancing and scalping parties. Beneath this will be a broad band of scalp-locks and porcupine quills. This, as well as an upper and lower band, will be painted red, and furnished with circular windows of ground glass, so colored that their object will not be discovered from without.

In the centre of the space covered by the wigwam will be placed the original Indian dwelling, while between it and the wall will be two circles of frames intended to support the interesting pictures. Above this will be an arrangement of gauze curtains and flies, by which an even degree of light will be cast on each tier and row of paintings.

If the Commissioners will purchase the pictures and erect the wigwam, Mr. Catlin will personally decorate the exterior without charge, and, if permitted, spend the remainder of an eventful life in explaining these striking reminiscences of aboriginal existence. No more appropriate structure could be erected in the Park.

If the Commissioners do not feel at liberty to purchase the collection, we earnestly suggest that our liberal citizens will club together, and secure these strictly American works. ● **RW**

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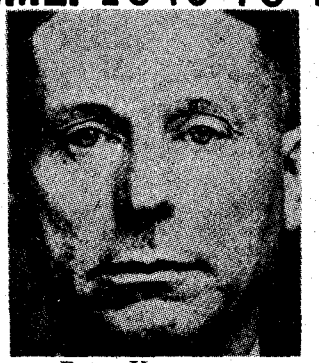


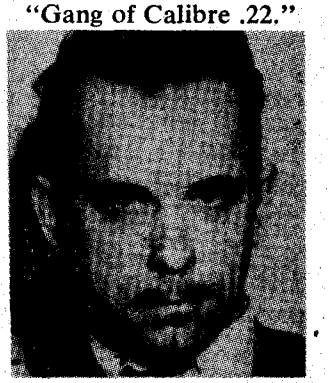
Peter Kurten—the "Monster of Düsseldorf."

Nadia Bebber—leader of the violent "Gang of Calibre .22."

Karl Gustav Hulten—the "Cleft Chin" murderer.

Lizzie Borden—accused of axing her mother and father to death.

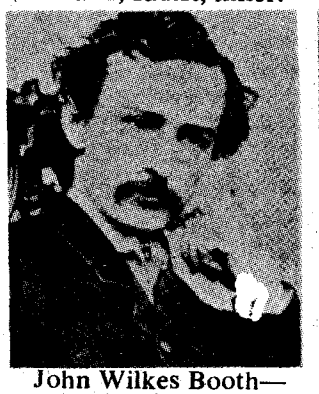
Harry Thaw—rich boy, jealous husband, sadist, killer.



John Dillinger—"Public Enemy" No. 1.

Albert Anastasia—one of the Syndicate's most ruthless killers.

Gabrielle Bompard—prostitute and murderess.



John Wilkes Booth—assassin of President Abraham Lincoln.

Frank Gusenberg—gangster and bootlegger.

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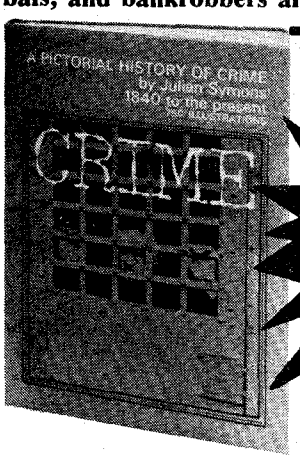

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MAIL ROUNDUP

(continued from page 6)

Garrett stayed close to the buckboard, and I could see a shotgun on a tarp on the bottom of the rig. Garrett looked me over and, seeing the .30-.30 in the scabbard, thought he had me.

"Garrett said, You want too damn much money for those goats. I'll get you off my land, you son - of - a - bitch', and he reached for the shotgun. I hit him with two bullets from my .45. (Wayne was an expert with a pistol.) Adamson yelled, 'I'm not armed.'

"We covered Garrett with a blanket and I drove the rig to Las Cruces, found deputy Sheriff Felipe Lucero and told him I wanted to put up with him for awhile, and handed him my .45."

(In 1931 I talked to Felipe, and he said when Wayne handed him his .45, he knew he had killed Pat Garrett.)

That night many of Wayne's friends were in Las Cruces. Lucero told Bob Burch, W.W. Cox, Print Rhode and Rothmer Brazel to look at Garrett's body at the undertakers, as saloon keeper Powers of El Paso, a great friend of Garrett, said that Pat had been shot in the back. I have seen Bob Burch's and Rothmer Brazel's affidavits which state: "Garrett was shot once just above the left eye and once in the chest, second rib up, just to the left of the breast bone." All of these men knew where a bullet entered and where it came out.

Now Breihan's mistakes.

Wilcox and Brazil. Brazil was from Portugal. Jess Brazel was American, and he had not moved to New Mexico when O'Folliard was killed.

Wayne and Print Rhode put goats, *not one sheep*, on the Garrett lease.

Wayne was a quiet easy going man, not seeking notoriety. The only time he would talk about it was to someone he knew real well. Gene Rhodes, his old school teacher, then living in New York, wrote and wanted Wayne's story. It was never sent.

Jeff Ake knew Jim Miller back in Texas. Years later in Los Angeles, old Jeff told me he asked Miller if he had killed Garrett. Miller said no, that no one had offered him any money, so why should he kill him?

Wayne's first ranch in the Lordsburg area was in Doubtful Canyon, two miles east of the Arizona line, when he bought Jim Baird's DIZ cattle. Wayne did not dro out of sight when he left Lordsburg. He went to work for Duff Brown and Sons, one mile north of Ashfork, Arizona. Their brand was KM. Due to other investments Duff went broke and had to sell his cattle. Wayne was laid off and decided to move on. He looked up Rothmer; they went to the depot in Ashfork; Wayne bought a ticket to Los Angeles, and told Rothmer when he got to Canada he would write. An Ashfork woman, visiting in Los Angeles, met Wayne on the street, and he told her he was going to Canada. That was the last anyone ever heard of him. It was in September of 1915.

I have many pictures of those old - timers: photos of Wayne, Ebza and Buster Brown in Phoenix in 1914; W.W. Cox in 1907; Rothmer in 1908, 1919 and 1969; Felipe Lucero, Bob Burch in 1907; Jeff Ake in 1924; Wayne's old. 45; and Oso the horse in 1908.

Sincerely,
Jack Carter

MR. BREIHAN REPLIES:

Dear Editor,

I have done more research on Jesse Wayne Brazel and find he was born Dec. 21, 1876, Greenwood City, Kansas. His father was Jesse, married Olive Rhodes, a young girl from Iowa. I have photo of old log school which was on the Wm. Brazel farm on Eagle Creek and the family log cabin.

W.W. Brazel was not the father of Wayne as some state. There was another man, M.S. Brazel, a native of Portugal who was assisting Garrett in the pursuit of Billy the Kid; he settled in Ft. Sumner in 1871. Wayne was 14 when his mother left her Eagle Creek home, never to be seen again.

Wayne Brazel literally grew up on the ranch of W.W.Cox at Gold Camp and, according to Wm. McCall, was a man temperate in his habits. In the winter of 1907, Olive Eliz. Boyd came to the San Augustine Ranch as tutor for the young children of A.P. "Print" Rhode, Mrs. Cox's brother. Olive became the only girl ever courted by Wayne Brazel, and that courtship was successful.

Regarding the Tom O'Folliard matter: The item does not state that Brazel moved to New Mexico when Tom was killed. It says"who was a partner in the Wilcox and Brazel ranch, from which Tom O'Folliard rode to his death." Right, no sheep. This should have read, "since goats and sheep were believed harmful to their cattle raising friends, Rhode and his partner Brazel moved their goats to other pasture land." Their land was near Black Mountain and on the north became what was known as Goat Mountain.

Right, I was aware of the lease suit matter, but it was not used. Attorney A. B. Fall drew up the 5-year lease unless cancelled by mutual agreement. Garrett took the matter to court in January of 1908, losing the case. The pasturing of goats in Bear Canyon had irked Garrett.

There are many sides to whether or not Killing Jim Miller killed Garrett and not Adamson or Brazel. Brazel said at times he had done the killing; at times, that he had not. We also know that Miller borrowed a horse from a Pecos Valley ranch and told the ranch foreman, Joe Beasley, that he had killed Pat Garrett and expected Beasley to testify if needed that he, Miller, had been at the ranch when the killing occurred.

First, Wayne went to the White Sands country with cattle belonging to Jim Baird, some 250 head; from here he went to a place west of Lordsburg, Grant County, from which Hidalgo County later was formed, and he later bought the land in Doubtful Canyon from Jim Gould. As stated in the item, he bought this Oct. 20, 1909; and for $1,000 he secured a quit-claim deed to the James W. Gould property — the name then being Harrington Well ranch.

Doubtful Canyon was so named because Captain Enoch Stein lost his life there during an Indian fight in 1856. Stein's Peak also is named for the captain.

Not much was heard of Brazel after the court case brought against Brazel for slapping a man; this happened after his wife's death and the sale of his ranch to Jos. G. Olney, such sale occurring Feb. 27, 1913. After that, he spend a year and a half with brother Rothmer in Arizona. In may, 1914, he was working for the Brown Ranch north of Ash Fork.

Prosecution was dropped in the face - slapping matter on Nov. 23, 1914. Then Wayne Brazel seemed to disappear.

In 1935 Jesse V. Brazel, Wayne's son, employed H.L. McCune, an El Paso attorney, to check into his father's disappearance. He reported that in all probability his father had gone to South America.

I also have photos of Wayne and others relating to his family. Probably I have written too much and should have made it into a Brazel article; however, I feel that I have answered Mr. Carter's questions to the fullest.

Again, his comments are appreciated; in this way many of us struggling writers can always gain additional data and the urge to check and recheck.

Best wishes,
Carl W. Breihan ●RW

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

(continued from page 37)

then men; a man wearing a turquoise necklace, ear pendants, silver moccasin buttons, a ketoh, a bracelet or two, three rings, plus a concha belt would be considered wealthy. A woman would wear a concha belt, silver necklace or a silver and turquoise necklace, several dozen silver buttons, six or seven rings set with stones, and many bracelets in order to be considered wealthy.

Silver was worn for decorative purposes as well as for its value. When the silver was not being worn, it was kept in boxes in the hogan, or pawned at the trading post. Should the jewelry be pawned, the Navajo will borrow some jewelry from a relative if he has to go somewhere important. The Navajo seldom fails to redeem pawned jewelry, although it may take

(continued on next page)

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Hellacious CATFISH KID
BUFFALO BILL RIDES AGAIN
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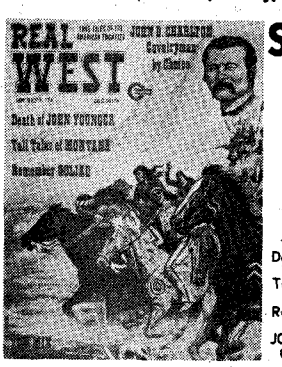
The WOODSTOCK DISASTER
A Man For Breakfast
Greatest Indian Fighter... LEW WETZEL
COWBOY BURL
RED RIVER VALLEY



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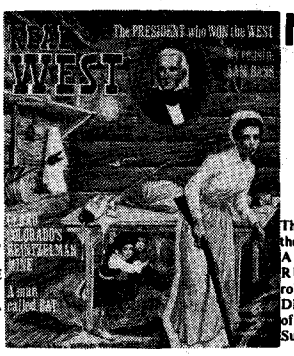
Death of JOHN YOUNGER
Tall Tales of MONTANA
Remember GOLIAD
JOHN B. CHARLTON, Cavalryman by Choice.

OCT 74

Ambush at BLACK ROCKS
What happened to the 7th CAVALRY at the LITTLE BIG HORN
I will have BLOOD FOR BLOOD
O. HENRY IN TEXAS



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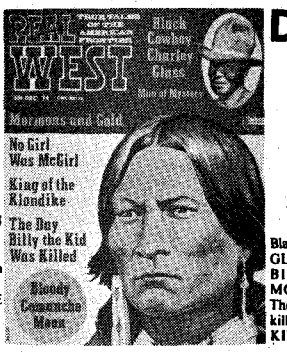
The PRESIDENT who WON the WEST
A man called BAT
RUBE BURROW train robber
DELLA BARE, HEROINE of Surprise Valley.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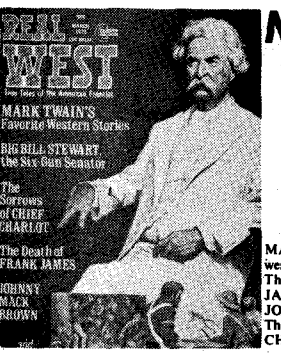
The day BILLY the KID was killed
KING of the KLONDIKE

JAN 75

WILL JAMES, cowboy artist
RAILS across the SIERRAS
Wicked SARAH
SHANGHAI PIERCE

FEB 75

The JAMESES in California
SHAKESPEARE, a roaring mining camp
STORY OF THE COWBOY
FREMONT, triumph between tragedies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some time, even months or years to do so.

The Navajo jewelry serves three functions: to display wealth; as collateral against borrowing at the trading post; and as decoration.

The Navajo is afraid of death, so at times the jewelry is buried with the person; but if the jewelry was taken off soon after the person dies, it is sung over to purify it. One of the Evil Way ceremonies is given. On the first night, the jewelry is washed in soap and water and pollen is sprinkled over it. The jewelry is placed near the person or persons to receive it; all must go into a hogan to sing over it. On the second and last night, the Blessing Way song is sung and prayers said, after which the jewelry can be worn. Usually when a person is about to die, they give the jewelry to those they wish to have it. If a person dies and the jewelry is pawned, it usually is redeemed by the family, but again songs and prayers must be sung over it before it can be worn.

The Navajo do not wear their silver in a tarnished state, but keep it polished so it looks new and shiny. When rings and bracelets are only slightly tarnished from contact with the skin, they are polished by a vigorous brushing in yucca suds and water. If the silver is very dark, it is polished with a cloth or buffing wheel, or taken to a smith who removes the turquoise and reblanches the silver.

Eyestrain is an occupational disease of silversmithing, so it is sometimes a short-term occupation. Many smiths work in hogans at night, with only the aid of a gasoline or kerosene lantern.

Navajo silversmithing is carried on as a commercial basis on the southeastern part of the Navajo reservation. Little silver is made on the western or northern edges of the reservation for non-Navajo markets.

Another article will tell of the history of Zuni and Pueblo silver. ●RW

EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 17)

INDIAN COMMISSIONER MORGAN'S SUGGESTION ENDORSED

Indian - Commissioner Morgan has the right idea as to the solution of the Indian question. His notion is that we should direct all our efforts to the point of making the Indian self - reliant and self - supporting; that the Government should spend less money for rations and more in books, plows, and implements of industry. He would give each Indian, free, all the land he can use, all the tools he needs, and all other practical assistance demanded by his condition, but he would compel him to work, and compel his children to go to school instead of growing up in ignorance and idleness. In a recent address the Commissioner said that there are 36,000 Indian children of school age, and of these there are now in Government schools about 12,000 pupils. But the schools are not at all efficient, and not only must their number be largely increased, but the system in every way improved. He gave the sum of $5,192,000 as his estimate of the cost of placing and supporting all the Indian children in schools. Of this $2,129,670 would need to be spent in construction; the rest would be an annual charge for maintenance. There can be no doubt at all that the solution of the Indian problem, which has so long vexed our statesmanship, is to be found along the lines indicated by Commissioner Morgan.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
December 7, 1889

GERONIMO CONVERTED

Geronimo, the treacherous and bloodthirsty old Apache chief, is reported to have embraced Christianity, and is now actively engaged in Sunday - school work among his fellow red - men.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper,
November 30, 1889 ●RW

PAWNEE ROCK

(continued from page 55)

prices in Eastern markets, and slaughtered the animals wantonly. In 1850, an estimated 20 million buffalo roamed the prairie. Less than forty years later, in 1889, only 551 could be counted in the entire country. The buffalo was nearly extinct and would have become so, except for the dedicated work of a few ardent conservationists who pushed for legislation to place the remaining herds on game preserves, fenced off from man.

Around Pawnee Rock, in the mid-1870's, buffalo hunting was a favorite sport of the bored soldiers at the forts. They slaughtered the buffalo where they shot them, taking what steaks they could consume on the spot, and leaving the rest for the hungry coyotes lurking nearby. Parties of "Bone pickers" would come out by train from St. Louis and pack carloads of bones for shipment back to market to be ground into bonemeal fertilizer. One early settler remembered packing sixteen carloads of bones, not all of them buffalo. He counted ten human skulls, relics of earlier battles. Buffalo robes were to be found in the dugouts of nearly every prairie family, and were often carried back east by visitors as prized souvenirs.

The famous rock itself was nearly the victim of thoughtless vandals and souvenir - seekers, and was being carted away, piece by piece, for building purposes or for novelty mementos, when it was rescued through the efforts of the Woman's Kansas Day Club. This forerunner of today's women's lib movement was dedicated to "the preservation and collection of the early history of Kansas" and almost militantly insisted that the state, in 1908, purchase what remained of the rock from its private owner and make of it a state park. This was done, a monument was built, and the rock has been preserved and protected since that day, although minor vandalism has continued to plague it. William Allan White, the "sage of Emporia" and a Pulitzer Prize winner, commended the clubwomen for their effort, writing that "it is good for every people to know that they have inherited a debt ... the debt of past sacrifices, past heroism, past aspiration. A monument to heroism taxes the selfish member of a community, makes them unpopular by daily contrast with those who lived worthily in other days."

Today, when heroes are unpopular, statues are desecrated, and monuments are ignored, this long-ago effort to preserve a famous landmark to honor the brave red men and hardy pioneers of past days still has meaning. Pawnee Rock stands today overlooking the same prairies, now covered with fertile farms, prosperous towns and crisscrossed with highways. Travelers speed along Interstate Highway 156 between the towns of Great Bend and Larned, but most do not notice the old rock, or even know that it is there. Most watch their maps and road signs and hurry across the Kansas plains to their day's destination. Occasionally, however, a curious tourist will turn up the tree - shaded lane leading from the little village of Pawnee Rock up to the rock itself, and pause to read the inscription on the memorial, remembering, for a moment at least, the many scenes of history which were enacted within view of old Pawnee Rock. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Echoes of Pawnee Rock, compiled by Margaret Perkins, published by Goldsmith - Woolard Publ. Co., Wichita, Kansas, in 1908.

Families of the early settlers of Pawnee Rock, notably the family of Peter Bloom.

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What are the Mystic words of this Chant? We cannot reveal them in this advertisement but you will clearly find them on page 53 of MIND COSMOLOGY, a remarkable guide with every type of Mystic Chant you'll ever need!

How do they bring riches, luxury, comfort, world travel to your doorstep? How do they solve your money problems? To see for yourself, just fill out and mail the No Risk Coupon.

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Q. Can I say these Mystic Chants just once, or do they have to be repeated over and over?

A. Many of these Chants can be said once. Others are designed to be repeated a few times as this heightens their effectiveness. However, they are short and it would take you only a few minutes to repeat them.

Q. Must these Chants be memorized?

A. No. All you have to do is read them out. If you don't want to carry the book around, simply copy a few Chants on a card and put it in your pocket.

Q. Are these Chants hard to read?

A. Of course not. They are clearly printed, easy-to-read and do not contain words that are difficult to pronounce.

Q. Are these Chants Black Magic or White Magic?

A. Without a doubt, White Magic. In one case, an evil woman stole Laura M.'s husband using Black Magic. Laura used this chant on page 159: "Y– k— I l— y–." Within a few days her husband pleaded with her to take him back.

Q. If these Mystic Chants are so powerful, why doesn't the author use them himself to become a millionaire?

A. The author has done just that. By saying these Chants, Norvell has become wealthy and a celebrity. Now he devotes his life to making others rich and happy.

Q. Are these Chants dangerous?

A. About as dangerous as combing your hair. You see, they can be used only for good, sincere purposes. If used for an evil purpose, they will have no effect.

Q. Time is running out for me. Can these Mystic Chants find me a husband?

A. On page 24 you'll find the Chant Georgia R. used to attract a rich partner in a law firm. What's more, you can attract a man with the precise character you admire.

Q. I've only an eighth grade education. Will Mystic Chants work for me?

A. Certainly. You need no special education or experience. Anyone can use them.

Q. When is it best to use Mystic Chants?

A. As soon as possible. Mail the No-Risk Coupon. We'll send you your book so you can start using Mystic Chants right away!

We'll Rush You A Copy Of This Amazing Book For Thirty Days Examination, At OUR Risk.

When you receive it, quickly open to the Mystic Chant the man used to attract $150,000. You'll find it with all the words filled in! Or perhaps you desire a healthy, strong body with unlimited energy? See the Chant on page 64 for protecting yourself against germs and most forms of sickness.

Are you one of the lonely? If peace of mind, happiness, or love fulfillment is what you want, repeat the Chant on page 33 exactly three times just before the moon rises.

What's more, you'll find another Mystic Chant on page 100 to be used only by those who believe! This Chant may send your soul into the cosmos through amazing astral projection, backwards into history, or forward into the uncharted areas of the future!

Scores of People, Just Like Yourself, Have Relied on Mystic Chants to Get What They Want From Life.

FINDS ENCHANTED LOVE. Take the case of Nora H. who was a complete failure in love and marriage. Desperate, she whispered the Chant: "I n– p—— u—— l—."

Within a short span, she met and happily married a young and handsome attorney. See page 47 of this amazing guide!

CHANTS UNITE HIS FAMILY. After years of misery, Lester M's wife left him and took their infant son. Lester turned to the Chant on page 28: "I n– b—— t– m— o- p— h— p——." In a few days his wife and son returned, and swore that they would live a different life!

CHANTS LESSEN SICKNESS. Dora T. was nearly sixty and the doctors told her she had an incurable ailment. She used two Mystic Chants to overcome age and sickness. In less than a month, her symptoms decreased. See pages 31-33.

CHANTS BRING SUCCESS. A young girl slaved as a lowly clerk. To get out of this rut, she said: "I a o– w— c—— p— a– c– s— a– p——" ten times a day. Lo and behold, she was given a position designing new fashions, making more money than she had ever dreamed possible! Would you like an exciting well-paying job? Use the complete set of Chants on page 51.

CHANTS FOR PAINS. A woman of 45 (see page 82) suffered from pains each month that were so severe she had to go to bed. A friend told her about this Mystic Chant: "I n– l—— m- m— a– b— c— w— t– p—— p—— o- r—— g— h——" and she showed immediate improvement. Take a few minutes and say the Chant on page 80.

CHANTS FOR HIDDEN TREASURE. An elderly woman had a small home on a plot of ground where she lived after her husband died. Once the insurance money was spent, she had no source of income and used a Mystic Chant to get money. That night, the figure of her husband appeared to her and told her to dig at a certain spot. She found $15,000! You too can use the Chant on page 126.

CHANTS FOR OPERATIONS. A woman needed $1,000 to help her mother get an operation. She kept repeating the Mystic Chant: "I w— t– s– o- o– t—— d—— s- I c– p– t– s——." The next morning a famous surgeon assured her that he would operate for no charge. See on page 144 how the operation was performed!

CHANTS FOR LUCK. One man playing dice

Try this Chant for Riches (see page 53) without risking a penny. See details below.

at Las Vegas used a special Mystic Chant.

The first roll came up 11. He tried again, and they came up 11 again. The third roll was also successful, and as the man had let his dollar remain on the 11, his small investment brought him a small fortune! See how he did it on page 140.

These True Histories Describe Only a Small Fraction of The Mystic Chants. In Addition, There Are Chants for:

Finding lost relatives . . . Making a fortune in the stock market . . . Treating migraine headaches . . . Becoming a famous writer . . . Beauty . . . Getting a beautiful wife . . . Projecting your astral self to distant places . . . Achieving success in your own business . . . or anything else!

However, you need the entire word—the entire sentence—the entire Mystic Chant to accomplish your dreams!

That's why we are making available to you this wonderful book called Mind Cosmology, that gives you every Chant, for a 30-day No-Risk Examination.

When you receive the book, start saying the Mystic Chant for what you want in life—be it love, riches, happiness, *whatever!*

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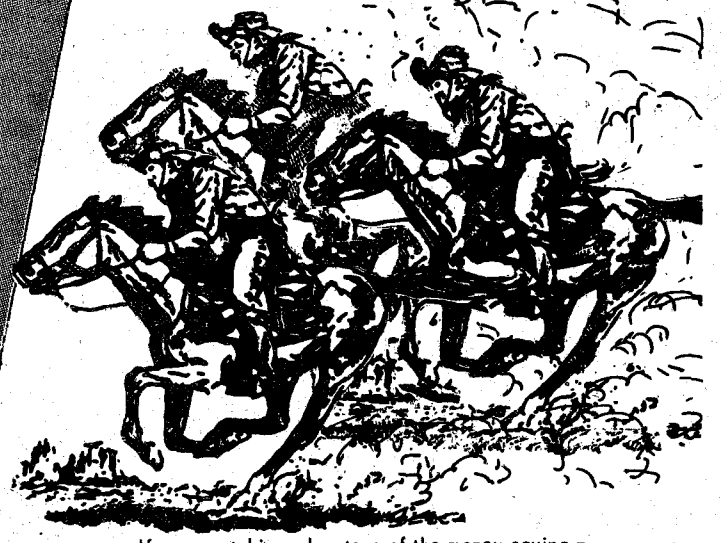

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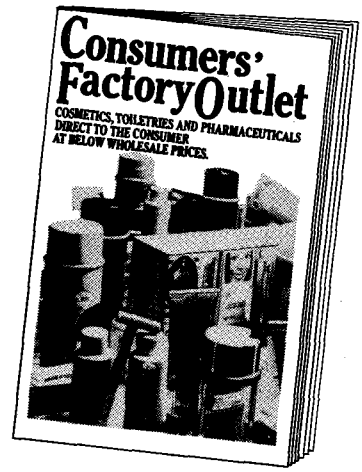
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If you're sick and tired of being asked to pay sky-high regular retail prices at your drugstore for all the cosmetics, toiletries, and non-prescription drugs that you need...

If you've shrewdly noticed that prices for the same purchases made in so-called *discount* stores aren't that much lower and in fact now are about what *regular retail prices* were just a short time ago...

If you're aware of the huge mark-up you have to pay for these purchases to cover the millions of dollars spent on advertising, promotion, and the like...

Then here is welcome news for you and every other economy-minded American: Now you can actually buy famous brand name and manufacturers' house brand cosmetics, toiletries, and non-prescription drugs at huge savings off not only regular retail prices but also off discount store prices.

As a matter of fact, you can buy the cosmetics, toiletries, and non-prescription drugs you want and need at *less than standard wholesale*—and pocket savings of 40%, 50%, 60%, up to 75%!

SAVE 40% 50% 60% UP TO 75%

ITEM	Reg. Price	Our Price	ITEM	Reg. Price	Our Price
Pearlized Lip Gloss	$2.00	$ .89	Non-Aerosol Hair Spray	$2.25	$1.09
Nasal Spray	1.35	.79	Tooth Whitener	1.09	.49
Medicated Acne Cream	1.59	.89	Aerosol Shave Cream	1.09	.59
Toothpaste, Fam. Size	1.41	.79	Tubed Blushing Gel	2.00	.89
Spray Cologne	4.50	1.99	Balsam Protein Hair Conditioner	1.98	.99
Continuous Action Decongestant Tablets	1.95	1.14	Vitamin & Placenta Nite Cream	6.50	2.49
Extra Strength Pain Reliever	1.94	1.14	Peel-Off Masque	4.50	1.99
Waterproof Mascara	2.50	1.09	Nail Polish	1.00	.40
Herbal Protein Shampoo	2.50	1.29	Spray Perfume	7.50	3.50
Sore Throat Spray	1.49	.59	Toothbrush	.98	.39

SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE? HAVE YOUR OWN DRUGSTORE PROVE THESE ARE THE LOWEST PRICES ANYWHERE:

Take this CFO Buyers' Cooperative price list to the drugstore or even the discount store where you now buy all your cosmetics, toiletries, and non-prescription drugs. Compare our prices with their shelf prices and you'll see for yourself that CFO is anywhere from 40% to 75% lower.

But that's only the beginning of your savings. Ask the sales clerk or pharmacist to show you the standard wholesale price book and you'll see for yourself that members of the CFO Buyers' Cooperative pay less for their individual purchases than the druggist pays. That's buying power!

HOW SUCH HUGE SAVINGS ARE MADE POSSIBLE

How is it possible for you to enjoy such huge savings? The answer lies in combining your buying power with the buying power of other American consumers in the **CONSUMERS' FACTORY OUTLET Buyers' Cooperative**—the independent buying group that uses the clout of your collective dollar power to buy *direct* from the manufacturers and to take advantage of special purchase opportunities.

We aren't obligated to any manufacturer, cosmetic company, or drug giant. We shop the field for the top-quality products—and we buy these products in lots big enough to get our members truly rock bottom prices.

At CONSUMERS' FACTORY OUTLET, our only obligation is to you and your fellow members. To become a member of this unique Buyers' Cooperative, and to be eligible to take advantage of all these fabulous savings, simply complete the membership application and mail it, along with your first full year's membership fee of only $5.00. You'll most probably recover this low membership fee on your very first order.

As a member of the CONSUMERS' FACTORY OUTLET Buyers' Cooperative, you'll receive our exclusive **Buying Guide** listing all the famous name and manufacturers' own house brand cosmetics, toiletries and non-prescription drugs—complete with every low price at which you can order. But remember, as a member of the CFO Buyers' Cooperative, you are never under any obligation to buy and no merchandise is ever sent to you unless you ask for it.

On everything you do order from us, you enjoy this guarantee: if you can show us you can buy the product anywhere else for less, *we'll refund double the difference in prices!* That's our promise to you—that no-one can ever afford to undersell CFO! So send us your application now, in complete confidence.

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YES I want to combine my dollar power with other economy-minded Americans and enjoy savings of 40% up to 75% on cosmetics, toiletries, and non-prescription drugs. I enclose my membership fee of only $5 for 1 year, for which I will receive the Buying Guide and periodic supplements. I understand I am under no obligation to buy anything unless I choose and that I will never receive any unordered merchandise.

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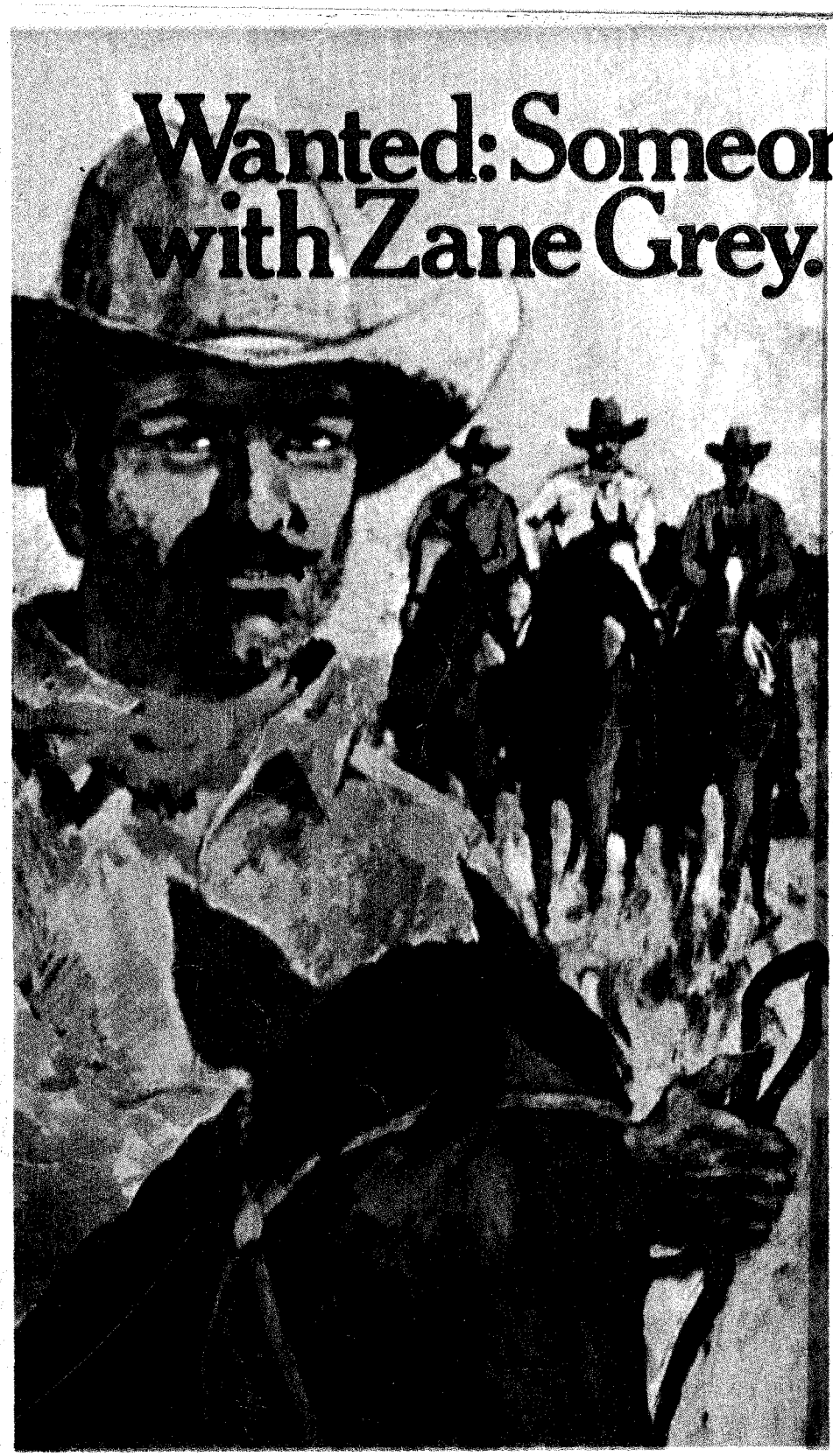

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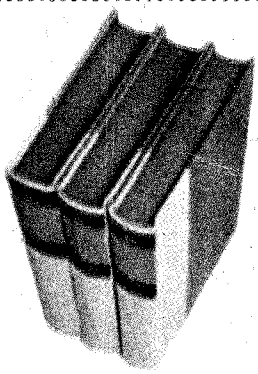

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